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LUCIFER

A Theosophical Magazine,

DESIGNED TO "BRING TO LIGHT THE HIDDEN THINGS OF DARKNESS."

EDITED BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND MABEL COLLINS.

THE LIGHT-BEARER IS THE MORNING STAR OR LUCIFER, AND "LUCIFER IS NO PROFANE OR SATANIC TITLE. IT IS THE LATIN LUCIFERUS. THE LIGHT-BRINGER, THE MORNING STAR, EQUIVALENT TO THE GREEK φωσφόρος . . . . THE NAME OF THE PURE PALE HERALD OF DAYLIGHT."—YONGE.

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LUCIFER

VOL. II. LONDON, MARCH 15TH, 1888. No. 7.

SUNDAY DEVOTION TO PLEASURE.

THE following is an extract from the *Daily Telegraph* of March 1st, and may speak for itself:—

"At yesterday's sitting of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, the Archbishop presiding, the Bishop of Exeter laid on the table a petition which sets forth:—'That there has been of late a very marked increase in the employment of the afternoon and evening of the Lord's Day in amusements of various kinds by the upper and fashionable classes of Society. That the Society papers (so-called) in particular, and occasionally the daily papers on Monday, give more or less full accounts of entertainments which have taken place. Those of recent date include formal dinner-parties, smoking concerts, theatrical and semi-theatrical performances comic recitations, and amusing programmes of fun and frolic, exhibitions of jugglery, Sunday parade in Hyde Park, coach drives of clubs, the drags assembling at Hampton Court, Richmond, and other places of resort, the "Sunday up the river," boxing at the Pelican Club, lawn tennis, dances at clubs and private houses, exhibitions (once at least) of the Wild West Show, and Show Sunday in the studios of artists. Some of these are novelties in the way of Lord's Day profanation. That the long lists of those present at these Sunday amusements, which are given in the Society papers, embrace men of eminence in art, science, politics and commerce, as well as mere *dilettanti*, and of men and women whose prominence is only that of devotion to pleasure. That many of these amusements are public, that their prevalence testifies to very loose Sunday habits on the part of the rich, and great, and noble of the land. Such abuses of the Lord's Day evidence an insatiable desire for distraction and dissipation, a very low regard for the claims of the Word of God, and the determination to put away the restraints of religion.' The petitioners, who numbered 104, asked counsel on the subject, and suggested a protest against Sunday excursion trains, and a remonstrance against Sunday amusements and entertainments. The signatories included members of both Houses of Parliament, clergymen, and others. A discussion which arose on the question was adjourned till to-morrow, it being considered that the Bishop of London, who was absent yesterday, should be present, since it was in his diocese that the alleged Sunday desecration had been committed."

The debate was resumed on the following Friday, when the Bishop of London was present. His Lordship at once addressed the House, and

declared his conviction that the state of affairs was not very much exaggerated. But as regards the especial prevalence in his diocese of this "desecration," he was of opinion that it was a consequence of the gathering together in London, during "the Season," of people who carried similar practices into effect while in the country, and that greater attention was attracted to them by "the so-called Society papers." His Lordship regarded the "pursuit of pleasure" on Sunday as much less excusable in the upper classes than in the lower, "where there is unremitting toil through the week, and where the other aspect of Sunday—namely, that it is a day of rest from toil—must necessarily take up a very much larger space in their thoughts than the character of it as a day of worship." His Lordship was rather doubtful as to the efficacy of the protest, wisely considering that "protests of this kind, if they are allowed to be issued and fall flat, are likely to do rather more harm than good."

The Bishop of Exeter—the spokesman of the petitioners—followed with a long extract from the pages of *The Bat*, a paper which, by the way, is now defunct. He considered that a simple statement that the Upper House had had its attention called to the state of affairs, and that it was of opinion that it "was derogatory to the spiritual and moral health of all ranks of the people of this country," would "satisfy those who are anxious for the maintenance of the Lord's Day."

The Bishop of Winchester made remarks on the difference between the Sabbaths of the Jews and Christians, and agreed with the dictum that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Further, he said that the relaxation of the strict Sabbath rule was, to some extent, justified by the New Testament. He also asserted that "the only form of civil government ever distinctly ordained by God was the government of the Jewish people, and that in this He ordained "that the labours of the year should not be continuous, but that there should be one day's rest in seven for every man." The Bishop said that the memorial referred almost entirely to the Upper Classes, but that his experience in South London had shown him that a great amount of the neglect was originally caused by colonies of foreigners, and especially Germans, who had gathered in that part of London. Therefore, he thought that the neglect had penetrated every class of Society; and he agreed with his right reverend brother of London in thinking that the day of rest was necessary to the working man, but did not see what other time he had for observances of a religious nature. While he thought that over-strictness in Sabbatarianism had an injurious effect, as in Scotland, he was convinced that any further relaxation in this country would be still more injurious.

The House was in committee on the subject for an hour, at which the reporters were not present. Finally, the following resolution was moved, and agreed to unanimously:

"That the attention of the Upper House of Convocation having been attracted to the relaxation of Sunday observance, which appears to have increased of late years, even among those who have the fullest leisure on other days, and to the great increase of Sunday labour, the House deems it to be its duty to appeal to the clergy, to all instructors of the young, and to all who exercise influence over their fellow-men not to suffer this Church and country to lose the priceless benefit of the rest and sanctity of the Lord's Day.* Its reasonable and religious observance is for the physical, moral, and spiritual health of all ranks of the population, and to it our national well-being has been largely due."

The foregoing is an abstract of the report in the *Daily Telegraph* of the debate in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. One cannot help regretting that we do not have laid before us the various motives expressed in the hour of committee. Still, enough remains in the public speeches of their lordships to serve our purpose. We do not propose to criticise, for we wholly agree that the pursuit of pleasure at all times and seasons, and regardless of others, is no good thing, but a selfish one. But we do traverse one thing: the Sabbath was indeed ordained for man, but nothing was said, even in those statutes so especially "ordained by God for the Jews," as to the religious observances on that especial day. It was essentially a day of REST, ordained for man, as it was ordained that the land should lie fallow; that is to say, that there shall be no compulsory work for man, whether religious or secular. But granting that it is essentially a Day of Rest for over-worked man, he is yet told by those who teach him religion that, instead of complete relaxation, he must follow "a religious observance."

We would ask whether this "religious observance" is to be a farce or a reality? If a reality, it is a labour more fatiguing than any ordinary work; for it is an unaccustomed toil, and one which all except the very pious willingly eschew. Clergymen, whose business in life it is to lead the services, and who should, therefore, get accustomed to the labour, are exhausted by the work they have to do on Sundays, and to "feel Mondayish," has become a recognised expression. As for children, who are taken to church regardless of their age and nature, many of them positively hate "church-going," and so learn a horror of religion itself. Thus there is a forced "education" in religion, instead of religion being the natural growth of the noblest part of the human heart. We thus offer to God not the things which are His, but "the things which are Cæsar's"—the lip-service of humanity.

The whole Sunday-question resolves itself into the demand to know whether it is in any degree right, or in accordance with divine law, that man should be so devoted to selfish toil, during the week, as to have virtually no time or strength left for prayer (*i.e.*, meditation) during the

* We would refer the reader to 'The Land of Cant," by Sydney Whitman, for a review of the results produced in England by the strict observance of the Lord's Day—in the letter, and not in the spirit.

six days, and whether, therefore, it is right that the seventh day or Sunday should be set apart for it. All depends upon whether doing one's duty in the state of life to which one is called, is "doing," or not doing, "all to the glory of God." We think that work is prayer; and if so, the devotion of Sunday to innocent pleasure is really making it a day of rest.

Why should England set forth its observance of Sunday as the only one sanctioned by God? The present observance of Sunday in England is founded on the practices of the later and degenerate Jews, who were not upheld by Jesus in their observances. Even the prophets (vide Nehemiah viii., 9—12) plainly show that the earlier usage was one of a day of rest, and that the idea of innocent pleasure, which is now represented as rather gross and sensual, was not then a forbidden thing. Reference to statistics in matters of drunkenness and crime does not show that England is, indeed, in possession of priceless benefits owing to the observance of Sunday, in which other nations, who do not share that observance, do not partake. Indeed it is by no means certain that in all those countries where there is indulgence in the class of pleasures so energetically condemned in the petition, there is not less crime and drunkenness than exists in England; and this, too, not merely during the week, but especially on the Sundays.

Without speaking of Catholic France, Spain, Italy, etc., etc., Greek orthodox Russia and all the Slavonian lands, take for example Protestant Germany, where all places of amusement are, if anything, more freely open than on other days, and Sunday is considered the best day for theatres, balls, and popular festivities. Surely the other nations, especially the Germans, are not less religious than in England.

To many who are cooped up during the week, a day in the country is an education which brings them nearer to God than all the services they could attend in a church. Of course, we may be met with a reference to the "two or three gathered together," but surely if God is omnipresent, He is with those who are truly grateful for the beauties of Nature.

No, my Lords, your protest may not fall flat, but it does not strike at the root of the evil:—the fact that you are unable to cope with the increasingly material conditions of life during the present age. The people are no longer ignorant, you have to meet men as clever as yourselves among those who pursue their pleasure in the way against which you protest. You will not get anyone to follow your religious observances among those who have broken free from them, unless you can convince them that *you* are right, and that religion must be made the vital factor in their lives. Many of them recognise no "hereafter," and gaily follow the motto:—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." They recognise no god save their own pleasure; and we are both agreed that they are endeavouring to execute a "valse a deux temps" to the tune of the "danse Maccabre." Among the ranks of your church are

many self-sacrificing men, who, from various motives, are endeavouring to help those of the working classes whose lives are lost in toil. Ask of them their opinion as to the "Lord's Day Observance" of religious duties. They have to deal with the practical difficulties of the situation. You, in your Convocation, are protesting against an evil of which you are conscious, but against which you are powerless to act. Why? Because the form of religion you rely on has lost its hold upon the hearts of the people, and the "Service of Man," according to the late Mr. Cotter Morrison, has replaced the "Service of God."

The reason of this is not very far to seek. The Church has lost the key to Wisdom and Truth, and has endeavoured to bolster itself upon authority. The people have educated themselves to ask "Why?" And they will have an answer, or they will reject the Church and its teachings, for they will not accept authority. Religion and its principles must be demonstrated as mathematically as a problem of Euclid. But are you able to do so? Are any of the Church's dogmas worth any of the tenets of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, or the similar utterances to be found in all religions? Do you carry them out in their entirety in your lives, as the Episcopi of the Church? Do you, as such, take care that all your clergy do so? You may reply with a counter-question:—"Do you, our critics, do so and set us an example?" Our answer is, that we do not claim to be the "elect" or the "anointed of the Lord." We are unpretending men and women, endeavouring to carry out the Golden Rules, apart from the ordinances of any form of worship. But you—you occupy a position which makes you an example to all men, and in which you have taken a large responsibility. You stand before the world as exemplifying the effect of the dogmas of the Church you lead. That Church had and has its work to do, but that it has lost its power is plain, in that you are only able to protest, and that doubtfully, against an evil which you feel yourselves unable to check. In the language of your Scripture, how would it be if, as regards your trust, this night an account should be required of you?

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS AND LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.

(Compiled from the writings of a Labourer.)

INTRODUCTION.

ABSOLUTE *Truth is self-evident.** It is recognised by all who are in possession of a sufficient amount of Reason to see it; but those who are not able to see it require intellectual proofs and logical arguments to persuade themselves that it exists. Everybody knows that *one is one*, although no one is able to give any intelligible reason for it; but when it comes to making a multiplication of compound numbers, our Reason may not be sufficient to directly perceive the result, and we have to call the intellect and mathematical argumentation to our aid to inform us about it.

Self-knowledge in the Absolute is absolute knowledge; we can actually know only that which we see and know ourselves. A science which teaches the true relations which things bear to each other is relatively true as far as the relations of these things are concerned; but it conveys no real knowledge to man; it can only be a guide to him how to find the truth in himself. To know and to understand what another person meant to say, is not sufficient to know the truth oneself. To see the truth within oneself by the light of Reason and to understand it intellectually is self-knowledge.

Self-knowledge can only be acquired by self-examination. To develop the truth we must practise it. Only when it begins to exist in us can we become self-conscious of its existence.

Those who will practise the following truths will understand their true meaning.

Those who will not practise them will not understand them.

Those who understand these truths will practise them.

Knowing should be identical with growing. Intellectual acquisitions without spiritual growth are like flowers that die without producing a fruit.

i.

ONE IS ONE.

One is a Unity and cannot be divided into two Ones. The One, if divided into two, gives two parts of the One. Each of these parts may assume a form differing from that of the other, according to the conditions by which it is surrounded; nevertheless the two parts will essentially remain two parts of the original one.

* But compare editorial in the February No. of LUCIFER: "Self-evident" truth may be considered *absolute* in relation to this Earth—only casually. It is still relative, not *absolute* with regard to its Universal Absoluteness.—[ED.]

The Universe, i.e., the All, is only one; it is impossible to conceive of two or more All is in the absolute sense, and every part of the Universe is therefore a part of the All, or a manifestation of the original One in a separate form, being an integral part thereof. The various forms of substance and activity in the All cannot be essentially and fundamentally different from each other; they can be nothing else but various aspects and functions of the indivisible aboriginal One. Matter in all its shapes, visible and invisible, and Motion in all its forms, unconscious, conscious and self-conscious, can be only two modes of manifestation of the originally unmanifested One; because One is One and cannot be divided into Two.

The original One or the *Cause* could not have come into existence out of nothing and without a Cause; and as it exists (as we see by its manifestations in Nature), it must therefore be *self-existent*, having existed from all eternity by its own power. The One, being self-existent and indivisible, cannot be divided and transformed into anything which does not exist. It cannot be annihilated by anything, because nothing exists but itself, and its existence must therefore be without an end as it is without a beginning.

The reason why the finite intellect of man cannot conceive of an eternal self-existent Cause, God or Law, is because man is not self-existent, and self-existence is, therefore, beyond his experience, and beyond his conception.

The original *One*, manifesting itself as *Substance* in all its shapes and *Power* in all its forms, cannot be essentially and fundamentally different from its own productions, which it must have produced from itself, and within itself, there being nothing else to produce it from. Nor could Matter and Motion continue to exist if the self-existent cause that enables them to continue to exist were to cease to be, or to cease to stand in relation to, and be active within them.* The unmanifested One is, therefore, whenever and wherever it manifests itself, a *Trinity* of *Causation, Substance* and *Power.*

NOTE.—A just consideration of the above will raise us up to a higher conception of Nature, with all its multifarious forms. It will bring us nearer to the truth than the narrow-minded conception which seeks for the origin of power, life and consciousness within the corporeal forms, while, in fact, forms can be nothing else but vehicles or instruments through which the *One* which is at once Cause, Substance and Motion manifests its presence.—[AUTHOR.]

* But can the Absolute have any relation to the conditioned or the finite? Reason and metaphysical philosophy answer alike—NO. The "Self-existent" can only be the Absolute, and esoteric philosophy calls it therefore the "Causeless Cause," the Absolute Root of all, with no attributes, properties or conditions. It is the one UNIVERSAL LAW of which immortal man is a part, and which, therefore, he senses under the only possible aspects—those of absolute immutability transformed into absolute activity—on this plane of illusion—or eternal ceaseless motion, the *ever Becoming*. Spirit, Matter, Motion, are the three attributes, on this our plane. In that of self-existence the three are ONE and indivisible. Hence we say that Spirit, Matter, and Motion are eternal, because one, under three aspects. Our differences, however, in this excellent paper, are simply in terms and expressions or FORM—not in ideas or thought.—[ED.]

Looked at from this higher standpoint, the Universe appears to us as one *Universal Substance*, which, in its various states of density, we may call Matter, Ether, Akasa, Mind-substance, Spirit, and we see it pervaded by one *Universal Power*, which, according to its mode of action within the universal substance, manifests itself unconsciously, consciously, or self-consciously in various ways, which we may call Motion, Vibration, Gravitation, Cohesion, Affinity, Attraction, Repulsion, Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism, Life, Emotion, Love, Will, etc., while the eternal co-existent and self-existent *Universal Cause* of all these manifestations of its own substance, power and consciousness, remains for ever hidden to all inferior forms of existence, and can be known only to itself by the power of its own self-consciousness and self-knowledge.

To express the above in other words, which may render our conception still clearer:—We may look upon all things in the Universe—not as being essentially different from each other, but as being all merely various modes of manifestation of the eternal One. What we know of "Matter" is not the substance itself, but merely its external appearance; what we know of "Force" is not the energy itself, but merely its mode of manifesting itself on the outward plane. One and the same impulse going forth from the eternal and self-existent *centre* may cause vibrations in all planes of existence, manifesting itself in the region of Mind as Thought, in the astral plane as Emotion, in the ether of space as Motion in all its forms. active or latent, producing in the sphere of gross matter the phenomena known as heat, light, electricity, etc., etc., while rising up again from Matter to Spirit it may manifest itself as Life, Instinct, Consciousness, Love, Will, Knowledge, and Wisdom.

We should free our minds from the erroneous conception, due to external and, therefore, superficial observation, that forms produce activities, and we should habituate ourselves to look at all things with the eye of Reason, which (if unclouded by the intellectual vagaries of the speculating brain) will be able to see that forms are merely *centres*, through which already existing powers can manifest themselves, and by means of which these powers may change their modes of action according to the law of *Induction*.

Thus certain vibrations existing in the *Universal Ether*, and manifesting themselves in Matter as "Heat," may, by coming in contact with other forms of matter, be changed into "Light," in others into "Electricity," etc. Thus certain vibrations existing in the *Universal Mind* as abstract ideas, may, in the brain of man, take shapes as Thoughts. Thus other certain vibrations existing in the *Universal Spirit* may, in the souls of (the ephemeral) living beings, awaken corresponding vibrations, and manifest themselves according to the nature of these beings as "Will," "Love," "Faith," etc. But Ether, Mind, and Spirit, are, like all other things, fundamentally one, and all may be changed one into the other by correspondingly changing the conditions under which they are manifesting themselves, provided that we are in possession of the knowledge necessary to establish the conditions under which such a change of activity can take place.*

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)

* An illustration of the transformation of will-power into mechanical motion, even without the aid of the physical body, may be seen if we succeed in dispersing a cloud in the sky by the power of will; an experiment which may be successfully tried by anyone who is able to concentrate his thoughts. (See *Cahagnet*: "Les mystéres de la Magie.")

TALISMANIC MAGIC.

SATURN ♄

THE OCCULT SIGNIFICATION OF HIS SQUARE, SEAL, AND SIGILS.

By S. Liddell MacGregor Mathers,
Author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," &c.

SATURN is called by Astrologers the Greater Infortune, Mars the Lesser, while Jupiter and Venus are dignified with the titles of the Greater and Lesser Benefics respectively. That is to say that the *general* nature of the operation of the former is supposed to be evil, and that of the latter to be good. But what superficial students of Astrology are apt to forget is, that if the so-called Infortunes be well placed, and casting good aspects in either Nativity or Horary Figure, their operation is no longer evil; and that the Benefics if ill-dignified and in evil aspect, will work evil instead of good.

I have usually found myself, that if Saturn or Mars be Lord of the Ascendant at birth, their evil aspects in the Solar revolutionary figure do little harm comparatively, to the Native.

Now Talismanic Magic is to a certain extent based on Astrology, inasmuch as that it is dependent on the position of the Stars in the Heavens and their mutual aspects, but here the similarity ceases. For while Astrology from the resulting combinations gives information regarding future events, Talismanic Magic provides a means of modifying the effect of such events, by crystallising, as it were, in a Talisman the good or evil combinations of the then position.

And as number, weight, and measure ordain the existence of all created things, so will a certain number when united to matter of its own nature, have a magical occult power. Thus, then, if a Talisman be formed not of *any*, but of a *certain* matter, so will it have an effect of the nature of that matter, but not otherwise. Again for the perfect production of such effect, the Maker of the Talisman must have the faculty of calling the magical occult power hidden in the Talisman into active existence, otherwise it will remain dormant, and the Talisman, though constructed aright, will fail of its effect. Thus, then, each Talisman requires consecration, for the act of consecration is the

Sacrament of Will, and consecration by Sacrament of Will is the Apotheosis of Matter. Let no one rashly think, either, that the Strength of his own Will, however great it may be, can produce the desired effect, unless that Will is sanctified and strengthened by that Highest Will of the Universe from Whom it first derived its existence. For when the natural Strength of the Will of the Maker of the Talisman is exhausted, whence can he derive more, unless he can obtain it from the inexhaustible reservoir of the Will of the Universe? Therefore, in the formation of every Talisman, it is advisable to employ those Divine Names and Symbols which have a Qabalistic affinity with and rule over the operations of the particular Planet under whose beams it is constructed.

Every Talisman properly constructed under the power of a certain Planet will have either a Good and Fortunate, or an Evil and Unfortunate effect. The effect will be good if the Planet be in a fortunate position in the heavens, well dignified, and well aspected. The evil effect will be produced by the reverse of these. Furthermore, such Talisman should be constructed during the day and hour over which the Planet rules.

Having premised thus much with respect to Talismanic Magic in general, I now come to the consideration of the Planet Saturn in particular.

The Talismans of Saturn should be made on Saturday, during the hours of the day when Saturn bears especial rule, these are the first and eighth hours of the day, and the third and tenth hours of the night. Saturday is supposed to last from sunrise till sunrise on Sunday. To find the length of the hours of the day, take the time between sunrise and sunset, which, divide by 12, this will give the length of each hour of the day; for the hours of the night take the period from sunset till sunrise on the following day, and divide it in the same manner. From this it will be seen that the length of the planetary hours vary according to the time of year. It is possible to make Talismans, etc., of Saturn during any hour on Saturday, but the operation is not quite so strong as on the hours given, and in such case the name and sigil of the Angel governing such other hour should be added.

Saturn rules over the colour Black; over Saturday in the week; over the period from the middle of December to the middle of February in the year; over Capricorn and Aquarius in the Zodiac, which are called his houses, and has power in Libra, wherein he receives his Exaltation; over the dragon, the ass, the lapwing, the cuttlefish, the mole; over the metal lead, the precious stone onyx; he is under the power of the number three in arithmetic, and the geometrical figure of the equilateral triangle. By virtue of his rule over Capricorn, Aquarius, and Libra, he also governs the trees pine, ram-thorn, and box, and the plants dock, dragon-wort, and scorpion-grass, and the precious stones chrysoprasus, crystal, and beryl.

To make a Talismanic Ring of Saturn, a ring of lead should be taken, in the bezel should be placed a fragment of a herb of Saturn with the hair or skin of some animal sacred to him, and above these should be set an onyx or other Saturnine stone. A piece of paper with his seals and square, and the effect desired, should also be placed under the onyx with the fragments of skin and herb.

To make an ordinary Talisman of Saturn, a small tablet of lead should be taken, on either side of which a double or treble circle should be engraved, then on the obverse trace his square in Hebrew characters, and within the double circle write the Divine names which rule over Saturn, or the square may be omitted and an equilateral triangle substituted for it, with the Name and Sigil of the Angel of Saturn traced within it. On the reverse, inscribe his Seal and that of his Intelligence (if for a bad effect the seal and name of his Spirit should be added), and in the double circle write the names which are bound unto the Numbers of Saturn.

Then consecrate the Talisman with any convenient form of consecration, and fumigate it with a perfume of the nature of Saturn, such as pepperwort, or any odoriferous *root* for a good effect, or sulphur if for an evil effect. When completed the Talisman should be kept wrapped in Black silk.

The Good Talisman of Saturn should be made when Saturn is in either Capricorn, Aquarius, or Libra, and well-aspected ; its operation is to help the birth of children, to render a man powerful and safe, and to cause success of petitions with the great.

The Evil Talisman, when Saturn is in Cancer, Leo, or Aries, and evilly-aspected ; it hinders buildings, causes discord, and brings evil, misfortune, and death. And I cannot too emphatically warn my readers against the fabrication of any talisman or pentacle for an evil purpose, for, besides the evil it may work on others, it is certain to bring evil and misfortune to its maker sooner or later.

The Divine Names which rule over Saturn are :—

Tetragrammaton Elohim, IHVH ALHIM, יהוה אלהים.

The Third Sephira, Understanding, Binah, BINH, בינה.

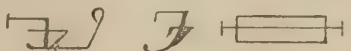
The Archangel Tzaphqiel, TzPQIAL, פקיאל .

The Angelic Order of Thrones, Arelim, ARLIM, ארלים.

The Sphere of Saturn, Rest, Shabthai, SHBTHAI, שבתאי.

The particular Angel of Saturn is

CASSIEL

and his Sigil is 

His Assistants are the Angels Machatan and Uriel.

I now come to the Occult signification of his Square, Seal, and Sigils,

first premising that I know of no work in which their Qabalistical meaning is given.

I mentioned before that the number Three was the Occult number of Saturn, therefore from this number his Magical Table or Square is formed, which contains nine compartments, in which the numbers from one to nine are so arranged as to count fifteen every way in column, line, and diagonal. And the whole sum of his numbers is forty-five.

THE MAGICAL SQUARE OF SATURN.

IN HEBREW LETTERS.			IN NUMERALS.			IN ENGLISH LETTERS.		
ר	ט	ב	4	9	2	D	T	B
ג	ה	ז	3	5	7	G	H	Z
ח	א	ו	8	1	6	CH	A	V

The Occult meaning of the Square is to be found by the use of the Qabalistical Keys, by taking the reading of each column, line, and diagonal; thus we obtain:—

B, T, D,=Science governed by Prudence thus obtains its Realization.

Z, H, G,=Action is the Victory of Inspiration.

V, A, CH,=Antagonism is reconciled by the Unity of Will through Equilibrium of Contraries.

B, Z, V,=The Science of Victory is in Equilibrium.

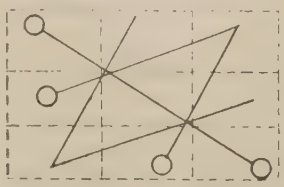
T, H, A,=Prudence should inspire Will.

D, G, CH,=The Realization of Action should only be in Justice.

B, H, CH,=The Science of Inspiration produces Equilibrium.

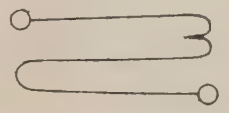
D, H, V,=For the Realization of Inspiration Antagonism is necessary, or, in the words of the Zohar, "Forces which produce themselves without being counterbalanced perish in space."

The Magical Seal of Saturn is drawn from the Square, and its meaning will be found by describing it upon the Square, thus:—



Its meaning is:—Realization can be only obtained through Antagonism; Prudence and Justice yield Victory; and Action is the result of the Knowledge of Will-Power.

The Magical Sigil of Agiel, the Intelligence or Good Spirit of Saturn, is this, it is a formula of Prudence in Action.



The Magical Sigil of Zazel, the Spirit or Evil Genius of Saturn, is this, it is a formula of Hatred and Antagonism acting through unbalanced force.



These are the Names which are bound to the Numbers of Saturn :—

3, Ab, AB, אב, Father.

9, Hed, HD, הד.

15, Jah, IH, יה, the Name of Creation.

15, Hōd, HVD, הוד, Splendour.

45, Jehovah, as written in the World of Yetzirah or Formation, IVD, HA, VAV, HA, יוד, הא, ואו, הא.

45, Agiel, the Intelligence or Good Spirit of Saturn, AGIAL, אגיאל.

45, Zazel, the Spirit or Evil Genius of Saturn, ZAZL, זאזל.

In conclusion I may observe that the ordinary Astrological Symbol of Saturn



represents the Cross above the Lunar Crescent, and Alchemically shows that Lead is of the nature of Silver internally, but corrosive externally.

"THE BIRTH OF SPACE."

"Know, the stars yonder, the stars everlasting,
Are fugitive also . . . ." —EMERSON.

WAVES of credulity and of mental analysis alternately sweep across the face of the world. To the period of blind belief, which made possible the prospect of mediæval Christendom, enveloped by a black cloud of false science and theological dogma, has succeeded an epoch of expansion of the mind's forces, a wave of all-dissolving analysis, prompting us to lift the veil of seeming from the face of Truth, to pierce through the shell of appearances to the central reality.

The physical scientists long led the van of the new era. Theirs were the triumphs over the dark places of nature and the falsehoods of tradition. But they have failed to gauge the force of the wave that carried them forward, and unless their whole front is changed, they will become in their turn the credulous; the reactionists against a new party of advance. Their error is that they believe too much—that their enquiring analysis does not go deep enough. For the wave of thought which is permeating us, will finally obliterate and render unrecognisable many of our present idols and unquestioned verities—ideas now undoubted even by doubting science.

The last of the old-world ideas to perish—and that after the lapse of ages, perhaps—will be the most familiar and commonplace.

Perhaps last of all will fade our present conceptions of what Carlyle calls the deepest of all illusory appearances—Space and Time.

But as the sunrise first gilds the mountain-tops, and then floods the plain with light, so the approaching inspiration of knowledge appears first in a few of the best minds, and then spreads to the multitude. Thus we find already Descartes doubting the reality of the external world; and Wordsworth, striking the walls of his room to assure himself that they were objective, and not mere phantoms projected into the void of nothingness by the mind's formative power; for this idea, he thought, must be shunned as maddening; forgetting that two senses may concur to deceive.

Space, whether treated by the physicist or the psychologist of the modern world, remains an unquestioned reality, whether objectively in nature or subjectively in the mind.

All the conceptions of science are three-dimensional, endowed with length, breadth, and height, whether we take the starry depths as pictured by the author of "First Principles"; or the human brain, in the conception of the last would-be scientific chool

But are not the properties of Space indeed mere appearances, and is

not Wordsworth's fear a shadowy premonition of the truth, that Space is but a creature of the mind—an unreality?

This suspicion of the illusiveness of Space is one of the nascent perceptions of that most new and yet most ancient school of thought, whose wide generalisation will soon render obsolete and insignificant the daring doubts of sceptical science. In dealing with space and its dimensions, it is incumbent on us to show how our present conceptions of these could have been generated, on a purely idealistic hypothesis. If unreal, can we trace the growth of our notions of space and its dimensions? A theory readily presents itself; but to approach its consideration we must waive that larger question of the apparent separation of the One into innumerable units of consciousness, and, beginning by considering the condition of one such unit, trace the growth of the conceptions of space, as related to that unit.

Let us first picture such an individualised unit of consciousness—to use, perhaps, the best available phrase—at the very beginning of its evolutionary course, in quiescence, absolutely sensationless; let us endow it with the power of sensation, though in a latent form. To understand this, we must use a simple simile. Suppose yourself alone in a dark room in silence; suppose the temperature and your position to be such that you have become oblivious to your body; none of the senses are exercised; the pictorial power of the imagination is also at rest; while the mind's attitude is one of expectation directed towards the sense of hearing. This is the best available illustration of the condition of a unit of consciousness with the latent power of sensation, before sensation has set in. Suppose a musical note to sound close to the ear, and gradually die away; let the sound be again gradually excited, and again die away. The ear—the seat of sensation—is for our purposes practically a point. The sense of hearing experiences a sensation, at first vivid, then gradually ceasing; then again increasing to vivid activity, and again sinking to rest. As far as physical knowledge shows, this changing sensation is represented by greater or less intensity of vibration of the tympanum.

Now instead of a note dying away naturally, suppose some sustained note sounded near the ear, then withdrawn in a straight line until out of hearing; then again brought near the ear, and again withdrawn. If the experiment be properly carried out, the experience of the sense of hearing will be exactly the same as before; their physical counterpart again being a greater or less intensity of tympanal vibration. The ear is absolutely powerless to distinguish between the two sets of sensations: and the only conception of nearness and distance that can be formed, having regard to the sense of hearing alone, is a greater or less intensity of sensation.

This is equally true of other senses taken separately; the sense of light, for example, or the sense of heat. Hence, as far as the sense of

sight is concerned, the nearest stars are distinguished from the more remote chiefly by the greater intensity of their light, and, therefore, of the vibrations they excite on the retina. In fact, to speak physically, all our perceptions of varying sensation actually have their origin in a more or less intense vibration of the sensory surfaces, and their sources are subsequently projected into space by the imagination. To express the same thing from the idealist standpoint; all we experience is more or less intense sensation; our further conceptions are due to the separation and arrangement of these, by the imagination.

Taste is an example of a sense not yet translated into terms of nearness and distance, and it is worth mention that this is supposed by some Theosophists to be the sense at present undergoing development, and consequently incomplete.

But to return to our unit of consciousness: let us suppose a sensory point to be formed in it; let a simple sensation excite this sensory centre, with increasing and diminishing intensity. The effect will be exactly the same as if the exciting source were to approach and recede from the sensory point. From this experience, the conception of nearness and distance would arise; in other words, the conception of space of one dimension.

The conception of the point is derived from a sustained sensation: that of the line, from a sensation of decreasing and increasing intensity. So long as the consciousness remained absorbed in sensation no advance would be made on this conception of space of one dimension: but since all degrees of intensity from the very highest to complete absence of sensation may be experienced, this line, this space of one dimension, will be conceived as of infinite extension.

Let the consciousness of the unit now be supposed to reflect on this simple sensation, to stand aside from the point of sensation, and to regard objectively both that point and the varying intensity of the sensation; in other words, the sensory point, and the line of sensation, along which the exciting cause is conceived as advancing and receding. Suppose the sensation to diminish in intensity: that is to say, let the exciting source recede to a point some distance along the imaginary line. The new point of consciousness arrived at by the act of reflexion, or contemplative standing aside, is outside the line from the sensory point to the exciting source. It is clear that these three points not in the same straight line imply a plane triangle—which may be formed by joining them—hence the present attitude of the unit of consciousness implies space of two dimensions. But since the base of the triangle may be infinite—the sensation having all ranges from the highest intensity to absolute cessation—and since the point assumed by the consciousness through the act of reflexion can have no definite position, the present attitude of the unit implies two-dimensional space of infinite extension.

If the unit be conceived as having germs of two senses instead of one the results are identical, since in the first phase of consciousness, though we have two independent straight lines radiating from the unit of consciousness, they do not imply two-dimensional space, since they have no relation whatever to each other: and in the second phase of consciousness, instead of one plane triangle we should have two, both in the same plane. This holds good for any number of senses. The triangle formed with the line of sensation as base, and the point of reflexion assumed by the consciousness, as apex, is a sensory area every point of which is an objective source of perception to the unit of consciousness.

The perception of the unit of consciousness is now of two kinds; the first, exercised at the sensory centre, is one of varying intensity merely, corresponding in space to the line. That at the point of reflexion, the apex of the triangle of perception is one of observation, corresponding to surface extension.

Let the consciousness of the unit now be supposed to stand back from the point of reflexion, and to contemplate objectively the area of perception. Standing apart from the area of perception, it now corresponds to a point outside the plane of a surface, and this implies space of three dimensions. Since the position of the new point of consciousness, the point of contemplation, let us term it, is not rigidly determined, and since the surface of perception is of unlimited, this third attitude of the unit of consciousness implies three-dimensional space of unlimited extension.

As the last phase of perception was represented by a triangle, so this third phase may be represented by a triangular pyramid, or tetrahedron —every point in which is an object of perception; the whole forming a sensory solid—and having four corners; the top being now the seat of consciousness; one of the base corners, the point of reflexion, or perception of the sensory area—the base; another base corner being the point of sensation of variations in intensity; and the third base corner being the position to which the imagination projects the source of sensation.

Let us now translate these successive experiences into terms of Consciousness.

The first attitude of the unit of consciousness may be expressed by the unreflecting, and, so to speak, unconscious perception—in the sense of being without self-consciousness — "sensation is, or sensation is not."

When the stage of reflexion is reached, the consciousness may be thus expressed: "I experience sensation."

The third, the contemplative phase, is, "It is I who experience sensation;" or, "I am conscious that I experience sensation;" the second "I" here being personality, lower self, or false ego—an object

of consciousness to the first "I," the true ego, the unknowable Knower.

We are debarred from discussing fully the ethical aspects of these phases of consciousness by the nature of the subject; for—while we were compelled to begin by considering the condition of an individualised unit of consciousness, waiving the consideration of the apparent separation of the One into innumerable units — the subject of ethics deals almost entirely with the relation of the unit to the One, for "the separation of the divine-human spirit into the multitudes of men on the earth" is only an illusion, and is in reality non-existent.

Let us now consider a few resultant truths.

The consciousness, whether in its first phase of absorbing sensation, or in its later phases of reflexion and contemplation, is itself subject to no dimensions of space; it stands detached from space, whether of one, two, or three dimensions. Hence the self is neither finite, in the sense of being small, nor infinite, in the sense of being great, it is superior to space, as to time, or, in the language of the *Upanishads*, "the self is smaller than small, and greater than great." The self, the knower, is something apart from space and time, and independent of them; hence nothing that takes place in space or time can affect it, except as being an object of its perception.

"He who knows the self as the slayer, and also he who knows it as the slain, they both know not rightly. It kills not, nor is killed," says the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*.

In comparison with the realness of the self, time and space are *mâyâs*, "illusory appearances," as Carlyle says.

And what we call the dimensions of space are only expressions by which the imagination distinguishes and separates various phases of perception.

As the previous advances in development which we have been able to trace, were made by the real self detaching itself entirely from the world it was experiencing, and standing apart as "a disinterested spectator" to view this world, recognising the organ of sensation, and afterwards the personality, as not the self: so, we learn, the next advance in development is made when a man, "by his awakened spiritual will, recognises the individuality as not himself," and detaches himself from his present world, of which the individuality is lord.

The step must be taken by detachment from the things of space, as we know them, by detachment from the things of time, as we know them—by standing apart from these, and, in consequence, by standing apart from that unreal centre of this life, the personality, the abandonment of which leads to a condition we can only describe negatively as selflessness, and by plunging fearlessly into the unknown abyss.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F.T.S.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER XV.—*(Continued.)*

FLETA threw aside her travelling dress and put on a white silk wrap her maid had got out for her ; she loosed her hair and let it fall about her slender figure. The wrap was made with wide sleeves, that fell away from the shoulder and left her arms bare. She raised them over her head and clasped her hands ; and as she did so laughed like a child. How beautiful she looked ! The large soft bed with its silken sheets all bordered with foamings of lace, and its coverlet of golden embroidery, was close beside her. She threw herself into it, and the white lids fell heavily over her eyes, the long black lashes lying like pencil marks on her cheek. In a moment she was buried in a slumber more profound than even drugs can produce ; for a magician knows how to take the soul away from earth on the instant, and leave the body without dreams or any uneasiness, free to rest and recover like a babe. And Otto standing there looking on this lovely sight felt his brain turn to fire and his heart to ice within him. He loved her so desperately and yet so hopelessly, this woman who was at this moment actually his wife. No effort of his will enabled him to approach an inch nearer to her. She was absolutely protected, perfectly isolated from him. And it seems strange indeed that she could rest there like an innocent child while within only a few paces of her stood a man—and that man her husband—within whom burned all that fiery passion is, who suffered the fulness of longing and hunger insatiable. At last—for the dawn was creeping in at the window as he did so—Otto turned and left the room, and went softly down the stairway and along more corridors and down more stairs, till he reached a little doorway which he opened with his own key. It was a side entrance from the great garden and the park beyond. In the breathing of the soft, keen, morning air, in the roomy freshness of the early sky, his maddened spirit seemed to find some hope of bathing and recovering itself. He strode away through the park, and climbed a hill which rose beyond it. From its summit he could see all over the city, and some extent of the surrounding country. The sight sobered and strengthened him. He knew himself to be no petty prince playing at state. True, his was

a small kingdom, and his capital could be seen from end to end from this hill top. Yet the great powers of Europe watched him with interest.

Fleta was out in the morning light not long after him, dressed in white; she wandered alone through the gardens and plucked some rich roses to wear at her waist. The bloom of supreme youth and beauty was on her face when she came back from among the flowers; she had gathered dew from the grass, and wetted her soft cheeks and lips with it. Some dewdrops from a rosebush she had shaken gleamed in her dark hair, beautiful as any diamonds. She sent messages of inquiry for the Duchess and Hilary by the first servants she encountered; and she stood waiting for the answers, leaning against the side of the sunny window by which she had entered—a brilliant figure that shone the more brilliantly for the strong light, as a jewel might. And, indeed, this Fleta was a jewel of the world—whether her light be baleful or beneficent, yet a jewel.

The answers were brought to her presently. The Duchess had been very ill all night, and the doctor was even now with her, and would not allow her to be disturbed. Hilary was still wrapped in the profound slumber which had already lasted many hours.

"Wake him," said the young queen, "and tell him I shall be waiting for him in the magnolia arbour in about an hour."

She wandered out into the garden again, moving to and fro in the sunlight. It was an entirely secluded garden this, which had been highly walled and sheltered by trees, so that here Royalty might have sunshine and fresh air in freedom. And all this sheltering, it being a very sunny spot, had made it a perfect golden land of flowers. Fleta was very happy for the moment here; she became like a child when her mind was quiet, and when the beauty of nature appealed to her senses. She gathered here and there yet another beautiful rose that specially caught her fancy, and fastened it on her dress; so that at last, when it was time to go to the magnolia bower, she looked like a queen of roses, so fantastically was she dressed and decked in them.

The magnolia bower was the great beauty of the palace garden. It stood right opposite to the windows, though at some little distance across a smooth belt of turf. Originally, an arbour had been built, and at the side of it a quoits-alley was arranged, filling one half of the wall of the garden. It was all open to the house and lawn, and roofed so that it was protected from rain and wind. Otto's grandfather had built this, and had planted many different kinds of rare trees and creeping plants to grow over it. But the place had in some way suited the magnolias best of all; they had grown so richly that at last they had claimed the whole as their own; and all the winter the roof and pillars of it were beautiful with great green leaves in climbing masses; when the magnolias began to flower, it was lovely beyond belief. And now the arbour and alley were all, by common consent, called the

magnolia bower. Fleta had been fascinated by the beauty of this place when she first came out, and had questioned a passing gardener about it. She felt curiously happy and at home within its shelter ; and here Hilary found her pacing slowly to and fro. He paused as his eyes fell on her. She seemed to him the realisation of all possible beauty. She was younger, fairer, yet stronger in expression than he had ever seen her. And the pure richness of the flowers about her dressed her as no diamonds, no rich gowns, could do. For this strange creature was essentially natural—at home among the flowers or on a mountain-top, strange and haughty among courtiers and in the ordinary life of men and women.

"Sit down here," said Fleta, taking her place on a deep, well-cushioned couch in a shadowy corner. Ah ! how still and sweet the air was !

"You are better," she went on, "I can see that. You have slept like one dead, and have found a new life this morning. It is well ; it is what I expected ; but what might yet not have been. Now, I want to talk to you. Our work is close at hand. By noon I have to be dressed, ready to go to the great Cathedral and be crowned. From that time I shall be in public all day till late in the evening. But I have learned how to live alone in a crowd, and to play a part unknown by any one. And you must do the same. For our work begins to-day. And we have gained the necessary strength for it."

Hilary shuddered, even here in the sunshine and amid the flowers. He knew she referred to that awful scene in the dark yesterday when he had killed——what?

"Fleta," he said, with tolerable quietude, "do you remember what I was saying to you last night when I was told to leave you? Did I not demand an explanation before I did any more work for you?"

"Yes ; you did. And that is why I sent for you here that I might explain all that you can understand." She paused just a moment ; and then went on speaking rapidly yet clearly.

"We have spoken of the lives of long ago, when we were together before, Hilary ; when we loved, and lost, and parted, only to meet again and love and lose again. Like the flowers that yearly bloom and then die away till another season gives them another life, so once in an æon have we flowered upon the earth, brought forth the supreme blossom which earth can produce, the flower of human love. You do not realise this, Hilary, because you will not claim your knowledge and experience ; you are weak, and easily content, lacking in faith, and still filled with love of life. That is why you are my servant. The power I took when first our souls met on this earth you have never wrested from me. I have remained your ruler. Now I urge you to use all the will that is in you and step nearer to my side in knowledge

and in power; for I no longer have need of you as a servant. I want a companion. You know that a little while ago I essayed the initiation of the White Brotherhood, that stately order which governs the world and holds the reins of the starry universe in its hands. You know that I failed. I do not regret having had the courage to try; I should have been a coward indeed to draw back when Ivan himself was ready to lead me to the place of trial. But I was a fool to overvalue my efforts and my work as I have done. I had served so sore and so long an apprenticeship, had grown so weary, through many lives, of lovers and of children, that I thought all human love, all love that clings to one person in the world, had been for ever plucked out by its very roots. I thought it was gone from me for ever; that, though I would work for humanity, that though I would gladly give all that was in me to any who desired help or knowledge, yet that I myself could stand alone, leaning on none, looking for none. It seemed to me it was so—that the mystery was solved for me—that the problem of human love, of the life of sex, of the mystic duality of existence, was all set at rest for ever. Oh, if that had been so! Then, Hilary, I should have blossomed on earth for the last time; I should have found in myself the fruit, the divine fruit that gives new life, another life, a divine knowledge, an unshaken power. But I failed. I entered among them, Hilary—I saw them. No other woman has seen these strange, austere, glorious beings. But the chill of death, the uttermost anguish of fear and of longing, fell on me as I looked upon the unfamiliar, unhuman, god-like faces; and I hungered for the dear face that had so long been my star. I cried aloud for Ivan.

"You saw me next. You found me. You know how I was crushed and broken. But before you came to me I had heard words, spoken, as it were, by the stars, echoing in the heavens, that told me my fate, and showed me my work; and bade me be strong to rise up and do it. Afterwards, I desired to see one of the White Brotherhood, and obtain a confirmation of my order. But I could not. And then I understood that I alone was to be judge and compeller of myself."

She rose now and began to pace up and down in front of him. She began to speak more slowly, her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Sweetheart, wife, mother, these things I can never be again, for the love of any man. I am alone in the world; I can lean on no man, I can love no man in that way any more throughout the ages that I may wander on this earth. That life has gone away from me once and for all. I stand above it. Are you still ready to devote yourself to me, to stand at my side, to be my companion?"

A great sigh burst from Hilary. It seemed to him that he was bidding farewell to his dear, dear love, to his one hope in life, to all that was fair in woman, to all that he had ever desired or could ever desire. And then he saw before him the shining white face of a priestess. Fleta

for the moment was transformed as she gazed upon him. A great light gleamed from her eyes. He saw that a finer thing, one infinitely more desirable and satisfying, must take the place of the fair blossom of love in his heart. All this came to him in an instant; and as the sigh burst from him he uttered a "Yes" that seemed to shake his being. And then on a sudden—on the instant—the white blinding face of the priestess of life had gone from before his eyes, and he saw instead the young, fresh, lovely face of the woman he loved. A groan as of physical anguish passed his lips.

"Fleta, I cannot do it," he said; "I cannot resign you."

"You have done it!" she said, and laughed.

It was a strange laugh, not womanly, and yet with a ring of gladness in it.

"You cannot go back from the pledges given by your spirit because your heart protests!" she said. "Your heart will protest a thousand times; it will seem to dissolve your very body with its suffering. Do I not know? I have lived through it; I have died from it. But the pledge once taken, has to be fulfilled. I am satisfied; for I know now that you will work with me."

She walked to and fro a few moments in silence; then came and sat beside him, talking in her first manner, rapidly and clearly.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I CANNOT go in alone. I cannot go in for myself. I have to learn the supreme lesson of selflessness. I must take a soul in each hand to the door, ready, purified, prepared for offering on the altar, so that they shall even become members of the Great Brotherhood; while I must be content to turn back and sit on the outer steps. I have thought it out; I understand it; but whether I can live it out, whether I can do it, is another thing—a very different thing. Ah, Hilary, where shall I find those two hearts, those two souls, strong enough to pass the first initiation?"

"When it comes to that doorway," said Hilary, in a strange dull tone of misery, "must those two be ready to go on without you, leaving you outside?"

"Yes," said Fleta. "Certainly yes."

"Then I will not be one of them," he said passionately. "I love you, and I do not want to lose you, even for Heaven itself. I will serve you, if you choose; but I must be with you."

He rose and went away across the lawn, as if he could not endure any more of the conversation; in a moment or two he had disappeared among the trees. Fleta sank back with a weary dejected air; a pallor took the place of the brilliant fairness, which but a moment since had made her face so beautiful. Her eyes, wide open, yet apparently seeing

nothing, remained fixed on the grass straight in front of her. She seemed scarcely to breathe. A kind of sad paralysis had fallen on this beautiful vivid form.

"What am I to do?," she exclaimed at last, bringing the words out by a great effort; "how can I live through the struggle and the suffering? I *will* live through it. I have invoked the law of pain. Pleasure is no longer mine, even if I desired it."

She was silent for a little while after this, and very quiet. Then she rose and began to walk up and down slowly, evidently in deep thought. Her mind was working rapidly.

"I cannot do it alone," she said at last desperately. "Who is to help me? I cannot yet even guess who is to be my second companion, the other soul that I am to take to the door of the temple. O, mighty Brotherhood, it is no easy task you have set me."

She drooped her head while she was talking thus to herself. When she raised it again, she saw Otto standing on the grass, in the sunlight, watching her. His face was softer than it had been for a long while as he gazed at her. She stretched out her hands to him with the same sweet subtle smile with which she had greeted him before. He immediately approached her.

"I have been thinking," he said, "up there on the mountain, ever since I left you last night. I have been thinking earnestly. Fleta, I do not consider myself pledged to that Brotherhood to which you profess allegiance."

Fleta's look became amazed, and then almost stern.

"How is it possible you can so deceive yourself," she said, "when you have so recently felt the bondage which is placed on the novice.'

"What—in my inability to approach you? You are a magician, I know well; it is quite useless to try and hide that from myself, because I have seen you use your power. Those brothers taught you some of their unholy secrets. No doubt you could make a circle round yourself now into which I could not enter. In fact, I believe you have done so. But what of that? I have read, I have thought, a great deal on these subjects. The supernatural is no more extraordinary than the natural when once one is used to its existence. That it does not exist, that all nature stops at a given point, could only be maintained by a blind, foolish materialist. And I am not that. But I am not awed by the supernatural. I have always been used to believe in it, having been educated by Catholics. But your Brotherhood is a very different matter. This claims to be so positive a thing as to be a force in Nature, a power which every man has to be with or against at some period of his development. Is not that what you would say—what Father Ivan would say?"

"Yes," answered Fleta.

"Well, there I cannot follow. I do not see that the Brotherhood has any right to set up such a claim."

"It does not set it up," said Fleta. "There is no need to parade a fact. Wait and see. You will find it is a fact. I would rather not discuss the matter with you. It is like talking with a man as to whether the earth is flat or round."

For a moment a red flush of anger came into Otto's face; for there is no doubt that this speech was delivered with an indifference which savoured of royal insolence, and should only be used by a queen to her subjects, not to her king. But he conquered himself after a moment's thought.

"After all," he said, "I can just fancy that it may seem like this to you. It is useless to argue such a point. But to me the existence of such a Brotherhood is a purely arbitrary statement. I know that Ivan is extraordinarily superior to most priests. What makes him so—Intellect, I should say, for the first thing."

"No," said Fleta, "it is the White Star on his forehead which marks him out from among men and makes him divine. He lives for the world, not for himself; like all the Brotherhood he is passionless and desires no pleasure. Otto, I have to win that star. Will you help me?"

"How?"

"A great piece of work has to be done. I have to form a school of philosophy and turn the thoughts of men towards the subtler truths of life. It is a mark given me, and I need aid. But that aid can only be given me by one who makes no claim on my love, who no longer looks on me as a woman, but as an instrument of the White Brotherhood; who is ready to serve and to suffer without any wages or compensation; one who in fact desires to reach the door of the great Brotherhood."

She spoke quickly, enthusiastically, a great hope in her eyes; for his face had been full of gentleness all this while.

"I came to you," he answered slowly, "with an offer, a request. I will make it. I am prepared to be your true lover till death, your friend, and even servant, in all that is human and natural, if you, Fleta, will put aside these unnatural aspirations and be my wife and helpmeet."

It was a manly speech and said well. The tears gathered in Fleta's eyes as she looked at him.

"I have never loved you, Otto," she answered. "Nor ever can as you mean it; yet you can move my being to its depths, and stir my soul. For you are very honest. But you might as well try to change the courses of the stars as alter the shape and pathway of my life. It is written irrevocably; I myself have inscribed it in the book of fate by my steady desire through long past ages. But that I under-rated the difficulty I would now be beyond your knowledge, within the great

gateway. But I had no real comprehension of the deep unselfishness needed for that great effort. I see now that I may never live for myself again, not even in the inner soul of love. I have to work—I ask you to help me."

Otto looked at her gloomily.

"I ask for a helpmeet," he said. "And so it seems do you. This is not as it should be between husband and wife. One must give way to the other."

Fleta looked at him and her eyes glittered; she seemed to be measuring her strength. Suddenly she turned away with a sigh. At the moment the Palace clock struck. She remembered that it was time to go in and prepare for the ceremonies of the day. She paused and looked again at Otto. She was looking very pale now, so that the roses seemed more bright by contrast.

"Do you wish me to be crowned your queen?" she said. "Or would you rather it were not done now that you know me better?"

"I have no choice," said Otto, rather bitterly. "You are in fact my queen already. But you have your own conscience to deal with in treating me as you are doing."

"My own conscience!" The words repeated themselves in Fleta's mind, as she went slowly across the grass to the open window, without making any answer to Otto. "Have I what he would call a conscience? Do I reproach myself for misdeeds, or regret past follies? No; for how could I live did I do so? I, that have the mystic memory, the memory denied to ordinary men, and can see myself travelling through lives and see how I lived them and what my deeds were! Otto will suffer. He is not strong enough to claim his memory, he loves the world of healthy, human nature, where the inevitable is not recognised and Destiny is a force despised even while it works steadily to its ends. Ah, my poor Otto! 'husband, lover, friend,' would that I could save you the suffering!"

She had reached her own rooms now and was surrounded at once by maids, who were preparing for her toilette, and by great ladies who were selected as her companions. She was gracious to all alike, but so deeply buried in thought that she scarcely distinguished one from the other, and spoke as gently to the maid who dressed her hair as to the court beauty who paid dutiful respects to her. This seemed to them all very strange, and coupled with the sad look on Fleta's face, filled them with wonder. Had she already quarrelled with her husband?—or had she been married to him against her will?

The ceremony of dressing was made on this occasion much more formidable than was Fleta's usual toilette; and she grew pale and weary before the end of it. But she looked almost unnaturally beautiful when she stood up in her sweeping robes; there was an expression of such stern resolution and power upon her delicate features. She conquered

her weariness by an effort of will; and when she entered the great cathedral and became the chief feature of the pageant within it, she was once more the brilliant young queen, dazzling the eyes of those who looked upon her, and conscious of her great beauty and her royal power.

And yet, within, her heart was dull with sadness.

For the gateway seemed fast closed! The two who loved her would only love like other men. She could not give them any gleam or momentary vision of the great love which does not desire gratification, but which is divine, and gives itself. Where was she to look for other souls? Not in this Court, where the men seemed to her more empty-headed and self-seeking than those she had left behind. Nor could she ever hope to begin her larger work, to create any school of philosophy here. Was every door shut to her? It seemed so. And with that conviction came the strengthened and more profound resolve to conquer.

CHAPTER XVII.

EVERYTHING was closed, the world was dark to her; there was no turning, either to the right or to the left. We have all experienced this; even to young children this bitterness comes, when the darkness falls on their souls. In the grown man it is so great a thing that it blinds him and blackens his life sometimes for years. In one who is treading so dangerous, so difficult a path as was Fleta, it comes as a horror, a shame, a despair. For she had more knowledge, more intelligence, than ordinary human creatures, who have not yet raised their eyes or their hopes beyond the simple joys of earth. She had a knowledge so great that it weighed on her like a terrible load and crushed her very spirit when, as now, she could not tell how to use it.

She knew perfectly what it was she had to do; but in what way was she to do it? She, the supreme, the peerless, the unconquerable one, who rose up again unaided after every disaster, and who could not be held back by any kind of personal difficulty or danger, was now paralysed. Paralysed because she had to influence, to guide, to lead, some other human being. Alone she could go no further; another soul must stand beside her, and yet another. And as yet none were ready! None!

She hardly noticed what passed around her, though she mechanically fulfilled her part; and she gave no thought to the events of the day until she found herself at last in her own room again—once more at peace, once more undisturbed except by those who waited on her. Even these she sent away, and sat still in her chair, alone, yet so full of wild and passionate thoughts that the very air seemed full of their vibration, and to be quivering with life.

The queen was alone. How utterly alone none but herself could tell. One of her maids looked into the room and saw the beautiful young queen sitting there so completely motionless that she supposed she had fallen asleep in the great easy chair, and would not disturb her. Fleta's face was turned aside, and laid on the silken cushions, and it was so still and expressionless that one might fancy it a thing carved in ivory rather than of flesh and blood. For all colour had died out of it, and there was no faintest fleeting shadow of changing expression.

Fleta was alone with a terrible reality, a fearful problem, and one which she well knew she must solve, or else die of despair. And this offered her no thought of escape as it does to most, for she knew well that if she died it would only be to live again, and find herself again face to face with this problem.

For all nature follows laws; and as the plants grow, so does man. Life must progress and none can stay it. And Fleta had entered into the great rush of intelligent and vivid life which lies above the animal existence with which most men are content. No natural triumph, no power of her beauty, no magic of her personal charms, no accomplishment of her brilliant intellect could please or satisfy her any longer, for she had come into a keener consciousness, a knowledge of things undying. And she knew herself to be undying, incapable of death; and that she must suffer and suffer till this terrible point was passed.

It seemed to her impossible to pass it.

She might not ever hope to near the gate she longed to reach, unless she brought with her other souls, souls purified and ready. Her strength, her power must be used to save them, not herself.

But there were none who would be saved.

These two men who stood on either side of her, and who through many lives had stood on either side of her, even now, even yet, after so long, they were blinded by their love for her. And as she fully realised this a deep sigh passed all through her frame and made it quiver faintly like a dying thing in pain.

That love! with which she had held them and led them so long—the love of her, which had guided them so near the gate. Was it possible that now they must fall away, and because of that very love! Was it possible?

Suddenly Fleta rose and began to pace the room to and fro impatiently. "Shall I use my power?" she said to herself half aloud. "Shall I make myself hideous, old, a withered and faded hag? Would that kill this passionate love in them? Would that make me their guide and not a thing which is beautiful, and which each desires for himself? I must think—I must think!"

Moving to and fro in her room she thought silently for a long while. But there was no ray of gladness or light of conscious strength on her face.

"I must try it, I suppose," she said aloud, at last. "I must throw aside my youth and my beauty, and see if they can either of them discover the soul within. But it is a great risk—a terrible risk."

This she said quietly and as one in deep thought. But suddenly something seemed to touch, and rouse, and sting her, as if a knife had entered her flesh.

"Great Powers!" she exclaimed in a voice of agony. "What do I see in myself? Risk?—risk of what? Of their souls being lost because I am not able to help them. Folly! If they are to be saved some aid will be given even if it is not mine. Risk!—risk of what. Of my losing their love. There is no longer any disguising it. I have been fooling myself. Hilary! Otto! forgive me, that I should ever have spoken as if I were wiser or more unselfish than you. The mask is torn away. I am deceived no longer. I never dreamed that I must serve or save any but these two who have been to me friends and companions through ages. And this is Fleta, who fancied herself free, able to enter the hall of truth, able to stand before the great masters and learn from them! Is my soul never to be purified? Can my heart never be burnt out? Oh, fire of agony, come and kill this weakness!"

She staggered to her chair and sat there, staring fixedly at the floor before her with wild eyes.

"How am I to burn these last ashes out of myself? How? And to think of it!—to know, as I see now, that for lifetime after lifetime I have fancied myself a saviour, free in myself, only helping these others! And all this sad while I have but been leaning on their love, clinging to them as any frail thing might. If these did not love I should fancy love was not; if these did not follow and aid me I should fancy the world empty. And love, true love, the love that gives utterly and asks not, is not yet born in me! Well, I am punished—I have punished myself before I knew my fault! The world is not empty, indeed, but I am alone in it. Yes, utterly alone. My master has left me—my friends have left me. I have done wrong to each and all, and they are gone. Can I wonder that this is so? No, for I deserved it—and I deserve it."

Fleta drew a cloak round her that hung on the back of her chair. She drew it over her face and head and her whole form, so that she lay back like a mummy in its wrappings. For hours she sat like this, and quite motionless. Several times persons came into the room and looked at her, but she lay so still, and had so evidently arranged herself in this way, that no one liked to disturb her, thinking she must be asleep. For there was nothing ceremonial at which it was necessary for her to appear; the king and the queen were to have dined alone quietly. But when Fleta did not come, the king did not ask for her. And so the evening passed and the night came.

Then Fleta rose, and hastily putting on a dark robe and cloak hurried out of the room when there chanced to be no one to observe her

movements. She stole down the stairs quickly, like a passing shadow, and succeeded in reaching the garden unseen. The strong fragrance of the magnolia flowers attracted her, and for a moment she stood still, seeing in her mind's eye the scenes of that morning re-enacted. But at last she broke away, and hurried across the dim lawn till she reached the boundary of the garden. Then she passed along swiftly and silently, keeping by the wall. Her object was evidently to find a gate, or some way out of the enclosure. It was not to meditate under trees, or to smell the sweetness of the flowers that she had come here. It was only that she did not know how else to get to the city—she had not liked to try the great front entrance to the palace, for she did not want to be noticed or followed. At last she came to an iron gate, high and well spiked. She looked at it for a moment, and then suddenly sprang on it and climbed it quickly, passing over it in some swift adroit way that was rather an effort of will than any skill of body. Just as she descended she heard the sentry on his beat approaching her. Like a serpent she glided away into the shadow of some opposite trees. But, for all her swiftness the sentry had seen her. He knew it was a woman, this fleet shadow; he had a single glimpse of the pallid face and its wild, strange expression; and he was afraid to follow. For he did not think it a creature of flesh and blood like himself. And yet poor Fleta's heart was beating so hurriedly when she reached the shade that she had to stand still a little while to stay it.

But at last she recovered her nerve, and went steadily onwards towards the lights of the city. Either instinct or some mysterious knowledge seemed to guide her, for she went direct to the part of the city she wanted —its worst quarter, where all night long there was a glare of light and a crying of strange and discordant voices. For the gipsies were constantly here, in the heart of this city; nomads though they must be always, yet here they most frequently returned as to some place resembling home. And they so inflamed the passions and the love of excitement which was in the people, that round the shanties and hovels in which they dwelled, an orgy was held perpetually.

Fleta walked on through the narrow and crooked streets of the poor district, and walked so quickly and steadily that no one spoke to her or delayed her, though many paused and looked after her for a long while. She could not altogether hide her star-like beauty. At last she reached the place she wanted. Here there was a three-cornered open space, paved, with a fountain in its centre. When this part of the city was built, it had been intended for better purposes than those it served; workpeople were the class the houses had been planned for. But the whole quarter was now taken possession of by the race of ruffians, thieves, and murderers; a race which lives alone in every city because none dare be in its midst. This three-cornered square was their centre, a meeting point of many ways; and in it was held at night an

open market. It should have had trees around the pathway, and shrubs beside the fountain in its midst, but all traces of such civilisation had long disappeared from it. It was given over to squalor and dirt. When Fleta entered it the market was just becoming lively. It was a strange mart indeed; at one stall rags were sold and old cooking vessels; at another jewels of some considerable value. But anything of beauty which might be for sale here, was well hidden under the dingy covering of squalor which overshadowed the whole.

Fleta walked straight across the square to the fountain. Beside it, at the point which she approached, was placed a ricketty, dirty old tent. On the ground inside it was a sort of bed of rags, on which sat an old woman. The tent was but just big enough to shelter her; she sat facing its opening. By her side was a wooden stool, on which she told fortunes with a filthy old pack of cards. A woman was leaning over her now, watching the cards with breathless anxiety as she dealt them out.

Fleta drew quite close and then paused, leaning against the side of the dry fountain, and regarding this sordid scene with her beautiful eyes.

The old woman looked up after a moment. "Ah, it's you?" she said.

"Yes," answered Fleta; and that was all. The old woman told her cards and pocketed her silver with elaborate care. Then, her customer leaving her and no other appearing for the moment, she looked again at Fleta.

"Want your fortune told?" she said abruptly. She always spoke with a rough abruptness and many abbreviations; but it is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of her peculiar terseness of style, since she spoke (at all events, to Fleta) the true Romany tongue. To the woman whose fortune she had told she spoke in a rough dialect of the country.

"Yes," said Fleta.

The old woman laughed aloud, a queer, cackling laugh, and then got out a little black pipe and began to fill it. Suddenly she put this aside again, and looked up.

"I begin to feel as if you mean it. That can't be possible."

"Yes," said Fleta for the third time. And her face grew whiter every time she spoke. The old witch peered at her out of her small eyes.

"Then it's come to hard times with you, my dear! But you're queen here, aren't you?"

Fleta only nodded.

"Then how do you manage to be in a place like this alone? Oh, well, I know you're clever enough for the devil himself. But what has happened that you come to me?"

"I have lost my footing," said Fleta, very calmly. "I do not know which way to turn; and you must help me to find out."

"I must, must I?" growled the old woman, her unpleasant amiability suddenly turning to a virulent ill-humour. "So you keep your airs? How did you find out I was here?"

Fleta did not answer.

"You're clever enough for that still, are you, my dear? Then why can't you look into to-morrow and next year for yourself?"

Fleta clasped her hands and held her peace.

"I insist upon knowing," said the old woman, with a flare of fury, "or I'll not do your bidding, not even if you fill me with pains from top to toe. I know what you are; I know you'd rack me with torments, as you've done before now, to get knowledge out of me. Go on, do it if you like. I've got a new trick that'll help me bear it. I'll not do a thing for you unless you tell me why you come to me for help. I thought you were white as a lily, sitting on a throne, talking with angels. What's the reason you're here?"

Such a speech would have made most people smile. But Fleta knew with whom she had to deal, and regarded it very seriously, weighing her words as she slowly answered.

"I tried to pass the Initiation of the White Star, and I failed. My powers are gone, and I am blind and alone."

The old woman uttered an extraordinary ejaculation, something between an oath and a cry.

"You tried for that, did you? Why, no woman has ever passed it. You deserve to be blind and dumb too, for your insolence."

And then the old wretch burst out laughing, Fleta standing by quietly watching her.

"I know quite well what you're set to do now," the witch said at last. "You're set to save souls, just as I'm set to send them to hell. Well, you won't find it easy. Nobody wants you now you've started into that business."

"I've found that out already," said Fleta.

"And they *do* want me," cried the witch. "Only think of that, and remember how pretty you are, and how ugly I am! People like their souls lost for them; they hate having them saved. That's the common herd that I'm talking of. But there's somebody wanting to be saved now—somebody wanting help."

Fleta remained standing quite still, her eyes fixed on the old woman.

"Shall I tell you who it is?"

"Tell me the truth, Etrenella; I command it."

After a moment the old woman spoke in a low voice, less harsh than before.

"It is your master, Ivan. If you must go saving souls, save his. He needs somebody to help him."

Fleta involuntarily started, and retreated a step; the fixed gaze she had kept on Etrenella relaxed.

"Do you mean this?" she exclaimed.

Etrenella laughed, and dropped into her original manner.

"You needn't pretend you don't know when I'm telling the truth," she said, "you're not gone back to be a baby, I'm sure of that. Now look you here, my queen; I can give you something much better than your throne, or your king, or your kingdom, or anything else on this earth for you; I can make Ivan love you more dearly than the White Star itself; he's half way to it already, and does but want a touch. I can do it if you give me the word—ah! I see your face, my white queen; I see your hands trembling—so that's why you failed, is it?"

And this terrible Etrenella took up her little black pipe and proceeded to fill and light it; while Fleta leaned against the fountain sick and faint, as if unto death, with the tide of emotions which rushed over her.

After one shrewd, cruel glance at this quivering figure, Etrenella went on speaking.

"You needn't hesitate. You've got crimes enough on your conscience. I can see them in the very air round you. What was that you made Hilary Estanol kill for you, you vampire? You made him commit murder, and you know it. The thing was nearly human!"

"You sent it!" cried Fleta, suddenly finding strength to speak.

"Yes, I did. And why not? I'd heard you were married, and I sent to hear about you. It was quick and clever of you to kill him and take his life for yourself. You'd be in a fever now if you hadn't done it, and very near death. That little Duchess will die after a while; you scared her so that she can't get over it And how about Hilary Estanol? Isn't his soul very near lost through this beauty of yours? And so you can't have your laboratory now? Ah!"

"Speak to me as you should speak," cried Fleta, recovering herself and quickly taking the command again. "Tell me where to look for Father Ivan."

"I can't tell you that," said Etrenella. "You've got to get much more hungry than you are yet before you find him; so much I know. And I'll tell you this, for it's quite plain, and you might read it yourself; everything will crumble away from you—not only your friends, but your throne, and your kingdom. You will be just as much neglected as if you were as ugly as the old father of devils. My trade's a better one. Come, now, isn't it so?"

Fleta turned and walked straight away without once pausing or looking back or hesitating. It was evident she did not look upon Etrenella as a person towards whom it was necessary to use politeness. When Etrenella saw that she was really going she half rose off her rags and flung a screech after her.

"You'll have to go to hell's door to find him, I can tell you that!"

Fleta walked on, seemingly unmoved. But the words repeated themselves again and again in her ears, and seemed to echo along the streets. The whole city appeared to Fleta to be full of her own woe—there was none else, and nothing else in it—or, indeed, in the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the very morrow—or, rather, indeed, on the same day, for the dawn came as Fleta walked through the city—Etrenella's predictions began to be fulfilled. Fleta had entered the palace safely, though how this had been accomplished she could not even recollect. And at an hour when she was usually out among the flowers, she lay on her bed in a stupor of exhaustion and despair. A message came that the King particularly wished to see her. It sounded so urgent a message that Fleta thought it best not to deny herself to him, weary though she was. She rose, put on a loose white lace robe, and went into a little sitting-room that looked on the garden, to wait his coming. The singing of the birds worried her, and she retreated from the window—to which she had gone from habit—to the back of the room. She was standing there when Otto entered, and he paused a moment, startled by her appearance. The morning freshness, which no midnight labour had ever taken from her face before, was not on it now; she was as white as the dress she wore, and, with her black hair falling unbound upon her shoulders, she looked like a spectre rather than a living woman.

"You are ill, frightfully ill!" exclaimed Otto.

Fleta deliberately walked to a mirror, and looked into it. And then she smiled—such a bitter smile.

The thought in her heart was this. "I am fading already—the human mechanism goes always the same weary old round, and he will very soon tire of me now. It is over."

And with this dull sadness in her heart she turned away without any answer, and sat down on a couch in the dimmest corner of the room. The appearance of this action was as of indifference which actually amounted to insolence. Otto was a little nettled by it, and said no more, for the moment, as to Fleta's illness.

"I intruded on you," he said stiffly, "merely because it was my business to do so. Last night war was declared between England and Russia. My position and that of my kingdom is simply that of a gnat between one's forefinger and thumb; the allied powers are so strong, and so situated, that I must be crushed. Of course, I must fight it out, though the end is a foregone one, and inevitable. But you must not stay here. You must go at once. I cannot guarantee your safety after another twenty-four hours are passed. And I owe that much to your father. Go, now, and get ready and leave this place. Do not

delay an hour or a minute. You have been my queen for a day—no doubt that has been long enough for you."

"Quite long enough," answered Fleta quietly, "and yet the fall of the curtain seems a little hurried. I knew your position, of course; but I thought you expected to save it, and hoped for my assistance in so doing. That, in fact, it was still a matter of diplomacy."

"So it was till last night," answered Otto. "I had no idea that any such sudden action was meditated. I had intended that we should both visit London and St. Petersburgh within the next two months, and I fully admit that I expected great help from you in dealing with these powers. But everything has been taken out of my hands and it has all been finished without my knowledge."

He walked to the window, and then, standing with his back to her, said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Is it any of your cursed witchcraft, Fleta? Did you stir these men in their dreams, so that they should combine to crush me?"

For a moment Fleta seemed about to answer fiercely; but she controlled herself by an effort, and then said, in a very low voice:

"As your queen I am loyal to you."

There was something extraordinarily impressive in the way she said this. It convinced Otto instantly. He turned on her with a sudden swift flash of interest and vivacity in his face. It was the first gleam through the cloud that had been on him all the time he had been with her.

"Will you show yourself to the army before you go?" he exclaimed. "It would make all the difference. The men have no heart in them."

"Not!" cried Fleta, rising instantly. A spot of colour was on each cheek, her eyes glittered.

"When shall I come?" she said.

"Now," answered Otto, responding to her spirit. "On the great plain outside the city they are holding parade. Will you come?"

"One moment!" cried Fleta.

She swept past him, and shut the door of her own room. No one was there, and quite alone she made her toilette. It was so much the better, for it made her task easier. For three minutes she stood perfectly motionless inside the shut door. Her face was as set as that of a statue; every line was marked and rigid, and her eyes were like the eyes of a tiger. Her fierce will, roused into action, passed through all her frame and powers, and called out all the latent vigour in them. And so she worked a miracle, as many a clever conjuror does. It seemed like a conjuring trick to herself, when, the three minutes over, she advanced to the mirror and saw her face all alight with life, her cheeks flushed, her eyes vivid and sparkling, and youth returned more dewy than before. She hastily coiled up her hair and fastened it by jewelled pins; she passed her hand over her face, with the same sort of result that women produce with crème, and rouge, and powder, and half-an-hour's labour—

the whole sparkling effect was blended, softened, made more beautiful. She threw aside her white robe, and hurriedly found in a wardrobe a dress of cloth of gold, over which she drew a long cloak all of white and gold, and lined with crimson.

Then she went to the door, opened it, and said, "I am ready."

"My God!" exclaimed Otto, "you are indeed a witch. You are well, you are brilliant, you are twenty times more beautiful than ever. Oh, Fleta! listen to me. I will never leave your side, I will serve you like a slave if you will only let me love you."

"Love *me!*" exclaimed Fleta, with the most burning scorn. "No—don't deceive yourself. You only love my beauty—a thing of the moment only. If instead of making myself beautiful I chose to make another woman so, you would transfer your love to her. Come, take me to your soldiers. They, at least, are honest. They like a woman while she is young and pretty, and weary her with their love; and when she is old, they let her cook for them and carry the loads like an ass. You kings are the same only you have not the courage to say so. Come—I am ready—lead the way."

Her manner was so imperious, Otto had no choice but to obey without further words.

And now came the one brief hour in which Fleta ever felt herself a queen; for yesterday's pageant had not touched her. As she moved among the soldiers it was like a torch carried along that lit fire where ever it went.

Seeing the young queen in her triumphant beauty among them the men rose to the wildest enthusiasm. Now and again, when it was possible, she spoke a few words to the men round her, who stood devouring her with their eyes and listening as though her voice was heaven-sent. The old General who rode by her carriage looked twenty years younger when he saw his men's faces all aflame.

"I wish your Majesty would go into the field of action with us," he exclaimed suddenly.

"So do I," answered Otto from the other side.

"Well, I will," said Fleta quietly.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Otto in a different tone. He had no idea of her taking his words seriously, he had simply expressed the enthusiasm which the sight of her influence excited in him.

"Tell the men, General," said Fleta, "that I am going to the battle field with them. I shall return to the palace at once and make my preparations. It is of no use for either of you to remonstrate now my mind is made up. I am going."

She ordered her coachman to turn back to the palace, and to drive quickly; so that no one had time to consider or to hesitate. She was gone; but not her influence. And when it spread about among the men that she was going with them the excitement was something extraordinary.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE PRINCIPLE.

A FEW years back a very interesting controversy raged between several scientists of reputation. Some of these held that spontaneous generation was a fact in nature, whilst others proved the contrary; to the effect that, as far as experiments went, there was found to be biogenesis, or generation of life from previously existing life, and never the production of any form of life from non-living matter.

An erroneous assumption was made in the first instance that heat, equal to the boiling point of water, destroyed all life organisms; but by taking hermetically sealed vessels containing infusions, and subjecting them to such or a greater degree of heat, it was shown that living organisms did appear even after the application of so much heat. By more careful experiments, the following fact was brought to light, that spores of Bacteria, and other animalculæ, which generally float in the air, can, when dry, withstand a greater degree of heat, and that when the experiments are made in optically pure air, no life ever appears, and the infusions never putrefy.

Along with the fact of biogenesis, we must note, however, Mr. Huxley's caution, when he says, "that with organic chemistry, molecular physics, and physiology yet in their infancy, and every day making prodigious strides, it would be the height of presumption for any man to say that the conditions under which matter assumes the qualities called vital, may not some day be artificially brought together"; and, again, "that as a matter not of proof, but of probability, if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time, to the still more remote period, when the earth was passing through chemical and physical conditions which it can never see again, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasms from non-living matter."

Tracing inorganic matter upwards to the form which approaches most nearly to vital organisms, we come to those complex substances called "colloids," which are something like the white of an egg, and form the last stage of the ascending line from inorganic matter to organic life.

Tracing life downwards we ultimately reach "protoplasm," called by Huxley "the physical basis of life," a colourless, jelly-like substance, absolutely homogeneous without parts or structure. Protoplasm is evidently the nearest approach of life to matter; and if life ever originated from atomic and molecular combinations, it was in this form.

Protoplasm in its substance is a nitrogenous carbon compound, differing only from other similar compounds of the albuminous family of colloid by the extremely complex composition of its atoms. Its peculiar qualities, including life, are not the result of any new and peculiar atom added to the known chemical compounds of the same family, but of the manner of grouping and motions of these elements.* Life in its essence is manifested by the faculties of nutrition, sensation, movement, and reproduction, and every speck of protoplasm developes organisms which possess these faculties. The question has been asked whether this primitive speck of protoplasm can be artificially manufactured by chemical processes. Science has answered in the negative, as it knows as yet of no process by which any combination of inorganic matter could be vivified.

The law of evolution has now been satisfactorily proved to pervade the whole of the Universe, but there are several missing links, and, doubtless, the discoveries of modern science will in course of time bring many new facts to light on these obscure points which at present defy all search. Far more important than the question of the origin of species is the great problem of the development of life from what is looked upon as the inanimate mineral kingdom.

Every discovery of science, however limited it may be, affords food for thought, and enables us to understand how far we are to believe on the ground of observation and experiment, and how far we theorize in the right direction.

Science has not been able to prove the fact of "spontaneous generation" by experiment, but the best of scientists think it safe to believe that there must have been spontaneous generation† at one time. Thus far, scientific thought is in accord with esoteric teachings.

Occult philosophy has it, that motion, cosmic matter, duration, space, are everywhere. Motion is the imperishable life, and is conscious or unconscious, as the case may be. It exists as much during the active period of the Universe, as during Pralaya, or dissolution, when the unconscious life still maintains the matter‡ it animates in sleepless and unceasing motion.

'Life is ever present in the atom or matter, whether organic or inorganic—a difference that occultists do not accept. When the life energy is active in the atom, that atom is organic ; when dormant or latent, the atom is inorganic. The *Jiva*, or

* Vide Mr. Samuel Laing's new book "A Modern Zoroastrian." The whole of the work is well worth study, as it is as interesting as it is scientific. Several quotations have been made in this article from that excellent volume.—N. D. K.

Notwithstanding its excellency, it is a *very* materialistic work.—[ED.]

† Esoteric Science, holding that nothing in nature is inorganic, but that every atom is a "life,' does not agree with "Modern Science" as to the meaning attached to "Spontaneous Generation." We may deal with this later.—[ED.]

‡ Esoteric Science does not admit of the "existence" of "matter," as such, in Pralaya. In its noumenal state, dissolved in the "Great Breath," or its "laya" condition, it can exist only *potentially*. Occult philosophy, on the contrary, teaches that, during Pralaya, "Naught is. All is ceaseless eternal Breath. —[ED.]

life principle, which animates man, beast, plant, and even a mineral, is a form of force indestructible since this force is the one life, or *anima mundi*, the universal living soul, and since the various modes in which objective things appear to us in nature in their atomic aggregations, such as minerals, plants, animals, &c., are all the different forms or states in which this force manifests itself. Were it to become for one single instant inactive, say in a stone, the particles of the latter would lose instantly their cohesive property, and disintegrate as suddenly, though the force would still remain in each of its particles, but in a dormant state.* When the life force is disconnected with one set of atoms it becomes immediately attracted by others ; but in doing so, it does not abandon entirely the first set, but only transfers its *vis viva*, or living power—the energy of motion—to another set. But because it manifests itself in the next set as what is called Kinetic energy, it does not follow that the first set is deprived of it altogether ; for it is still in it, as potential energy, or life latent."

More than any other, the life principle in man is one with which we are most familiar, and yet are so hopelessly ignorant as to its nature. Matter and force are ever found allied. Matter without force, and force without matter, are inconceivable. In the mineral kingdom the universal life energy is one and unindividualized ; it begins imperceptibly to differentiate in the vegetable kingdom, and from the lower animals to the higher animals, and man, the differentiation increases at every step in complex progression.

When once the life-principle has commenced to differentiate, and has become sufficiently individualized, does it keep to organisms of the same kind, or does it after the death of one organism go and vivify an organism of another kind? For instance, after the death of a man, does the Kinetic energy which kept him alive up to a certain time go after death and attach itself to a protoplasmic speck of the human kind, or does it go and vivify some animal or vegetable germ? †

* "Five Years of Theosophy," page 535.

† As far as the writer knows, Occultism does not teach that the LIFE-PRINCIPLE—which is *per se* immutable, eternal, and as indestructible as the one *causeless cause*, for it is THAT in one of its aspects—can ever differentiate individually. The expression in *Five Years Theosophy* must be misleading, if it led to such an inference. It is only each body—whether man, beast, plant, insect, bird, or mineral—which, in assimilating more or less the life principle, *differentiates it in its* own special atoms, and adapts it to this or another combination of particles, which combination determines the differentiation. The monad partaking in its universal aspect of the Parabrahmic nature, unites with its *monas* on the plane of differentiation to constitute an individual. This individual, being in its essence inseparable from Parabrahm, also partakes of the Life-Principle in its Parabrahmic or Universal Aspect. Therefore, at the death of a man or an animal, the manifestation of life or the evidences of Kinetic energy are only withdrawn to one of those subjective planes of existence which are not ordinarily objective to us. The amount of Kinetic energy to be expended during life by one particular set of physiological cells is allotted by Karma—another aspect of the Universal Principle—consequently when this is expended the conscious activity of man or animal is no longer manifested on the plane of those cells, and the chemical forces which they represent are disengaged and left free to act in the physical plane of *their* manifestation. *Jiva*—in its universal aspect—has, like *Prakriti*, its seven forms, or what we have agreed to call "principles." Its action begins on the plane of the Universal Mind (*Mahat*) and ends in the grossest of the *Tanmatric* five planes—the last one, which is ours. Thus though we may, repeating after *Sankhya* philosophy, speak of the *seven prakritis* (or "productive productions") or after the phraseology of the Occultists of the seven *jivas*—yet, *both Prakriti and Jiva are indivisible abstractions*, to be divided only out of condescension for the weakness of our human intellect. Therefore, also, whether we divide it into four, five or seven principles matters in reality very little.—[ED.]

After the death of a man, the energy of motion which vitalized his frame is said to be partly left in the particles of the dead body in a dormant state, while the main energy goes and unites itself with another set of atoms. Here a distinction is drawn between the dormant life left in the particles of the dead body and the remaining Kinetic energy, which passes off elsewhere to vivify another set of atoms. Is not the energy that becomes dormant* life in the particles of the dead body a lower form of energy than the Kinetic energy, which passes off elsewhere; and although during the life of a man they appear mixed up together, are they not two distinct forms of energy, united only for the time being?

A student of occultism writes as follows: †

"Jiva, or the life-principle, is subtle super-sensuous matter, permeating the entire physical structure of the living being, and when it is separated from such structure life is said to be extinct. A particular set of conditions is necessary for its connection with an animal structure, and when those conditions are disturbed it is attracted by other bodies presenting suitable conditions."

Every atom has contained within it its own life, or force, and the various atoms which make up the physical frame always carry with them their own life wherever they travel. The human or animal life-principle, however, which vitalizes the whole being, appears to be a progressed, differentiated, and individualized energy of motion, which seems to travel from organism to organism at each successive death. Is it really, as quoted above, "subtle super-sensuous matter," which is something distinct from the atoms that form the physical body? (1)

If so, it becomes a sort of a monad, and would be something akin to the higher human soul which transmigrates from body to body.

Another and more important question is:—Is the life-principle, or Jiva, something different from the higher or spiritual soul? Some Hindoo Philosophers hold that these two principles are not distinct, but one and the same. (2)

To make the question plainer, it may be enquired whether occultism knows of cases in which human beings have been known to live quite separated from their spiritual soul? (3)

A correct comprehension of the nature, qualities, and mode of action of the principle, called "Jiva," is very essential for a proper understanding of the very first principles of Esoteric Science, and it is with a view to elicit further information from those who have kindly promised to give help to the Editors of LUCIFER on deep questions of the science, that this feeble attempt has been made to formulate a few questions which have been puzzling almost every student of Theosophy.

N. D. K.

Ahmedabad.

* A dormant energy is *no* energy.

† "Five Years of Theosophy," page 512.

EDITORS' NOTE.

(1) Modern Science, tracing all vital phenomena to the molecular forces of the original protoplasm, disbelieves in a *Vital Principle*, and in its materialistic negation laughs, of course, at the idea. Ancient Science, or Occultism, disregarding the laugh of ignorance, asserts it as a fact. THE ONE LIFE—is deity itself, immutable, omnipresent, eternal. It is "subtle, super-sensuous matter" on this lower plane of ours, whether we call it one thing or the other; whether we trace it to the "Sun-force"—a theory by B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.—or call it this, that, or the other. The learned Dr. Richardson—an eminent authority—goes further than words, for he speaks of the life-principle as of "a form of MATTER" (!!) Says the great man of science: "I speak only of a veritable material agent, refined, but actual and substantial; an agent having quality of weight and of volume; an agent susceptible of chemical combination, and thereby of change of physical state and condition; an agent passive in its action, moved always, *i.e.*, by influences apart from itself, obeying other influences; an agent possessing no initiative power, no *vis* or *energia naturæ*, but still playing a most important, if not a primary part in the production of the phenomena resulting from the action of the *energia* upon visible matter" (p. 379). As one sees, the Doctor plays at blind man's buff with occultism, and describes admirably the passive, "life elementals" used—say—by great sorcerers to animate their *homunculi*. Still the F.R.S. describes one of the countless aspects of our "subtle, super-sensuous-matter-life-principle."

(2) And the Hindu philosophers are right. It is here that we have real need of the divisions of everything—Prakriti, Jiva, etc.—into principles to enable us to explain the action of *Jiva* on our low planes without degrading it. Thence, while the Vedantin philosopher may be content with four principles in his universal Kosmogony, we occultists need at least *seven* to enable ourselves to understand the difference of the Protean nature of the life-principle once it acts on the five lower spheres or planes.

Our readers, enamoured with Modern Science, at the same time as with the occult doctrines—have to choose between the two views of the nature of the Life Principle, which are the most accepted now, and—the third view—that of the occult doctrines. The three may be described as follows:—

I. That of the scientific "molecularists" who assert that life is the resultant *of the interplay of ordinary molecular forces.*

II. That which regards "living organisms" as animated by an independent "vital principle," and declares "inorganic" matter to be lacking this.

III. The Occultist or Esoteric standpoint, which looks upon the distinction between organic and inorganic matter as fallacious and non-existent in nature. For it says that matter in all its phases being merely a vehicle for the manifestation *through it* of LIFE—the Parabrahmic Breath—in its physically pantheistic aspect (as Dr. Richardson would say, we suppose) it is a super-sensuous state of matter *itself* the vehicle of the ONE LIFE, the unconscious purposiveness of Parabrahm.

(3) It is just this. A human being *can* "live" quite separated from his

Spiritual Soul—the 7th and 6th principles of the ONE LIFE or "Atma-Buddhi"; but no being—whether human or animal—can live separated from its *physical* Soul, *Nephesh* or the *Breath of Life* (in *genesis*). These "*seven souls*" or *lives* (that which we call Principles), are admirably described in the Egyptian *Ritual* and the oldest papyri. Chabas has unearthed curious papyri and Mr. Gerald Massey has collected priceless information upon this doctrine; and though his conclusions are not ours, we may yet in a future number quote the facts he gives, and thus show how the oldest philosophy known to Europe —the Egyptian—corroborates our esoteric teachings.

TWO SONNETS.

DARWIN.

A grand upheaval of humanity!
Whose shoulders Atlas-like moved all the world?
On Darwin's grave Science her flag unfurled
And waved in triumph. Patient and god-like, he
Tunnelled hard rocks to light he could not see,
And found it too, a golden spark that showed
To future seekers, where lies endless road
To dark creation's Protean mystery.
Yet was he blind to that Instinctive Soul
Which compasses and lights the lamp-like whole;
We name it God, and know His voice is nigh
To listening ears,—but this one's reason bent
Toward earth, descried no spirit firmanent—
A giant Cyclops with a single eye.

THE BUST OF SOCRATES.

Time-honored head of Socrates! to learn
What were thy lineaments through sculptor's hand
Is sweet delight! Though on that classic land
I may not look, whose myrtled groves once shook
Harmonious to thy breath, e'en here each brook
Where hemlock grows keeps green thy memory,
Since 'twas her potent root which set thee free
From vulgar rage, safe wafting to return
To some bright planet 'mid the jewel spheres.
Thou martyred sage, how many chanticleers
Would I in meek obedience immolate
To Æsculapius, if some kindly Fate
Thereby propitious, 'mong the wise below,
Thy living, wrinkled, rugged, face would show.

MARY W. GALE.

ZARINA!

(A VISION.)

FLOATING in the astral light of our own planet, ages and ages ago, hovered a beautiful Spirit. She, from worlds beyond our knowledge, drew near, and kept æons after æons watching the human races as they swept from the unseen into the seen, from spirit into matter, and from matter into spirit.

Whether she, in the ages past had been as they, I cannot tell. But after watching human life and human woe for centuries I thought I saw her resolved to become as the sons and daughters of men, to share their sorrow, for what is shared is divided and thereby lessened. She resolved to begin at the first round of the ladder, and gradually to ascend. In short, to throw herself into the whirlpool of human existence.

Ages rolled on but what were they to her? She had enrolled among the children of men, like they, she was clothed in a decaying garment, and like them she cast it off when worn out, only to assume another.

Up the eternal, spiral column of life she travelled step by step, until one morning a beautiful babe was born on the earth and the mother whispered: "The Gods have smiled on thee!"

What was the cloud of melancholy which deepened on the fair young face as girlhood stole on and deepened as girlhood faded? Alas, the consciousness of earth was beginning to return, the succession of lives to which she had bound herself must be passed. Earth began to fetter her, as she gradually realised the sad tragic truth, that although thousands pressed around her, yet was she alone! "I will be a poet," she said, "and feel for others!" And Spirits from other worlds inspired her so that man wept when they read her sonnets. For each man stands like a mournful spectre, and is alone, finding little love and little sympathy in those around. But the poet reaches every heart in its loneliness, shattering the stern walls around, to let the sunlight stream into it. She touched the hearts of men and made them better. She, clad in mortal flesh, revealed the folded page of nature and spelt out for men its mystic symbolism.

Once more she folded her earthly garment and laid it aside for a new one. And now she was born on the earth a beggar's child! the Spirits of the earth formed her robe of flesh into perfect beauty. The poet's soul was there, and she looked through it into other souls. What was there but sorrow and loneliness again in store for herself and the crowds of weeping humanity around her? If thou wouldst see the real man

thou must look within. That which is within is the real, the outer is its shadow, still oftener its mask.

From childhood she grew into womanhood, and consciousness began to dawn fuller than before. Now she dimly saw forms around her, which were clothed in subtler garments than those of the flesh. Knowledge came into her heart, and she remembered what she had been before. Remembrance returned gradually, steadily, as womanhood advanced. The lives she had lived in the past ages grew like a great light of memory, and overwhelmed her. . . .

"Look," said the people, pointing at her, "look, that is Zarina, the beggar's child!"

"A beggar's child!" exclaimed a young man one day, when he heard these words. "A beggar's daughter!" he repeated to himself as in a dream, feeling a sudden wave of love for her overspread all his being.

"Ah," was the answer given by an old, white-bearded man to the youth, as he stood and gazed at the beautiful girl dressed in rags. "Only a beggar's child!"

Zarina caught the words, caught the tone. The hot blood rushed to her temples, and she fled in sorrow down the narrow street. The youth, brushing back his long dark hair with one hand, and with the other clasping tight his violin, for he was a musician, tried to overtake her. But the footsteps of wounded vanity and shame are swift, and she was gone. So he returned to the old man, and questioned him easily concerning her whom he already loved so madly.

"What would you with the beggar's daughter?" he was sternly asked. "Would you gain admittance into her humble home, and flaunt before her eyes the golden toys which turn a maiden's brain? Nay, nay, thy face is that of an honest man. . . . Know that I am a philosopher, and that heaven and earth are unveiled at my bidding? Come then, with me."

Calitzo followed the speaker silently down the narrow street and entered with him a low, arched doorway. Beyond this was a long, narrow passage, at the end of which the old man opened a door, and ushered the youth into a small, barely furnished room, where a lamp was burning, although it was still daylight,

Calitzo asked no questions. He had a strange sense of being entirely at this stranger's bidding; that he could not speak or move, or do anything, except the old man willed it.

"I know you, O poet-musician," said the old man. "Do not you recognise me? Ah, well, heaven and earth are closed books to most; the past is obliterated to you, the future unknown; and yet, poor fool, you do thirst for knowledge! Knowledge shall come, your fate is written on your brow, and your past is as yesterday to me. Your future? Youth, it is for you to make it. So is mine. Would you

know the beggar's daughter? I will tell you of her. Ages ago, she was born as a child unto me—she was a poet. She touched all men's hearts but mine, for it was hardened; and with a poet's love, she gave her life for mine, and entered into her rest. You were then a noble boy, and she loved you. But she gave you up, while giving up, her life for me, and left you alone on earth. Her father, he who is now her parent, in a hot, unguarded moment, seeing your despair, killed me; yes, he took away the life she had saved by sacrificing her own."

Oblivion wrapped all in darkness, until the sea of time washed us all to the shore once more, and we were again clothed in flesh. And now am I a philosopher and an alchemist. The keys of the past are mine; but before I can attain to the perfection of knowledge I must return four-fold into her heart that which I withheld from her, for I loved her not in the bygone ages, and made her life sad. I must also before I can help thee, accord unto him who was thy father, Calitzo, full reward for the rash deed, which caused my disembodied spirit to suffer ages in being so suddenly severed from the body. I will give her back to thee; for which purpose I must make use of powers forbidden, and thus bring on just retribution to all of us. Zarina does not know me and I dread her. Knowledge is dawning upon her, as it must upon all one day, and she begins to converse with and discern the unseen. Time must not be lost, and first of all the memory of the past must be imparted to thee. Come!

The alchemist led the way into an inner room, where Calitzo almost fainted with the suffocating fumes. The place looked like a cave, lit with a curious, fairy-like vapour hanging as cobwebs drawn hither and thither. The various odours of chemicals making him feel quite ill, he dropped down on a rude bench, while the alchemist kept moving round and round him, until he saw that Calitzo was fast asleep. Then the old man proceeded to make some mixture, muttering all the while weird sentences, and drawing diagrams upon the floor, until the neighbouring clock struck the midnight hour. . . . "It shall be," he murmured. "Thou, Calitzo, art one to whom I shall owe a great debt of gratitude, but thou knowest it not. Zarina cannot be thine unless her father dies, and the hour that brings her here, shall bring death to him. Then will she turn to thee as her only friend, and thus fate will be accomplished." He awoke Calitzo, and made him tell him what he had seen. The youth described Zarina's home, her beggar father, and then, as one in a dream, spoke of a life, ages ago, when he and she loved each other! of her sad tragic death, and of his own rash act. "In three days," said the alchemist, under his breath, "she shall be thine, and I shall be delivered unto the evil powers, to whose aid I resort. Come to me," he added aloud, "at midnight, the third night from this. Everything shall be prepared, and she shall be thine."

Zarina sat in her father's room alone. It was the third day after the

alchemist's interview with Calitzo, and she knew of the awful powers which were to be used that night, powers which she might not be able to withstand. Better than the alchemist, she knew also that her father, and even Calitzo, her beloved of old, might fall a victim to them. For two nights the mystic spells had been at work, and now on this last and fatal night she alone must counteract them. She sat thinking until half past eleven, and then, drawing a black shawl around her, silently left the house, taking her way to the abode of the alchemist. Her inspired face was rigid and sad. "This night the powers of Light and Darkness shall meet, and the alchemist must not be allowed to give himself up to powers of Evil" . . . . it is she alone, who shall pronounce the fatal words, and she alone, who shall be delivered unto the dark destiny, if anyone must be. The supernal love and power which inspire one at the thought of saving others at one's own sacrifice, pervaded her whole being. . . .

She opened the door of the alchemist's house and crept silently along the narrow curving passage; and although she had never been there before, nothing seemed unfamiliar to her in it; she passed through the first room. Absolute silence reigned around, and she heard only the beatings of her own heart. Thud! thud! thud! like a great mallet, beat that heart which was so soon to stop for ever. She placed her hand on the latch of the alchemist's sanctum and softly stepped in. The old man stood beside a table covered with vessels, and outside the circle with the curious characters in it which was drawn upon the floor, sat Calitzo on a bench. His breath came short and fast as she appeared, and the alchemist fixed his gloomy eyes upon her. But Zarina, keeping her gaze fixed upon him whom she had loved so well in her previous life, never looked after the first glance at the old man again. Evidently her visit was expected, for the old man betrayed not the least surprise and only waited in breathless silence. But now, she slowly approached the magic circle, and the alchemist began to look uneasy. Suddenly, a great cry of horror escaped from his breast, as, with the first stroke of the town-clock tolling midnight she was within the circle, and as the mists and vapour from the chemicals he had prepared arose into the damp air enveloping her as in a shroud.

Her action had been so quick and unexpected that while he was yet speaking, the phosphorescent smoke filled with filmy living creatures had entirely closed around her, and she sank within the magic circle a helpless heap. . . .

"Lost, she is lost!" cried the alchemist. "Nay, Calitzo, approach her not. Zarina is lost, lost. She has taken the curse upon herself, and her father, my enemy, still lives. . . ."

Lost! Lost! the cry that escaped the old man's lips was caught up and re-echoed like a deep sigh by Calitzo's violin. It sang an old melody, a familiar dirge:—

"Saved—ah, saved! Hell loses power
Over him, who for another
Gives his life. . . .
Not lost—but saved!"

The melody grew fainter, as the mists thickened around Calitzo. Then a faintness came over him and he lost consciousness. When he awoke he found the alchemist kneeling with his head on Zarina's prostrate form and as dead and cold as his victim was. The violin was silent and daylight was stealing in, struggling with the dark shadows of the cave. With a heartrending cry Calitzo knelt down beside her and softly breathed her name. . . .

But Zarina answered not. The glorious spirit had thrown off for the last time, and now for ever, the dusty garment of flesh. It was hovering again in the resplendent light of All-consciousness.

HELEN FAGG.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

To pray! To utter forth our deepest yearning
Into the great Unknown, with no vain sighs
Toward this world's outer semblance, and to rise
In spirit to those planes of higher learning,
Where finer senses, outward visions spurning,
Wrap us in holy mystery and surprise;
Where no dull shades bedim our weary eyes
But all is clear in Heavenly discerning.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.

A THEORY OF HAUNTINGS.

(*Continued.*)

IN ancient and mediæval times occult mysteries, such as are considered superstition and superstitious practices by the *esprits forts* of our day, received more credit, were allowed to influence human life.

In olden times, when people dabbled in black magic to an awful extent—as revealed in the life of Catherine de Medicis—a man or woman quite realised the efficacy of a curse, and that it could be handed down from generation to generation—a grim inheritance, scarcely so desirable as the family jewels. In such cases, why should mysterious apparitions not be merely fixed images in the family aura? Following a certain law, they are seen only at appointed times; when such changes take place in the lives of individuals of the family as to bring them more particularly within the line of psychic vision. If they appear as a warning unexpectedly, whilst the individuals warned may be in perfect health, or whilst only happiness and security reign in the family, yet the "house-spirits," the "elementals," of whatsoever grade or power they may be, for whom Time does not exist, are already cognisant of events which impend, and with mechanical precision exhibit the habitual signal. Obedient to an impression received perhaps centuries before, they faithfully reproduce the same warning when the *soul-conditions* of individuals reveal that death or misfortune is impending. Or, it may have become the inherited psychic idiosyncrasy of the family for this *inner* self, the "double," of an individual to give the warning by *means* of the elemental wraith, or the astral sound—the "cry of the banshee," etc. "Doubles," in rare cases, have been known to give warnings of danger.

Our theory seeks to exclude the idea that a *human* soul can be destined to become after death an earth-haunter *for a period of centuries.* It is true that the lower and the more wicked a soul has been in earth-life, the more does it cling after death to the earth; despairingly seeking to re-embody itself, if possible, to escape from the torments attending the gradual disintegration of its sidereal body, and to experience again the pleasures of the passions which were the source of animal gratification in the body. But even in the case of the most wicked, this condition would hardly endure longer than a hundred years, or the usual limit of a man's life in these days. Such beings may, of course, become haunting ghosts for a certain length of time, and doubtless often do; but they are not of the genus of "*hereditary* ghosts." A "hereditary ghost" *must*, it appears to us, be of the nature of an elemental, or merely a reflection in the astral light. These *reflections* are

seen by persons momentarily gifted with the open sight, and *as* reflections, nearly always wear the same appearance. As *elementals*, who possess more or less consciousness, their appearance would vary. Only an enlightened seer can discriminate between mere reflections in the sidereal light, and real appearances, objects, or beings in the adjacent region of more ethereal matter.

The sidereal bodies of pure and innocent human beings soon disintegrate; in some instances, when there has been high spiritual evolution, they evaporate as a kind of incense, and the pure soul is immediately wafted into its heavenly condition. For this reason, where a "hereditary ghost" assumes a benevolent aspect, and returns for objects of beneficence, it would be a great mistake to imagine it to be the "*spirit*" of a pure and sainted ancestor, or ancestress, inasmuch as the only thing which could really be *seen*, would be simply the astral body which is, sooner or later, disintegrated after death.

There are some apparitions which have a world-wide celebrity, having been repeatedly seen during centuries, their appearances having become matters of local or family history. Two of the most notable instances are those of the White Lady of Berlin, and the Flying Dutchman.

The story of the Flying Dutchman is that the captain of a Dutch ship, baffled by contrary winds in attempting to round the Cape of Good Hope, became enraged, and swore that he would accomplish his purpose in spite of storms, or winds—the opposing forces of Nature—if it took him an eternity to do it. The ship was lost, and the captain's soul, or wraith, still continues to navigate the stormy seas, appearing as a warning to mariners of approaching calamity. It is probable that some of the sailors, who were cognisant of the captain's oath, survived the loss of the ship, and originated the idea of his retributive doom; which idea has continued to exist as a *reflection* in the astral light, and is disclosed to view as an actual scene during some sudden rift in the veil of matter. It is impossible to account for or explain the intimate interblending of the two conditions of existence lying side by side—the material, and ethereal; and those transitory conditions caused by disturbance of the elements which would produce a momentary rift in the veil of dense matter. But at the same time it is possible that the intense emotions of rage, and determination to have his own way in spite of God and Nature, may have caused the curses of the Dutchman to exhaust their energy upon himself, and kept him, the victim of a violent and sudden death, chained to the scene of his sin for a certain period. The miserable entity, wearing out its sidereal body, may have appeared again and again, until the appearance has become a fixed idea pictured in the astral light, and becoming visible, like a *Fata Morgana*, under the disturbed elemental conditions above described.

The White Lady appears just before a death, not only in the Hohenzollern family, but is believed to haunt also the palaces of

Baireuth, Anspach, and Cleves, which are residences of families allied to the imperial family of Prussia. The house of Rosenburg in Bohemia, also allied to that of Hohenzollern, is honoured by the apparition of the White Lady. She appears also to the Hapsburgs.

The White Lady is said to have been seen before the death of the Elector John George in 1598. Her last recorded appearances were in 1840, before the death of Frederick William III.; and 1861, previous to the demise of Frederick William IV.

Many stories of a conflicting character have been handed down, becoming more or less mutilated and confused in the process of transmission, to account for this apparition. These have a foundation of crimes and cruelties which are supposed to chain the human soul, as a species of retribution, to the scenes of its old sins. In one instance only, does the tradition point to a life of goodness and benevolence, in the case of Bertha von Rosenburg. After the death of her husband, a Styrian Baron who treated her cruelly, she returned to Bohemia, and devoted her life to the care of orphans. She always wore a dress of *white* mourning, which was then customary for widows. The White Lady of Rosenburg is represented as loving children, and appearing to rebuke careless and inattentive nurses.

In the traditions of this apparition every incident stated goes to strengthen our theory that this ghost is the product of *une idée fixe* in the mental aura of these several families, all allied by marriage, and who have transmitted from century to century the impression of a mysterious visitant who comes as a warning of death.

There is, however, another way of accounting for the apparition of the White Lady. In ancient times it was customary to inhume a living body in the foundations of buildings, castles, palaces, bridges, even gateways, and walls. It was a sacrifice of blood to propitiate the "gods," "principalities and powers," *i.e.*, the "elemental spirits" who watch over men. It was supposed that no building would remain firm and secure unless the foundations were cemented with blood, which was usually that of some criminal sentenced to death. This superstitious custom was handed down even unto Christian times, when an animal, a dog, goat, wolf, perchance a cock, or hen, was often substituted for the human victim.

Henrich Heine mentions this custom. "In the Middle Ages," he says, "the opinion prevailed that when any building was to be erected, something living must be killed, in the blood of which the foundation had to be laid, by which process the building would be secured from falling; and in ballads and traditions the remembrance is still preserved, how children and animals were slaughtered for the purpose of strengthening large buildings with their blood.

In the "*Swedish Folk-tales*" Afzelius says: "Heathen superstition did not fail to show itself in the construction of Christian churches. In

laying the foundations, the people retained something of their former religion, and sacrificed to their old deities, whom they could not forget, some animal, which they buried alive, either under the foundation or without the wall. The spectre of this animal is said to wander about the churchyard by night, and is called the *Kirk-Grim*. A tradition has also been preserved that under the altar in the first Christian churches a lamb was usually buried, which imparted security and duration to the edifice. This is an emblem of the true Church Lamb—the Saviour, who is the corner-stone of His church. When anyone enters a church when there is no service, he may see a little lamb spring across the quire and vanish." That is, the *reflection* in the astral light would be seen by those who expected to see a lamb, and whose psychic vision was temporarily opened. Many persons are born with a tendency to open vision or *clairvoyance*, which frequently displays itself during their lives; others, again, have it rarely, when they are more open to those psychological effects termed a species of inebriation. The Fakirs of India are adepts at producing this effect upon those who witness their wonderful performances.

It is related that the workmen were engaged for three years upon the fortifications of Scutari, without succeeding in getting the walls to stand. At length they declared that the only possible way for them to succeed was to bury a living victim under the walls. A young woman, who daily brought their dinner, was seized upon and buried, after which, the walls stood firm.

It is possible that the White Lady of Berlin is the apparition of some girl or woman (perhaps a criminal already sentenced to death) who was buried under the foundations of an ancient castle, and that the original true cause for the haunting appearance has been forgotten, and twisted into traditions more nearly relating to the personal histories of remote ancestors of the royal houses to which the memory of the ghost has attached itself.

Thus the phantom, or the picture of a former scene, or scenes, still lingers upon that illustrated page of human life, to which men's eyes are usually sealed with a blindness that ends only with death, as one of the myriad proofs that this "insubstantial pageant," these earthly scenes in which we bury all our senses, will continually fade, like the lives of men, leaving "not a rack behind," while those invisible *substantial* scenes of soul-life will endure so long as the earth endures, and men still live upon it, passing through stages of evolution. For that is the *real* side of life, and this is its outcome.

FRANK FERNHOLME.

THE WHITE MONK.

PART II.—MY STORY.

CHAPTER I.

WE dwelt in a quiet cathedral town, famous for naught, save its tranquillity and rose-bushes, and the gorgeous workmanship of the holy edifice itself. All took its tone from the ecclesiastical gravity that reigned in and around the close, with its whispering, fragrant limes, and the solemn black-robed men who dwelt beneath their shade, ay, and had their small jealousies and hatreds and earthly passions too, thinly veiled by the enforced and sometimes ill-fitting mask of piety.

Near by was Castle Troyes, our home, and there now dwelt, my father, Sir Richard, my mother, myself, and the flower and extreme ruler of our house, sweet Marguerite, a little perfect nymph, with the cool depth of liquid blue child eyes.

I was a grievous source of dudgeon to my honoured father. He was a noted warrior; his father and his brothers had been such, and so, he meant, should be his son. As with all parents, the bent of his son's mind to learning rather than to action much discomfited him. I have ever thought my noble father did me less than justice in this matter. I could shoot as well as he with the bow; I was no novice with a horse, and I fenced, I know, with elegance and strength. But he would have had me a champion in these arts, and in sooth I had a mind more framed towards solitary musing and deciphering old tomes. I know right well, though he strove to hide it from me, that I was a stone of stumbling to my father, and from time to time, as the ireful side of his tongue came up to breathe itself at the surface, he showed it me.

The main difference betwixt me and my foregoers was this. They had gone forth, confident and firm and ardent, to the world as it actually was, and cared no whit that it should be better than it was. It was good enough for them, they deemed, or they would not have been brought thither. They met the world as a friend, with open eyes truly, but also with open hands and hearts.

I looked at the world a little, casually, from my position as a by-stander, and felt that I cared not greatly for it. Therefore to my friends I was tedious, to my enemies despicable.

And thus I became a brooding boy, timid also by habit, for the very fervour of mine imaginations, but full of high fancies that made a man of me despite myself. For that I spoke little and from the purpose, and kept my eyes to look upon the ground, I was held dull, until my thirteenth year. Then it was that my sire chanced to lay hand on some

poor verses I had lately left on paper, and, not content to judge of them by the light of his own plentiful reason, committed them to the reading of a certain Canon, who, approving them, brought me into great respect of the same parents as, the day before, had thought me dull. Not that the good Canon—I say it wittingly—knew the half that I did of the laws of Rhyme—but there, so be it! By his censure I was to stand or fall. I remember I laughed sadly as I became aware of the change in my parents' judgment of their son. They were so glad when they found *somewhat* for which I might be praised. And yet, what skilled the manual labour? What if I had not hitherto laid my verses upon paper? The thoughts had long been there—the poetry had welled up from my heart like life-blood since my birth. I was the same boy who, years before, had his brain thronged with far prettier fancies than those they chanced to see. Howbeit, from henceforth I was "the Poet that shall be!" and the guests gazed upon me as on some poor changeling with whom they had scant sympathy, feeling dimly, even while they despised me, that I bore in my brain the power to punish them.

Let me not be bitter. A cathedral town holds as many kind hearts as any desolate city which hath no God to worship. I had friends even in my birth-place; though as yet I knew them not. Until now, I loved my Marguerite, my young, my fairy sister—her only, as yet, I sang, I loved, I worshipped; and through her, the Ideal of beauty, and of pure thoughts, and of a God who constructs holy things and to whom we vaguely but incessantly aspire.

Well, but to my purpose.

I meditated often by myself upon such thoughts as come to those who dwell under the shadow of a great cathedral, fenced about with the gloomy security of cloisters, far from the city, and near, as it should seem, to the worship of God. We were at variance with the creed established in the town and illustrated in the splendid services of the cathedral. The De Troyes were of Norman blood, good Catholics to this day, having their private chapel for the old worship, and knowing little or nothing of the new Protestant form, save that it was favoured by the reigning monarch, and that it had ousted us from the public confession of our belief within the walls of our own cherished cathedral, which we were now fain to look upon as a fair space desecrated, filled with apostates. I brooded often, as I sat searching with my eyes the intricacies of delicate workmanship on the lofty spires. I mused on the quaint shows and apparently necessary symbols by which men strive to harmonize their souls with a tone of thought which is to most of them incongruous, unreal. How they seem only fit to reach and grasp Ideas by the help of something tangible. Whether can men, in truth, lift the soul by the senses? In my own sober abstraction—boy that I was! as yet untempted—I despised them and their struggles

after what seemed to me to be the natural state of a rational being.

I knew nought as yet of the great weariness and disgust of brain that besets the human creature who has striven, like a god, to stay in the region where things appear not, but *are*. Else, had I looked upon all rites as the soul's earnest confession of weakness, showing the purpose better than the power, the heart uplifted, but intelligence despairing—ciphers which only ask to perish at a sign from Heaven!

It was natural, owing to the suggestions given by the place of a new world and a life of the spirit, that my meditations led me often, by devious paths to think of the old bodiless enemy of our house—the fabled phantom who could yet work ill—"The White Monk," whom I pictured, now that I was older, as some homeless spirit, stored with fearful wisdom and with capacity still to kill men by a magic terror, and withal, in constant relation to another universe, of which I thought much, but knew less than nothing. In the sunlight I would pace the cloisters and yearn to see and speak with him. I would—alas for my folly!—construct a dialogue which I should hold with him, bearing myself manly and bold the while. But in the soft shimmer of the moon—I know not how—I never felt the same. Then it was that I perceived, and bowed to, the essential difference between the life of mortal and of spirit.

How shall I tell it, the first meeting I had with the enemy of our house?

As I remember, it was somewhat on this wise; but think not that I can in words describe the physical terror and the soul's subjection to unthought-of creeds!

I stepped out one evening in the summer gloom to listen to the muffled whizzing of bats' wings, and the cooing of wild doves, and the hum of thousands of insects. (I loved all Nature, all, that cannot argue and sneer.) I went in my musing out of the house by a side way, and stood in the old court-yard. Idly I noted the flight of a starling to its nest under the eaves of that part of the castle which was now but a fair ruin, left standing yet until my sire should have wealth to build a new wing in its stead.

All suddenly my eyes were rivetted to a certain arched window-moulding at a great height from the ground. I saw nothing, but I drew in my breath and crossed myself, and then forgot myself and all the world in an intolerable waiting. I know not if this endured long; this I know—had anyone held a sword unsheathed beside me, and I had been able, I would with gladness have turned and fallen upon it, even to still the horrid dread.

It came—the vacant dark space flashed—a whiteness, first dim, then vivid, then dim again; then more shapely, and then the revelation. To my unspeakable horror, I vow the clear semblance of our

long-dead enemy leant out at that ruined casement and looked down.

I tried to shriek. I hid my face; through my hands I could *feel* the whiteness striking on my eyes. I could only utter a faint murmur, and at last, in desperation, I looked up again. I could not see the spectre's features, for they were concealed by the white cowl, all but a motionless white line of mouth and chin. And just then I heard a shriek. Not mine, no, but Marguerite's.

I forgot the terror, and ran to my sister. The child had come running in pursuit of me, with a cabbage-leaf full of cherries which she would have shared with me. And she had slipped on the rough pavement and fallen, and cried out, more for the sake of the pity she wanted than because it hurt her. There she lay, half-laughing and half-crying, with the red cherries scattered round her flaxen head. I was but a poor support at first, I ween, for I trembled so that I scarce could raise her. Having her safe in the house again, I returned, as one must who hopes to rid himself of a cheat of the brain. The Monk was gone; the arch was growing black in the gathering dusk—and I believed, in spite of all, more firmly than ever, that face to face I and our enemy had been.

Our creed countenances the idea of returned souls, spared from Purgatory awhile for ends which we mortals may not fathom. Moreover, there is a certain feeling—but I will not argue. Suffice it that what I had seen threw me into a shrewd fever. It was so horrible; to fear that arched window so, for what I might see there again. To fear the court-yard, the disused part of the castle, the lonely stairs, the very cloisters of the cathedral. At last I came to have the delusion that, wherever I walked, suddenly I would come facing that window, in which would slowly shape the white form, until I could not bear it, and holding out my arms stiffly, would walk right through the dismal picture. This unnerved me entirely at length, though I distinguished the nature of the vision from its original. I fell into a fever, still (for yet was the child in me) refusing to tell what ailed me.

I was very ill, and when the recoil came, I awoke to a deeper life. I was more manly; I confessed my fears, entitling them "delusions." I bade the servants search the ruin for any sign of an inhabitant; myself went with them and bore the light, and I know that the work was thoroughly done. So I professed myself satisfied. But the knowledge gained upon me that what I had seen was for me alone.

After a time of wavering between the body's repulsion for any life not of its own nature, and the spirit's need to find out the utmost meaning of any sign presented to it, I grew to familiarity with the recollection of the Monk's appearance, and my whole soul being given to metaphysical studies and questionings at that time, I longed to behold the spectre

again. Next time, I vowed, I would learn somewhat of our ancient enemy. I feared not much the traditions of his hurtfulness to our hearth even after death ; he had appeared to me, and behold! I lived, and desired the sight of him again.

And I did see him.

One night, as it grew dusk, I sat copying a bit of the exquisite tracery on the interior of a cloister wall by the cathedral. I loved drawing, and exercised myself often upon it, as upon music also of different sorts ; for it mattered little to me how I caught the Ideal, so that I was privileged to see it rendered up to me in part. It was not so much the butterfly love for divers beauties, but rather adoration for the Unity of Thought which manifested itself to me under Protean forms.

Well, I sat there drawing, in meditative watchfulness, at the end of one long, shaded cloister walk. The yew-trees sighed and fluttered without, and the trailing rose-tendrils beat softly against the grey stone, which scattered in revenge rosy petals even into the dim seclusion where I was intent upon forestalling the darkness with my sketch.

At the instant when my eyes were most searchingly occupied with a divine curve which the stone-work took into the dimness of the corner, something attracted them to the extremity of the cloister. Into the entrance had just flashed that weird white glimmer for which I had been waiting all these weeks.

I rose up, moistening my lips.

He had come ; now must I speak? I strove to step towards him and fell back silently upon the ground. The figure slowly advanced, stopping at each arch as if to gaze out over the quiet lawn beyond. I sat up, with my brain confused, but my will fixed to meet and confront the vision. Blessed Saints! was I not honest at heart? What should I fear?

And still the slow, white, sweeping figure ever advanced, nearer and nearer towards me, and it seemed the darkness gathered before him—or was it in mine eyes? For a horrible, cold quailing was about my heart, and a singing in mine ears. I thought of old tales I had heard, and I could not distinctly see the shrouded mystery. Further from me he had shown clear—at every step he took he became more intense a secret. Ah, I cannot picture him to you! You must gather all from what I can tell of my own intolerable emotion. In Nature there is very little white, except the snow. In summer, mark how the sudden flash of white surprises. My sweet sister came in white once hastily round a dark oak tree, and I remember how the harmony of the landscape was shattered and she alone stood out, the rest subordinate. A white thorn flowering on a Spring star-light night will bring you into strange surmises.

I dally in the telling. The Monk came very slowly ; his hands, I know, were clasped before him, palms downwards, inertly, as if in

despair or pain. His face was hidden—how I yearned for some sign of *life* in his unnatural stillness! Still, the concealing cowl; would it ever be lifted? And now it was very dark, and he came near, quite near, and there was no sound of breathing or of footsteps, but he was vague before my dazzled eyes, only very white, and of great stateliness. The whiteness blinded me—he was about to pass me—somewhat I must do to prevent the next moment, or lightning from that whiteness would strike me and I die.

I fainted dead and still, into an intense swoon that saved my good fame from the death of a coward.

CHAPTER II.

As you may think, this disaster threw me into so great dudgeon and contempt for my weakness that I loved not overmuch to recall it. But I seemed haunted by my enemy at every turn.

I was playing with Marguerite in the picture-gallery one day, and she, sweet elf, was making merry over the quaint costumes of our ancestors, and striving to mock their frowning looks, when the fancy took her to wander into a little dim side passage, where, in no very glorious case, hung an old portrait of the White Monk himself, our house's foe.

I never liked its being there, and I hated to see the child looking at it. She had never heard word of his foul history, but it seemed to me, with my secret loathing for him, that she could not choose but read it in the murderer's face. So I called her away, first coaxingly, then urgently. But she would not come. Nay, she had found an older picture still, all dusty; she must look once searchingly upon it and see what manner of priest this was. And I must hold her up to look at him.

"No, no, Marguerite!" quoth I. "Come, look at Marshal Ambrose. He was twice the man that this fellow was; besides, your namesake loved him."

But she would none of my biddings. She persisting and I again refusing, at the last she stamped her tiny foot and made as she would weep.

If our loved Marguerite had ever a fault in her snowy life, she was a trifle wilful. And what blame, since her will was ever for the right? But if she ever showed a will to weep, what consternation did it cause! My father, whose name was still a terror to the Spaniards, was a reed in Marguerite's royal hands. Our house-chaplain, a surly man, whose intellects were fettered by his breviary—my governor, a timid man, a slave to Aristotle's influence, like most scholars of the time—these two were just the same. Nay, it is fabled that these twain, at two separate seasons, were discovered in the act of treading a measure with Mistress Marguerite; but to this rumour I will never give the sanction of my

credence. As for the younger men—(but this was ever a sore point between me and Marguerite.)

So when the smallest tear gathered in our despot's eyes, I was fain hastily to catch her up and lift the butterfly weight to a proper level with the picture. Whereon she gazed till methought she would never cease, so the countenance moved her.

She traced the features with her tiny delicate finger, and brushed the dust off daintily; then turning to me for sympathy:

"The poor wight looks sad!" she said.

And this was assuredly the first word of pity that Pietro Rinucci had ever won. "The poor wight looks sad" in sooth?

I was about to reply, something tartly, that the wight had need, when the desire to speak forsook me. My whole body trembled at the presence of an intelligence alien to us two children, and my heart stood still when I looked and saw no one. Was it possible that there could yet emanate from that old disgraced portrait so keen a breath of life? Or was it that the unwonted sound of a mortal's word of kindness for him, had indeed drawn the soul of our enemy to earth again, and that—but I could not bear to wait for the answer to my bewilderment. I fled before my fear, grasping the child in my arms convulsively, until she laughed and sought to know what ailed me.

One day, not long after this, had Marguerite drawn me with her in her playing half through the quiet town and into a little solemn space she loved—for the maid was pensive even as myself, though as yet the sports of childhood claimed her.

We had run and bounded till the fancy took her to be weary and to make me carry her (for she was but a minute creature, and I used to rally her in saying that the only heavy part of her was the two great plaits of flaxen hair). Once on my shoulder, she fell asleep, so I carried her, stepping delicately off the stones, into her favourite haunt, that she might sleep quiet a while and then wake there.

It was a smooth-shaven grass plot, enclosed by the walls of an old grey church, the ruddy stained windows of which shone like fires just now in the afternoon sun. There was a sombre yew-tree, many years old, in the midst of this sward, and a still older sun-dial stood in ruins near the tree, whose spreading, dusky arms had long obscured the light too much to let the sun-dial do its work. Therefore the two rivals stood together; Nature's structure triumphing over man's; each one a testimony to the antiquity of the other, and the most ancient sun treating them both to his half-vivifying, half-destructive power.

Softly I seated myself against the dial under the yew-tree's shade, and caused the fair head of my most beauteous sister to rest upon my arm. She just stirred and murmured my name as if to herself as I placed her so, on the grass by my side, leaning across me. I stroked her hair and she slept more peacefully than before, whilst I mused, and numberless

small heads of birds looked out in amaze from the ivied church wall, and twittered interrogatively, with a cool, far-away, sleepy rustle of tiny wings.

I was following the movements of a translucent fellow of a dragon-fly, which was taking pleasure in a pink rose that trailed about the dial. Only one pink rose there was; the rest were over, or perchance in this solemn spot there had never been more. One bright bit of colour amongst all the dark grey and green. It belonged to the same order of loveliness as my Marguerite, ay, and she should have it too. I cautiously stretched out my hand, possessed myself of the fair blossom and made it a nest in the flaxen hair. It just matched the flush on the child's sleeping face.

I think my spirit must have strayed near to Heaven, so great inspiration had filled me from the sight of the exquisite, innocent countenance.

I was intently looking upon her, when the old sensation came upon me again; there, in that lonely spot! I knew that our enemy was near us. We two were alone. No shout could bring us help, and this time I might not swoon. I groaned; here was my Marguerite, my mother's Marguerite! in my sole care, to be protected against unknown evils. Oh, and should she awake—how horrible!

He came. Through the thick dark boughs of the yew I saw a dazzling white glimmer. The next instant he was on our side of the tree, and striding hastily towards us. This time I fancied there was something distinctly more human in the apparition, and placed as I now was, it made him more terrible. It recalled the deadly enmity he had ever borne—so the chronicles said—to our house.

What could I do against him? How fright him from the side of this delicate rose? I had no power; only the resolve to act as a man should do, and be brave for the sake of the only daughter of our house.

The White Monk came, and paused in front of us. I clasped the child closer to me—come what might, whatever a human arm could do that should be done. Then I raised my eyes to the stony, sphinx-like mystery, and looked defiantly upon it. Wonder of wonders! he moved his slight white hand and drew the cowl from off his face. I knew nothing but the eyes. Such eyes, dark as an enigma, piercing to the soul, and sad enough to dream of. I never saw the like of them even in mortals, who have their death before them.

But this I remembered afterward; for the moment, I knew only that those deep, dark, motionless eyes, over which the lids never closed, were piercing Marguerite, and that she knew not of it. If she should wake—oh, God, let her not wake!—I swayed to and fro in my anguish. I looked only on the child. I gathered her to me; I whispered a soothing word to her, though my head felt like to break with the strain I was forced to put on my own terror. For her was this terror now; I

felt none for myself any more. I would have challenged the fearful Monk, and conjured him to leave the innocent child—but that I dared not speak aloud and wake her.

And she slept calmly on, breathing so light and balmily. Until in an instant the oppression on my spirit was lifted; I looked away from my darling in astonishment—the Monk was gone.

Only, as my eye fell on the rose in Marguerite's hair, it dropped suddenly and covered the flaxen head with delicate petals. This woke the child; she put her two hands up to her hair, and drew them down full of rose-leaves, and laughed wonderingly, and blushed and dimpled to find how sound asleep she had been. And then she asked me why I was so pale, and why I trembled so in every limb; but I made no answer, for I was keenly noting her, to see if there was change in her spirits or features. But there was none; she was rosy and full of laughter, and plaited again her tumbled hair with a gay stamp of her tiny foot. And I, laughing with her, thought, "Ah, I might have had more faith in the security of Innocence!"

(But is that a true faith to hold? As the deep bell of the church clock tolled out the hour, and we started homewards at a goodly pace, I was secretly thinking on these matters. Full many times is innocence abused by mortals, if not by gods. Who shall tell us that the evil spirits do not still carry on their hateful trade of striving to crush out good? Howsoever that be, fate rules these things. The most a man can do is to be ready when there is a use for him. The god of Opportunity will take care he shall be out of the way when a ghastly deed has to be done.)

PERCY ROSS

(To be continued.)

MEMORY.

THERE is a time in every life
  When ebbing into days, we seem,
Long past but yet familiar still,
  Like some confused, forgotten dream—
We feel all this has been before,
Yet still we wonder more and more.

For every effort of the will,
  And every inward thought that springs
'Ere the mind's threshold it has crossed,
  A memory of something brings—
A vague idea—and nothing more—
But still we feel this was before.

Just as the gentle breeze at eve
  Soft ripples ocean's placid face
So memory calls up within
  A wavelet from the realms of space ;
A passing touch from times before,
The spray from waves that are no more.

The scent of violets nestling low,
  The rustling of the forest leaves ;
The bubbling of the fretful stream,
  The swallow's twitter 'neath the eaves,
Bring thoughts of something known before,
And make us wonder more and more.

A strain of music from the spheres,
  A simple chord, a ray of light,
The trembling of a single star,
  A voice that whispers in the night ;
A hope fulfilled and nothing more,
Bring thoughts we must have lived before.

The roaring of the tempest fierce,
  A magic word, a whispered sigh,
Stand out upon the road of time
  As landmarks of an age gone by ;
And speak with tongues we know once more—
Words that we've heard long years before.

So every tune that wake the soul,
  And every thought that thrills the sense,
Bring knowledge of Eternity,
  And make our faith the more intense—
We know our souls have lived before,
We know they'll live for evermore.

P. H. D.

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SOCIALISM.

BY A SOCIALIST STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

II.

IN a former article on this subject (LUCIFER, No. 4), which was written in reply to some points in Mr. T. B. Harbottle's interesting article on "Brotherhood," in the preceding number, I indicated what appears to me to be the true relationship of Socialism, in its economic or material aspects, with Theosophy. I wish in this and the concluding article both to add to, or explain and comment upon, what I then had to say on this point, and also to treat of certain higher aspects of Socialism and the modern Socialist movement, which I did little more than hint at in that article.

I am partly guided in this task by Mr. Harbottle's letter in the January number, which indicates some points of variance or misunderstanding still existing between us. I trust that even if these articles fail, as they may well do, to effect a complete reconciliation on all points of disagreement between Socialists and those Theosophists who are at present opposed to Socialism, it may at least elicit a few sparks of truth in the mere process of "clearing the issues." I shall not attempt to treat the two parts of my subject, that which refers to the economic and that which refers to the higher aspects of Socialism, separately, as they are too intimately connected with each other in their relationship to the Theosophic movement to permit of their being conveniently separated.

In the course of my former article I endeavoured to show that Mr. Harbottle, and any who think like him, are wrong in supposing that Socialism or its adherents advocate "a direct (or for that matter, *any* kind of) interference with the results of the law of Karma." I admitted that if I were mistaken, Socialism was foredoomed to failure. I feel inclined now to rejoice in having gained Mr. Harbottle to my side; for he proclaims in his January letter, and very justly, that "the Socialist movement is itself a part of the cyclic Karma." But I hardly find him consistent with himself when he goes on to add that "in its endeavour to rectify what seem, from its limited point of view, injustices, it cannot fail to be unjust to those, the justice of whose position in life it declines to recognise." What does this mean? Can a *part*, or as I shall prefer to express it, an *agent*, of Karma, be accused of injustice? If so, QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES? Surely not either Mr. Harbottle or myself, or any other contributor to LUCIFER.

When I suggested that Socialists might be regarded as "the instruments

of a greater equalisation, distribution, and acceleration of Karmic growth," and that this would come about "by transferring a great deal of the responsibility for Karmic results which now lies with each individual in his personal capacity upon the collective entities composed of individuals acting in public capacities," I implied much the same as I understand Mr. Harbottle to mean when he speaks of the Socialist movement as a part of the cyclic Karma. But I implied rather more than he does. Many other much less important movements than the Socialist may be equally regarded as forming part of the great cyclic Karma. Even reactionary movements (that is to say, movements contrary to the now prevailing tendencies of human and social evolution) may claim, inasmuch as they form part of the inevitable back current, to be described in the same language; and those who take part in them may claim to be the inferior agents of Nature—although, of course, if they do so in obedience to their own lower instincts and prejudices, and not "according to their lights," they will individually suffer for it. The same, for that matter, applies to those who are helping the main or forward currents, but from selfish motives.

The real question, then, for Theosophists to consider is not merely whether Socialism forms part of the cyclic Karma, for that is not worth their while disputing, but whether it forms part of the progressive and main evolutionary current, or of the retrogressive back current? If the former, as I firmly believe, then those who at present oppose it may not indeed all be constrained to turn back, like Saul of Tarsus, and fight on its side: some may conceive they have higher work to perform in Nature's service, or work more adapted to their powers and opportunities. But let them at least examine and ascertain for themselves, according to their lights, the true answer to this question, before they continue to *oppose* Socialism, lest haply they be found fighting against the gods.

Let my suggestions on the subject stand for what they are worth. I may state my own position rather more elaborately and "scientifically," by saying that I believe we have reached a stage in human evolution on this planet in which a great many of the activities, and corresponding responsibilities, formerly attaching to individuals as such, are about to be, or are actually in the course of being, transferred to collective entities or aggregations of individuals acting in a collective capacity, such as municipalities, unions or communes, provinces, nations, and confederations. I do not, of course, mean to imply that individual activities, individual progress in this life, will become merged and lost in collective progress, but simply that in the action and reaction of the individual and social entities, the importance of the influence of the latter will *increase*, while that of the former *relatively decreases*. Physiology teaches us that in the lower forms of animal organisms, the life of the constituent organs—nay, even of the constituent protoplasmic

cells—is much less dependent upon that of the entire body, than in the higher forms. So also in the case of social organisms, as I read evolution. Since the break-up of the primitive European civilisations (primitive, at least, so far as extant history, comparative politics and archæology enable us to see), which seem to have developed communistic social organisms on the tribal scale, the current of social evolution was set, until quite recently, in the direction of Individualism.*

This individualism may be said to have culminated in the material, plane in Modern Industrialism, or individual and class monopoly, in the means of production; in the intellectual plane in the supremacy of the Baconian method of experiment; in the moral plane in Utilitarianism. and in the spiritual (where that retains any substance) in Calvinism But even while at the height of its power—say 1850-70—Individualism carried within it the seeds of its final destruction. The principles of a new society had already been formulated by reformers and "Utopians" of various schools, while the growth of discontent among the uncomfortable classes more than kept pace with that of sympathy among the comfortable. The evolutionary current has now distinctly changed its course and is running at a daily-accelerating speed in the direction of a more perfect Communism—a Communism no longer on the tribal scale, but on the national, or possibly in some departments of the social activities, a still larger scale, and founded on a more complex yet more solid basis. In this higher form of social life, the interests and destinies of each member or component cell of the social organism will be more closely bound up than in the past with the organic whole. Mr. E. Belfort Bax, of the Socialist League, has recently expressed the final possibilities of communistic solidarity in a sentence which I shall do well to quote. It comes at the end of a series of articles entitled "The New Ethic" (*The Commonweal*, February 4th to February 25th) written from a materialist's rather than pantheist's standpoint, which contain, nevertheless, a great deal of interest for Theosophists. Speaking of "the inadequacy of the individual as an end to himself"—the basis of the new Ethic—he suggests that we may regard this growing sense as "the indication that the *final purpose* of society, as such, is not to be merely for the consciousness of its component personalities, but that they are in the end destined to be absorbed in a corporate social consciousness; just as the separate sentiency of the *organic* components of an animal or human body are absorbed in the unified sentiency and intelligence of that body."

* It is to be remarked that ancient pantheism decayed about the same time as ancient communism, making place for the various exoteric sects of classical times, and (save for a few lucid intervals in which great teachers stepped forward to redeem as much of humanity as possible from the materialistic superstitions in which it was steeped) for the newer systems known as Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Protestantism, Mussulmanism, Modern Buddhism, &c. In pure philosophy it gave way to various materialistic and spiritualistic schools of thought; Spiritualism and Materialism representing simply the face and obverse of the coin of inividualistic philosophy.

But just as in the evolution of animal life, of man himself, form has preceded substance in its manifestations, so in the social evolution also. Just as in the physical body rudimentary organs appear, and develop almost to perfection before their complete uses are discovered or revealed, so in the social body, parts, if not the whole of the frame-work of the harmonious organisms of the future, will be evolved (if some of them have not been already) before the perfect harmony can be attained. There can be very little doubt that Economic Collectivism, based partly upon existing political forms, and upon existing national aggregations, is the next stage of social evolution, the preliminary or provisional form in which the new society will manifest itself. Few Socialists are so sanguine as to suppose that the present generation will see the realisation of the higher ideal, perfect Communism; but most believe in the possibility — at any rate in those countries like England, France, Belgium, and America, where Individualism has most completely run its course—of realising economic Socialism, or Collectivism, within a decade or two. The triumphs of State and Municipal Socialism on the one side, and of Co-operative Capitalism on the other, are continually preparing the way for the democracy to follow as soon as it gets the chance, while the increasing number of persons engaged in them form the leaven of administrative ability which will secure the success of the Collectivist Commonwealths when once established.

The first evident advances effected by the Social Revolution will certainly be in the material domain, and this is the only sense in which I am ready to admit that the Socialist movement is *materialistic*. So, of course, are all other movements having in view the material welfare of those who suffer under the present social order, or, rather, disorder. The abolition of chattel slavery in the British possessions and subsequently in those American States which had previously recognised it, was the result of a humanitarian movement strictly analogous to and comparable with the modern socialist movement, so far as its advocacy by the middle and "comfortable" classes are concerned; but not nearly so unselfish, since many of those who advocated it had everything to gain by the abolition of the competition of slave-labour with that of "free," or wage-labour. The present middle-class advocates of Socialism, that is to say of the abolition of the wage-labour system itself—a system entailing in many places a much worse and more degrading form of slavery than that of the plantations * may fairly claim that there is no element of self-interest in their advocacy, for the material benefits which would result to them by the immediate establishment of socialism, in any of its forms, are very

* It was to the *advantage* of the owners of chattel-slaves to take care of them, if only in order to preserve valuable property in a condition of efficiency, whereas the capitalist employer of "free" labour (labour free to accept his conditions or else starve) has no such sense of interest in the health and well-being of his "hands," whom he can replace when worn out without any fresh outlay.

doubtful. They would be saved the risks of bankruptcy and ruin, it is true, but in other respects many of them would have to give up their existing advantages, and betake themselves to industries and services, for which the former lives had ill-fitted them.

As to working-class socialists, of course they are fighting for the material redemption and emancipation of their own class; but I think it ill-becomes their opponents among the privileged classes, those who under the present system of society live on their labour, to accuse them of selfishness and "materialism" because they wish to relieve themselves and children of their present almost intolerable burdens. Of course, I do not claim for the victims of the present system that they are as a class one whit less selfish *by nature* than their masters and conscious or unconscious oppressors. Many of them may even be suffering as Mr. Harbottle seems to suggest from the evil Karmic growths which they have accumulated during past existences. But that is not for their fellow-men to judge of. Nor would it, if true, justify those who become aware of the material causes of their suffering in this life, and who are able to help them in destroying these causes, in raising the old cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" What Socialists are now endeavouring to make plain to all, is that *everyone* is, in his political or *collective* capacity, his brother's keeper. He is shirking his duty as a conscious agent of evolution, that is of Nature if he refuses to recognise this.

Even Economic Socialism, therefore, has its higher aspect. The cultivation of solidarity or fraternal co-operation among the wage-slaves and their friends for the emancipation of labour all the world over, the cultivation of the sense of collective or corporate responsibility among all, for the victims of the present Social Juggernaut of capital and privilege, is the very essence of the movement, even in this its most "moderate" but most "materialistic" form. The spirit of solidarity and collective responsibility must, of course, precede as well as accompany, and result from, the progress of the economic movement. It stands to the latter in the relations of cause, accessory, and consequence. Modern civilization, with all its rottenness, has proved a blessing in this respect, that it has developed within it this motive force for its final regeneration. Capitalist production has necessitated the massing together of the workers in large towns, under miserable conditions compared with those of the independent artisans of the towns and villages of olden times; but these very conditions have taught them the necessary lesson of their material inter-dependence, and enabled them better to grasp the higher notion of the inter-dependence of Society and the world at large. Socialism has, then, come to take hold of and develop this germ of the spirit of solidarity, guiding the people in their vague aspirations towards social co-operation, and giving them a definite ideal. Thus the motive power, generated by past economic conditions,

is developed by Socialists and utilised for the destruction of old and production of new economic forms, which in their turn shall generate new and higher motive forces. This, I think, must be recognized as Nature's own course of evolution, so far, at least, as our free-thinking intellect and ordinary means of observation can ascertain. Thus the Form (Economic Socialism in practice) will be found to precede the substance (complete Human Solidarity, or the Spirit of Socialism), but depends for its own evolution upon a less-perfected Substance (the Spirit of Solidarity), which is itself the product of pre-existing Forms. But both the form and the substance, which will eventually carry us much further than Economic Collectivism, are evolving simultaneously; and from the higher standpoint of Theosophic Pantheism I can see no good in attempting to dogmatize as to which precedes, or ought to precede, the other. Let us merely admit that they are so mutually dependent, that the one cannot be good and the other evil.

J. BRAILSFORD BRIGHT.

(To be concluded.)

OCCULT PHENOMENA.

"OCCULT Phenomena;" the parrot-cry
Goes forth to-day just as it went of old.
The hard harsh sounds that, tune them as we may,
Will never soften down to Poetry.

"An evil generation seeketh for
A sign;" adulterous, in that 'twould mate
Things of the Spirit with the things of Sense,
And bastardize the seed of living Truth.

What sign, howe'er convincing to the brain,
Will long outlive the wonder of the hour?
For Doubt will thirst again, where Doubt it was
That sought its slaking in the moment's proof.

What sign will turn the wicked from his ways,
When he can watch the rising of the Sun
Unmov'd, the order'd march of Night and Day,
The mystery of Life and Death and Sleep?

An evil generation seeketh for
A sign, but unto it there shall be sent
No Sign but that of Jonah when he cried
To Nineveh to cleanse its heart—and see.

W. ASHTON ELLIS.

FROM "LUCIFER" TO A FEW READERS.

AFTER waiting vainly for three months for a reply to the article "LUCIFER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY," during which time the Editors have been flooded with letters of congratulation from all parts of the world, an *epistle* from which we print extracts has been received. The letters which approved of our "Christmas letter" to his Grace—every intelligent man who read it finding only words of praise for it—were all signed. Two or three abusive and villainous little notes *were anonymous*. The "epistle" referred to is signed with a name picked out of a novel, though the writer is known to us, of course, nor does he conceal his identity. But the latter is not sufficient guarantee for his ill-considered interference. For all that can be said of his letter, is that :—

"*He knew not what to say, and so he swore.*"—BYRON.

We must now be permitted to explain why we do not print it. There is more than one reason for this.

First of all, our readers can feel but little interest in the matter; and the majority (an enormous one) having approved of LUCIFER'S "LETTER," one solitary opponent who dissents from that majority must be an authority indeed, to claim the right to be heard. Now, as he is by no means an *authority*, especially in the question raised, since he is not even an *orthodox Christian*, "sincere, if not over-wise," and since he only expresses his *personal* opinion, we do not see why we should inflict upon our subscribers that opinion —however honest it may be—when the majority of other personal opinions is unanimous in holding quite an opposite view? Again, although the principle on which our magazine *is* and has always been conducted, is to admit to its columns every criticism *when just and impartial*, on our teachings, doctrines, and even on the policy and doings of the theosophical body, yet we can hardly be required to sacrifice the limited space in our *Monthly* to the expression of *every* opinion, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Then, it so happens that the two chief characteristics of our critic's letter are: (*a*) a weakness in argument which makes it almost painful to read; and (*b*) *personal* rudeness, not to say abuse, which cannot in any way be material to the argument. *Abusus non tollit usum.* The "argument," if it can be so dignified, is based on quite a false conception of the "Letter to the Archbishop," and we could really deal only with a *Reply* to that "Letter," raising one point after the other, and answering the facts which have been brought forward. But this letter contains nothing of the kind. So we shall deal with the subject in general, and notice but a few sentences from it.

Surprised to find that our now famous "Letter" has called forth no comment in our pages the writer remarks:

"Containing, as it did, such an unwarrantable attack on the institution of which he (the Archbishop) is the head, perhaps had the matter been allowed to rest, and the article allowed to die a natural death, no comment would have appeared necessary; but as Theosophists have thought it

necessary to republish *their folly*, and fling it before the world, *like a 'Red rag'* to a Bull, it is I consider high time that some one, at least, should endeavour to dissuade them from *the foolishly suicidal policy* they are pursuing."

The "folly" is the reprinting of the "Letter" in 15,000 copies, sent all over the world. Now this "folly" and "foolishly suicidal policy" were resorted to just in consequence of the masses of letters received by us, all thanking LUCIFER for showing a courage no one else was prepared to show; and for stating publicly and openly that which is repeated and complained of *ad nauseam* in secret and privacy by the whole world, save by blind bigots. With an inconsistency worthy of regret the writer himself admits it. For he says:

"No one can deny, of course, that the article in question contained in its underlying spirit much that was true, especially in some of the remarks relative to a narrow and dogmatic Christianity, which we know to exist, and which has been realized by, and lamented often within the pale of the Church itself; and which all good and wide-minded Christians themselves deplore and fight against—so that Theosophy is not a discoverer here of any new truth!"

Thus, after admitting virtually the truth and justice of what we said in our "LETTER," the writer can take us to task *only for not being the* "DISCOVERERS" of that truth! Was the pointing out of slavery in the United States as an *infamous institution*, supported and defended by the Church, Bishops and Clergy—any discovery of a new truth? And are the Northern States which broke it by waving that *infamy* as a "Red rag" before the Southern Bull to be accused of folly? More than one misguided, though probably sincere critic, has accused them of "foolishly suicidal policy." Time and success have avenged the noble States, that fought for human freedom, against a Church, which supported on the strength of a few idiotic words placed in Noah's mouth against Ham, the most fiendish law that has ever been enacted; and their detractors and critics must have looked—*very silly*, after the war.

Our critic tries to frighten us in no measured language. Speaking of the "LETTER" as an article:—

—"whose writer seems to have steeped his pen in the gall of a scurrility worthy of the correspondence of a tenth-rate society journal,"

—he asks us to believe:—

"That such an article is only calculated to bring what should be a great and noble work into the contempt of the entire thinking community—a contempt from which it will never rise again!"

No truth spoken in earnest sincerity can ever bring the speaker of it into contempt, except, perhaps, with one class of men: those who selfishly prefer their personal reputation, the benefits they may reap with the majority which profits by and lives on crying social evils, rather than openly fight the latter. Those again, who will uphold every retrograde notion, however injurious, only because it has become part and parcel of national custom; and who will defend *cant*—that which Webster and other dictionaries define as "whining, hypocritical pretensions to goodness"—even while despising it—rather than risk their dear selves against the above mentioned howling majority. The Theosophical Society, or rather the few working members of it in the West, court such "contempt," and feel proud of it.

We are told further:—

"Should his Grace have *deigned* to answer your article, I presume he would have replied somewhat in this wise. 'I have to provide spiritual food for upwards of 22,000,000 souls, of whom

probably upwards of 20,000,000 are ignorant people without the power of thought, and certainly without the smallest capacity for grasping an abstract idea; can you provide me with any better form of Esoteric machinery for feeding and supplying them?' Theosophy answers, 'No'" !!!

Three answers are given to the above:

(a.) Somebody higher than even his "Grace,"—his Master, in fact, "deigned" to answer even those who sought to crucify Him, and is said to have made his best friends of publicans and sinners. Why should not the Bishop of Canterbury answer *our* article? Because, we say, *it is unanswerable.*

(b.) We maintain that the majority of the 20,000,000 receives *a stone* instead of the bread of life (the "spiritual food"). Otherwise, whence the ever-growing materialism, atheism and disgust for the dead-letter of the purely ritualistic Church and its Theology?

(c.) Give theosophy half the means at the command of the Primates of all England and their Church, and then see whether it would not find a "better form" and means to relieve the starving and console the bereaved.

Therefore, our critics have no right, so far, having no knowledge what theosophy would do, had it only the means—to answer for it—"No." Theosophy is able, at any rate, to furnish "His Grace" if he but asks the question suggested by our critics—"Yes, theosophy can provide you with a better form . . . . for feeding the multitudes, both physically and spiritually." To do this is easy. It only requires that the Primates and Bishops, Popes and Cardinals, throughout the world should become the Apostles of *Christ practically*, instead of remaining priests of Christ, nominally. Let them each and all, the Lord Primate of England starting the noble example, give up their gigantic salaries and palaces, their useless paraphernalia and personal as well as Church luxury. The Son of Man "had not *where to lay his head*," and like the modern priests of Buddha, the highest as the lowest, had but one raiment over his body for all property; whereas again—God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," says Paul. Let the Church, we say, become *really* the Church of Christ, and not merely the State-Church. Let Archbishops and Bishops live henceforth, if not as poor, homeless, and penniless, as Jesus was, at least, as *thousands of their starving curates do.* Let them turn every cathedral and church into hospitals, refuges, homes for the homeless, and secular schools; preach as Christ and the Apostles are said to have preached: in the open air, under the sunny and starry vault of heaven, or in portable tents, and *teach* people *daily morality instead of incomprehensible dogmas.* Are we to be told that if all the gigantic Church revenues, now used to embellish and build churches, to provide Bishops with palaces, carriages, horses, and flunkies, their wives with diamonds and their tables with rich viands and wines; are we to be told that if all those moneys were put together, there could be found in England one starving man, woman, or child? NEVER!

To conclude:—

Our opponents seem to have entirely missed the point of our article, and to have, in consequence, wandered very far afield. As a further result, our latest critic seems to give vent to his criticism from a point of view very much more hostile than that he complains of. As his criticism is in general terms, and does not deal with any mistakes and inaccuracies, we content ourselves with

pointing out, to him and all other assailants, what we hoped was plain—the real purport of our letter to the Archbishop.

His Grace was not "attacked" in any personal sense whatever; he was addressed solely in consequence of his position as the clerical head of the Church of England.

The clergy were spoken of and addressed throughout as "stewards of the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven." They were addressed as the "spiritual teachers" of men, not as "the doers of good works." It was asserted that the vast majority of the clergy, owing to their ignorance of esoteric truth and their own growing materiality, are unable to act as "spiritual teachers." Consequently, they cannot give to those who regard them in that light that which is required. Many persons are now in doubt whether religion is a human institution or a divine one; this because the Church has lost the "keys" to the "mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," and is unable to help people to enter therein. Moreover "the Doctrine of Atonement," and the denunciatory Athanasian tenet, "he that believeth not shall be damned," are, to many, so absolutely repulsive that they will not listen at all. Witness the Rev. T. G. Headley and his recent articles in LUCIFER.

Finally, our assailants' ill-veiled personal attacks on the leaders of the Theosophical movement are beside the mark. To demand that those leaders should, as evidence of their faith, take part in "good works," or philanthropy, when with all the sincere good-will, they lack the means, is equivalent to taunting them with their poverty. All honour to the clergy, in spite of the "black sheep" amongst them, for their self-sacrificing efforts. But the Church, as such, fails to do the duty which is required of it. To do this duty adequately, exoteric religion must have esoteric Knowledge behind it. Hence the clergy must study Theosophy and become, though not necessarily members of the Society, *practical Theosophists.*

NOTE.

WE have in type an excellent letter on "Ultimate Philosophy," from Mr. H. L. Courtney, which we intended to include in this number, reserving Dr. Lewins' long letter for our next issue. But an unfortunate mistake on the part of our printers obliges us to hold it over for next month, and to insert Dr. Lewins' letter instead.

We therefore tender our sincere apologies to Mr. Courtney.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

THE Editors of LUCIFER have been requested to call the attention of its readers to the following announcement; and they have the more pleasure in doing so, since the work in question seems to deserve the hearty and cordial support of all those who attach any importance to the spread of Theosophical ideas by means of literature:—

(1.) The Theosophical Publication Society is international in character. It is so, for Theosophy is not limited by any considerations of race, nationality, or creed. Its endeavour is to further the cause of Universal Brotherhood by uniting all those who are interested in the growth of intellectual and psychic spirituality in an attempt to assist others less favoured by circumstances than themselves.

(2.) In pursuance of this object it proposes to place within the reach of the subscribers the most valuable contributions which have appeared dealing with the inner Soul-life of man, and providing guidance for its cultivation and development. Its publications will comprise (a) Reprints of valuable magazine articles which have appeared in past years in "The Theosophist," "The Path," "Le Lotus," and LUCIFER; (b) Original papers which shall contain practical instruction for students of the Occult; (c) Selections from rare MSS. and works; and (d) Reprints in cheap form, and translations of books not otherwise obtainable.

(3.) In addition to providing its subscribers with literature as indicated above, the Society proposes to circulate large numbers of elementary pamphlets explaining the principles of Theosophy and the nature and aims of the Theosophical Society.

The subscription to the Society is five shillings per annum, which entitles subscribers to the receipt, post free, of all the Society's publications the selling price of which is below sixpence.

In addition to this they have the right to receive at cost price, all its other publications. Address, the Secretary, R. Harte, 78, Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, London W.

N.B.—As the work undertaken by the Society is an extremely wide and important one, and as the amount of good which it can do is largely dependant on the funds at its disposal, it is earnestly requested that all friends of the movement will support its work by liberal donations.

Reviews.

MOHAMMED BENANI.

(Sampson Low.)

Mohammed Benani is a very strange book, one of the strangest examples yet given to us of that essentially modern product, the novel of thought. This is, indeed, more than a modern book; it is in advance of nineteenth-centuryism. It is a novel of thought, and yet more, it is a novel of speculation. And yet it remains fiction. The new school has discovered the secret of the art, and thought and speculation are part of the lives of the characters, instead of being in any sense overlaid or added as the reflections of the author. The peculiar atmosphere of exaltation in which all the events take place, and, indeed, by which they are induced, is the result of the characters being all of the most complex order. What would a novelist of the old school have done with such a heroine as Eftomah, such a hero as Paulovitch? Fielding or Richardson would have been unable to create situations with them. All the rough and simple passions are smoothed away to give place to emotions finer and wider, and even more exhausting. In Paulovitch lies all the force, and power, and meaning of the book; and the peculiar flavour of his atmosphere clings to one long after the book has been read. He has not a trouble in the world; and yet he would have succumbed to the trouble of the world, but for the society of his bright and charming wife. He is a Don Quixote of the most pronounced type, yet with a great longing to evade the profession of tilting at windmills. He makes a desperate effort to escape from the sight of misery which he is powerless to relieve by leaving civilization and making a delightful home in Morocco. But the destiny which compels him to be conscious of the misery of others, and to sacrifice himself in the attempt to alleviate it, pitilessly pursues him. The history of how he gradually becomes the champion of the unhappy natives, struggle as he may against the promptings of his noble nature, is in reality, the story of the book. Mohammed Benani is a persecuted native hero, whom Paulovitch protects, and through whom the complicated situations are produced. Benani is a very clever and subtle study of a typical Oriental; he passes through the book as he passed through life—devoted, heroic, wrapped in gloom, silent, so reticent as to be almost characterless to a Western observer, who is yet always conscious that at the bottom of this heroic temperament lies treachery. The same profound reticence exists also in Eftomah; but her life-long contact with her European benefactors has eradicated the treachery from her nature. In her is depicted the seer, the clairvoyant, and indeed in one remarkable scene the sybil of the highest order. The occult and "supernatural" is largely dealt with in the book, and in the most thoroughly modern spirit. Nothing is received with disbelief or incredulity, but everything is questioned, tested and

doubted. Eftomah's sister is also a seer and clairvoyant, and there are two powerful scenes in which these abnormal powers are exercised, first by one sister and then by the other. Paulovitch, who induces the trance condition by his will, and his companions on the two occasions are alike profoundly impressed at the time; but the next morning the impression has faded. It is found that the seer saw nothing which could be used for practical purposes, and moreover said nothing which was not already in the mesmerizer's mind. This is wonderfully true to life. Horror was the first trial of the neophyte in the more credulous age when Lytton wrote, but now it is doubt. The whole book is essentially a life picture, and is fresh and brilliant as only a life picture can be.

It is quite a new idea to literally sprinkle telegrams over the pages of a novel. It adds a certain zest to the reading, as one awaits the next "wire" with the same curiosity with which one awaits it in life at any stirring crisis.

Another new idea, though one hardly so commendable, is to introduce such living names as the Czar of Russia and M. de Giers, into a drama avowedly based on fact, though taking place in northern Africa, where, as the author is careful to state in a foot-note, Russia has never had even a legation. True, this device effectually disguises the nationality aimed at. But could not this object have been equally well attained without the use of names, the presence of which will almost certainly cause the book to be prohibited in Russia, where it might otherwise do good and useful work?

Where the phenomena of mesmerism plays so prominent a part, Theosophy could not escape mention; and, though only referred to casually, it is spoken of in a tone which proves the author better informed on that much misunderstood subject than most of the writers who use the "occult" to give colour to their novels.

One very striking feature in a book such as this, written confessedly "with a purpose," is the great skill developed in attaining that "purpose." The reader's attention and interest are rivetted by the unfoldment of the plot itself as much as by the keen and incisive style of the writing. Thus led on, the reader never realises that he is being led to form definite opinions on political questions, and to espouse a cause for which, one day, his active sympathy may be demanded. Such a result is rarely achieved by books "with a purpose"; and high praise is due to the author for its successful accomplishment.

A MODERN APOSTLE; THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; THE STORY OF CLARICE; AND OTHER POEMS.

By Constance C. W. Naden. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

Miss Constance Naden is, we believe, a Hylo-Idealist; but she is certainly one to whom the ideal side of life appeals with more force than does its materiality. Her volume of poems shows this clearly; and, unlike most modern poetry, penetrates below the surface of things.

"A Modern Apostle," sketches the picture of one of those enthusiasts in

whom spiritual intuition burns too brightly to be quenched by the fogs of materialism.

After battling with an agony of doubt, his inner vision is opened, he "senses"

> "The Eternal Power which makes the Many, One,
> Shining through all; the Law made visible."

Therefore, forsaking all, he follows the light; even though disowned by his father, a narrow teacher of a bigoted sect.

In sharp contest to this seer of visions stands his beloved, who mistakes the false light of mere brain reasoning for the pure light of intellectual truth.

Both are perfectly honest and sincere. Hence, deeply as they love each other, Ella feels that she would be a fetter on her lover's soul and sends him from her.

In the end the seer dies, worn out with labour and pain, as die all those who truly serve the truth; but dying he bequeaths to Ella his unfinished task, for the light which shines through his death, pierces her heart and awakens the intuition which lay dormant there.

Thus the story; the form it is clothed in, is the stanza so inimitably wielded by Byron in "Childe Harold." In Miss Naden's hands it is effective, although its two last lines, the epigram of each stanza, too often fall dull and heavy on the ear.

The same metre is used in the "Elixir of Life," a brief but pregnant study of the human heart. Its burden, drawn from that deeper source of inspiration which occultists know, is summed up in the following lines:

> "Oh, Life, stern Life . . .
> . . . . . .
> Surely the end and meaning is not loss,
> Surely thou workest to some joy untold;
> Some Book of Life there is, not writ across
> With runes of woe and dirges manifold;
> Some fire thou hast to purge away the dross
> Of death, deep grained in thy purest gold;
> From all things save the quintessence of Thee,
> From Hate, from Love—Oh Life, deliver me!"

Or, as more tersely expressed in "Light on the Path,"—"Life's utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song."

A PROFESSOR OF ALCHEMY—DENIS ZACHAIRE.

By Percy Ross. (London, George Redway.)

This is a romance carved in the full and glowing life of the century of the Renaissance. A truism it is that human life and its passions are ever the same; but in this tale Percy Ross shows an exceptional power of entering into the forms of life and feeling in which the men of three centuries ago breathed and moved. In Denis Zachaire, the reader is made to feel the throb, the intense ardent aspiration of an age in which nature, art and civilisation were bursting in all their magnificence upon the delighted senses of a newly awakened race,

All things seemed possible to these men rejoicing in their youthful strength, for their's was still the instinctive consciousness of a life, a life fuller, more glorious, more satisfying than the life of matter.

Denis Zachaire, the Alchemist, his wife Berengaria, a noble type of loving womanhood, his teacher, Wencelas, a striking figure though barely outlined, his enemy Raoul de Foncé, are living beings and in them all there is the same burning intensity of life, but in each differently expressed.

The climax is strong and dramatic, the plot, though simple, is well-conceived, and its interest maintained throughout; but the device of making the spirit of Berengaria appear to Denis to soften his heart, is far too common-place for use in a tale, wherein the pursuit and achievement of the "Philosopher's Stone" plays so important a part. Indeed, the element of occultism contained in the book is much too slight for such a canvas, but this, perhaps, will be a recommendation in the eyes of many who look rather for amusement than truth. In any case "A Professor of Alchemy" is well worth reading and deserves to be a success, but this rather in the character of a romance than as a work affording any information on the subject of Alchemy and the "Philosopher's Stone."

THE MEISTER.

JOURNAL OF THE WAGNER SOCIETY.

Of this, our new contemporary, in its special aspect of a magazine devoted to Music, it is not our province to speak. But besides this, its special mission, it has another which calls for a few words from us.

Richard Wagner was a mystic as well as a musician. He penetrated deeply into the inner realms of life through his intellect as well as through his art. His prose writings are full of the most profound mysticism, and the number of the new journal before us gives evidence that this element will receive due recognition. Moreover, its Editor has already shown that he is equally qualified by his natural mysticism to appreciate the writings, as he is by his musical talents to interpret the compositions, of that great genius.

The *Meister* is got up in a style in keeping with its subject matter; and, in the short compass of 32 pages, it contains a well-chosen selection of articles both philosophic and literary, which will amply repay perusal.

Correspondence.

RE THE BRAIN THEOREM OF THE UNIVERSE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

KINDLY permit me to direct attention to the ADVERSARY'S garbled quotation of a sentence which quite distorts my meaning. At page 510, 2nd column, of LUCIFER for February, is the following passage: "In the teeth of all scientific luminaries from Faraday to Huxley, who all confess to knowing NOTHING [which is surely rather too much of a negation] (1) of matter, Dr. Lewins declares that 'Matter, organic and inorganic, is now fully known'" (Auto-Centricism, page 40). On turning to this reference, I find my declaration runs thus, and consequently gives quite a different complexion to my position than that implied by my critic.

"Matter, organic and inorganic, between which no real veil of partition exists,* is now fully known by Medicine to perform, *unaided by 'Spiritual' agency*, all material operations.(2) That fact, though ignored by Newton, was the real outcome of his *mechanical* theory of the Universe. As soon as he demonstrated innate activity or attractive energy, the push and pull of every atom of matter, the intrusion of a 'spiritual' agency was at once abrogated."

Indeed, it really is quite unthinkable to predicate the interaction of such incompatible elements (concepts) as corporeity and incorporeity. *Cui bono* nerves or other somatic structures, for the conduction of an *unsubstantial substance* (Archæus)? The idea is as inconceivable as inexpressible. The contradiction is quite a *Reductio ad impossibile.* It runs on all fours with Descartes' Pineal Gland hypothesis of the "Soul." (3)

ROBERT LEWINS, M.D.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—(1). Many passages from the most eminent physicists of the day could be quoted to prove that there can never be "*too much* of a negation" in such confessions of ignorance upon this subject. No one knows to this hour the ultimate structure or essence of matter. Hitherto, Science has never yet succeeded in decomposing a single one of the many simple bodies, *miscalled* "elementary substances." So far do our materialists stray, *nolen volens*, into metaphysics, that they are not even sure if molecules *are realities*, or a simple fancy based on false perceptions! "There may be no such things as molecules . . ." writes Prof. J. P. Cooke, in his *New Chemistry*, ". . . the new chemistry *assumes as its fundamental postulate, that the magnitudes we call molecules are realities; but this is only a postulate.*" Can any critic assume, after this, "*too much* of a negation"?

(2). How, then, does Medicine, or any other Science, *fully know* that matter performs *unaided by "Spiritual"* agency, all material operations? All they know is, that they are ignorant even of the *reality* of their molecules, let alone invisible primordial matter. And it is just with regard to the *natural functions of the grey matter in the brain*, and the action of the mind or consciousness, that Tyndall has declared that were we even enabled to *see and feel* the very molecules of the brain, still *the chasm between the two classes of phenomena would be "intellectually impassable."* How, then, can Dr. Lewins say of that which all naturalists, biologists, psychologists (with the exception, perhaps, of Hæckel, who is undeniably mad on the question of his own omniscience) have proclaimed *unknowable* to human intellect, that it is "*fully known* to Medicine," of all Sciences (with the exception of Surgery) the most tentative, hypothetical and uncertain?

(3). Descartes showed some consistency at least, while putting forth his hypothesis about the *pineal gland.* He would not talk upon a subject and predicate of an organ that *which it is not* when entirely ignorant of what it may be. In this he was wiser in his generation than the philosophers and physicists who came after him. Now-a-days, the Science of Physiology knows no more than Descartes did of the pineal gland, and the spleen, and a few more mysterious organs in the human body. Yet, even in their great ignorance they will deny point-blank any *spiritual* agency there, where they are unable to perceive and follow even the material operations. VANITY AND CONCEIT are thy names. Oh, young Physiology! and a peacock's feather in the tail of the XIXth century crow, is the fittest emblem that LUCIFER can offer the present generation of "Subtle Doctors."]

* Chemistry, as I have elsewhere stated, since Wöhler's laboratory manufacture of the organic compound *Urea*, has quite unified organic and inorganic "Nature." What used to figure in chemical text books as "Organic Chemistry," is now treated of as "Carbon Compounds."

The solution of continuity is formal and apparent only, not real. "Things" are indeed not as they seem.

THE LATE MRS. ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

OBITUARY.

We have this month to record with the deepest regret the passing away from this physical world of one who, more than any other, has been instrumental in demonstrating to her fellow-creatures the great fact of the conscious existence—hence of the immortality—of the inner Ego.

We speak of the death of Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D., which occurred on Tuesday, the 28th of February, after a somewhat painful and prolonged illness. Few women have worked harder than she has, or in more noble causes; none with more success in the cause of humanitarianism. Hers was a short but a most useful life. Her intellectual fight with the vivisectionists of Europe, at a time when the educated and scientific world was more strongly fixed in the grasp of materialism than at any other period in the history of civilisation, alone proclaims her as one of those who, regardless of conventional thought, have placed themselves at the very focus of the controversy, prepared to dare and brave all the consequences of their temerity. Pity and Justice to animals were among Mrs. Kingsford's favourite texts when dealing with this part of her life's work; and by reason of her general culture, her special training in the science of medicine, and her magnificent intellectual power, she was enabled to influence and work in the way she desired upon a very large proportion of those people who listened to her words or who read her writings. Few women wrote more graphically, more takingly, or possessed a more fascinating style.

Mrs. Kingsford's field of activity, however, was not limited to the purely physical, mundane plane of life. She was a Theosophist and a true one at heart; a leader of spiritual and philosophical thought, gifted with most exceptional psychic attributes. In connection with Mr. Edward Maitland, her truest friend—one whose incessant, watchful care has undeniably prolonged her delicate ever-threatened life for several years, and who received her last breath—she wrote several books dealing with metaphysical and mystical subjects. The first and most important was "The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ," which gives the esoteric meaning of Christianity. It sweeps away many of the difficulties that thoughtful readers of the Bible must contend with in their endeavours to either understand or accept literally the story of Jesus Christ as it is presented in the Gospels.

She was for some time President of the "London Lodge" of the Theosophical Society, and, after resigning that office, she founded "The Hermetic Society" for the special study of Christian mysticism. She herself, though her religious ideas differed widely on some points from Eastern philosophy, remained a faithful member of the Theosophical Society and a loyal friend to its leaders.* She was one, the aspirations of whose whole life were ever turned toward the eternal and the true. A mystic by nature—the most ardent one to those who

* Both Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Kingsford had resigned from the "London Lodge of the Theosophical Society," but not from the Parent Society.

knew her well—she was still a very remarkable woman even in the opinion of the materialists and the unbelievers. For, besides her remarkably fine and intellectual face, there was that in her which arrested the attention of the most unobserving and foreign to any metaphysical speculation. For, as Mrs. Fenwick Miller writes, though Mrs. Kingsford's mysticism was "simply unintelligible" to her, yet we find that this did not prevent the writer from perceiving the truth. As she describes her late friend, "I have never known a woman so exquisitely beautiful as she who cultivated her brain so assiduously. I have never known a woman in whom the dual nature that is more or less perceptible in every human creature was so strongly marked.* So sensuous, so feminine on the one hand, so spiritual, so imaginative on the other hand."

The spiritual and psychic nature had always the upper hand over the sensuous and feminine; and the circle of her mystically-inclined friends will miss her greatly, for such women as she are not numerous in the same century. The world in general has lost in Mrs. Kingsford one who can be very ill-spared in this era of materialism. The whole of her adult life was passed in working unselfishly for others, for the elevation of the spiritual side of humanity. We can, however, in regretting her death take comfort in the thought that good work cannot be lost nor die, though the worker is no longer among us to watch for the fruit. And Anna Kingsford's work will be still bearing fruit even when her memory has been obliterated with the generations of those who knew her well, and new generations will have approached the psychic mysteries still nearer.

* The statement made by some papers that Mrs. Kingsford did not find her resting place in psychic force, for "she died a Roman Catholic," is utterly false. The boasts made by the R. C. *Weekly Register* (March 3 and March 10, 1888) to the effect that she died in the bosom of the Church, having abjured her views, psychism, theosophy, and even her "Perfect Way," and writings in general, have been vigorously refuted in the same paper by her husband, Rev. A. Kingsford, and Mr. Maitland. We are sorry to hear that her last days were embittered by the mental agony inflicted upon her by an unscrupulous nun, who, as Mr. Maitland declared to us, was smuggled in *as a nurse*—and who did nothing but bother her patient, "importune her, and pray." That Mrs. Kingsford was entirely against the *theology* of the Church of Rome, though believing in Catholic doctrines, may be proved by one of her last letters to us, on "poor slandered St. Satan," in connection with certain attacks on the name of our journal, LUCIFER. We have preserved this and several other letters, as they were all written between September, 1887 and January, 1888. They thus remain eloquent witnesses against the pretensions of the *Weekly Register*. For they prove that Mrs. Kingsford had not abjured her views, not that she died "in fidelity to the Catholic Church."

HYLO-IDEALISM, OR THE BRAIN THEOREM OF MIND AND MATTER.

"We receive but what we give,
And in *our* Life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud."
—COLERIDGE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

LET me again strive, with reference to the elaborate minutes on this synthesis and the ingenious speculations of the "Adversary," contained in the February No. of LUCIFER, to show, as imperfectly as words can interpret Abstract Ideals, what the real meaning and drift of this contention practically is. I shall endeavour to be as luminous, without being voluminous, as possible. My heresy purports to predicate that truth is neither an Orthodoxy or Heterodoxy, but a Paradoxy with two sides—not to mention subordinate facets. Anything short of this, whether on the Physical Science, or Transcendental aspect, can only be a half truth, *i.e.*, a whole falsehood. It is a case not only of Facing-both-ways, as Bunyan has it, but of Janus *Quadrifrons*. It holds with the hare and hunts with the hounds. It covers all phenomena whatsoever. It turns upside down all current concepts and percepts of good and evil, as the eye from inversion of light rays on the retina reverses all objects visible. And thus it brands civilization, and especially British Pseudo-civilization, the most stereotyped and conventional form in Europe—as a pyramid on its apex—always, as indeed the history of all modern nations proves, unstable, but never more tottering and ready to topple over than when its blinded votaries—as in the Bœotian Britain of to-day—most jubilantly cackle about its progress, prosperity and stability. My object in promulgating this Cosmology and Biology, a superstructure founded upon all extant concrete Science, from the formal Physics of Newton to Anatomy, which only in this century, on the lines of French Materialism, has developed into a true Science—is to ventilate scientific formula as the basis of somatic Monism or Unitarianism, as Occultists label it. So as to bring *completely* within the limits of Reason, occult *data* hitherto falsely held to be outside its pale, such as "Divine" mysteries, like the Descent of the Holy Ghost and similar ones, which the Brain Theory reduces to *symptoms* of exalted innervation and cerebration.* The Rev. Edward Irving's epidemic orgasm of unknown tongues, *inter alia multa*, is clearly such a nerve-erethism—the 9th pair of cerebral nerves or Linguals, which innervates the motor muscles of the tongue participating in the hyperæsthesia of the adjacent ganglia—I identify thus completely the Stoic Palingenesia with the Pentecostal outpouring of the Paraclete and other prophetic visions, thus denuding the latter, as I more fully explain in my tract of "Life and Mind on the basis of Modern Medicine (Materialism)," of all pretensions to be an exceptional, novel or miraculous Influx. Hippocrates, indeed, the father of Medicine, who first broke away—so far as our own records extend—from the hereditary caste of Æsculapian priesthood, really implied all I do when—no doubt to the horror of the orthodox hierarchy—he hazarded the aphorism that Epilepsy, which, according to ancient Church tradition, was St. Paul's "thorn or stake* in the flesh," was no more a Divine disease than any other, all diseases being alike the result of impaired bodily tissue; the healthy function of which being thus *à fortiori*, necessarily, implied to be a natural hylic one, and in no degree dependent on indwelling "spirit" or "divinity" in any shape or hue. It is indeed significant that no terminology has ever been coined to express what Transcendentalism vainly seeks to express by words when, in its Utopia, it aims at formulating a dual substance—a substance super-added to and "animating" the sole cognizable entity Matter. We may hence alone assume that no second substance is intelligible or *logically* thinkable, but that what savage medicine men, in whose steps Ontologists are still straying, have mistaken for this Animistic Fetich is nothing else than the function, exhibit, or symptom—to use a medical term—of this one material or somatic *to Pan*. "Where three physicians are, two are Atheists," says the immemorial proverb, coined before Physic had conquered a scientific status. Now the proverb, *if up to date*, must be amplified so as to include all three. When we eliminate "anima," which really means vitality,† or Soul, which is Anglo-Saxon for life, from the universe inorganic and organic, which indeed since Wöhler's artificial preparation of an organic compound, 60 years

* I might include the Bacchic phrensy, with which the "*coming of the Holy Ghost*" was confounded by outsiders, as in Acts, 2nd Chap., 13th verse.

* This neurosis, it may be profitably added, breaks down the mind more than the body.

† Of which "vitality" biologists know no more than of the man in the moon.—[ADVERSARY.]

ago, are proved to be *solidaire*, and only formally, not really distinct, we get rid of Deity, as the active agent in function either of "brute," or living matter, which seeming duality the above chemical experiment shows to be but one compact, indivisible Monad. God, as a Maker of Spirit, Soul, and caco-demonic *Anima*, is clean out of court and eliminated from what is falsely labelled "Creation." Indeed, the definition of this Eidolon in the 39 Articles of the English Church—now 300 years old—tells the same atheistic tale. A god "*without parts and passions*," is exactly what I term the still wider conception of "Spirit," a non-entity, and no actual Ens at all. Sir I. Newton was quite mystified when he inserted, in his PRINCIPIA, the *scholium* about the Supreme Being. Just as much as the mystagogical *theo*-philanthropist Robespierre was, when he instituted the fête of that nonentity during the French terror.

Coleridge, indeed—though himself a fervid "Spiritualist," especially when under Narcosis from opium—distinctly states in his "Table Talk," that Newton's, divinity doctrines were "pure raving." Luther himself is virtually all Materialism indicates as Atheist, when he says: "God is a blank sheet, on which nothing is written but by ourselves." And again, "We learn by experience that God takes no interest in the present world." He died despairing of Humanity, comforting himself in the prospect of its speedy annihilation as hopelessly and miserably derelict. Mr. Carlyle was one of my most inveterate libellers—yet he too was practically an Atheist when he exclaimed, with a howl Mr. Froude avers he can never forget, that "God never acts or shows himself."—Indeed, his biographer infers that Carlyle seemed to rage so ante-diluvianly against Materialism from a secret dread and anticipation that it would turn out to be true. I think the case of Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," *very* significant. No doubt he was a sincere Christian, his work being written shortly before Newton turned the world upside down. Yet, as a candid and sincere soul, and a far-reaching and profound thinker in estimating the conflicting claims of Deism and Atheism his arguments for the latter Faith or Unfaith so preponderated over the theistic ones, that, to his great distress, he was reviled as an Atheist in disguise, which so discouraged and depressed him that much of his *opus magnum* still remains—in the British Museum, I believe—in manuscript. Sir A. Grant, late principal of the Edinburgh University, in his monograph of Aristotle, credits the Stagyrite withholding the same virtually Atheistic creed as Buddha. To me it is, or ought to be, strange how Atheism looms before the strabismic eyes of our gross, semi-bestial generation—as a coarse and vulgar creed, if for no other reason than for its enthusiastic advocacy by Lucretius—the most sublime and most truly original poet and thinker of antiquity, and by Shelley in modern times, who, though no solid thinker, had probably the most ethereal soul of whom we have any literary record.

The Brain theory I launch on the world chaos—like Noah's dove on the diluvial waste of waters—as an Eirenicon between mystics and scientists, is simply this, that all the knowledge we are capable of reaching must be an asselfment, prior to which there can be no Gnosis at all—not even its chaotic adumbration—that the mind, an organic function and nothing separate from the bodily Ego—as seal and conditioner of percepts and concepts—is both Agonist and Agony, Spectacle and Spectator—out of which egress is impossible. So that the Universe—abstract and concrete—of thought and thing, subject and object, is, in the last resort, a subjective, egoistic, cerebral or intercranial one, an organic function in short, *generating* all space and immensity, time and eternity, so that capping Louis XIV. in his vaunt of being the state, each unit of sentient creation *must* say, "*L'Univers c'est moi*."* Remembering that, as concept and percept, everything can only be a "think" and that thought is a process of cerebration, it is clear Solipsism is established—no sane mind ever dreaming of vicarious performance of any natural function, which each monad must perform for itself alone.

Let me illustrate my axiom by an example I have often elsewhere used. But *crambe repetita* I find, like John Wesley, the most convincing form of Rhetoric. Napoleon, on his Egyptian expedition, fuming at the Atheism of his accompanying *savans*, Monge, Berthollet, &c., raised his conquering arm to the hosts of Heaven and reproved their Hylism thus: "You are fine talkers, Messieurs, *but who made all these?*" The ordinary sensationalist response was then and now is, and no doubt it was theirs: "No one—they were never made at all, Matter is eternal, without beginning as without end." But our Brain theory, as so luminously expounded in C. N.'s (who is Miss Constance Naden, author of the volume of poems lately sent by me to LUCIFER, "The Modern Apostle, Elixir of Life, &c.," now travelling in the land of Brahma and Buddh) Prologue to my recent tract "Humanism

* Just what every Brahmin and every Vedantin says when repeating: *Aham ava parabrahma*, "I am myself Brahma or the Universe."—[ADVERSARY.]

v. Theism," carries the solution of the *crux* one momentous and fateful step further. Our answer would have been, "YOURSELF. Colour and Light, and all they reveal, are only imagery manufactured in the posterior chambers of your own optics, and in the cells (vesiculo-neurine) of your own *Cortex cerebri*."

Again I compare our relation to the external world to Sir Christopher Wren's in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is practically that of Para Brahm, who, looking round, can see nothing but Self and the operations of Self, which fully justifies Miss Naden when she characterizes our *Schema* as Apotheosis not Iconoclasm. We level up and destroy nothing. We only transfigure all things by immersion in the Self. We thus verify Schiller's couplet in his "*Ideale*."

> "Take the Godhead into your own Being,
> And He abdicates his Cosmic throne."

So that, as G. M. McC. finely puts it in the Appendix to Mr. Courtney's "Auto-Centricism," our brain, and no central Sun, is the cynosure, as creator of all the constellations—Nature's giant frame itself being but an abstract figment of Egoity. Shakspeare's dictum: "There is nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so," should hylo-ideally run: "There is nothing good, ill, indifferent, or *at all*, other than thinking." I trust the above synopsis has served materially to clear up the outs and ins of this heresy, which is at once common sense, synthetic science, and Christology rationalized and adapted to the present standpoint of the human—at least European—understanding.

It will be found on verification—Fact being grander than all Fiction—to be sublimer than all Religious or Poetic or mystic Oriental inspiration or clairvoyance. Byron sings in "Don Juan" of Berkeley's "sublime discovery of making the Universe universal Egotism," and Hylo-Phenomenalism—as a later birth of time—necessarily overtops absolute Idealism. It quite sets Mankind up for Himself and for the first time in Civil History — makes, in vulgar parlance, a Man of a beast. So long as our race is the thrall of its own "lawless and uncertain thoughts," the human animal—individually and collectively—remains the semi-bestial hybrid Goethe, and other sages, ticket the "little World God" as being.

Before closing, let me shortly allude to the criticism of *The Adversary*, arraigning, on verbal grounds, the consistency of this heresy. The antinomy is apparent only—not vital. It inevitably arises from the amphibology of language—no single word in which is capable of covering the *doubles ententes* in a Paradoxy which stands four square to all the points of the compass. I need not here dwell on this objection. It has been effectually anticipated and dealt with by Mr. Courtney, in his most lucid and luminiferous Appendix to "The New Gospel of Hylo-Idealism," as also *most fully* in his Preface to "Auto-Centricism."

As to the *argumentum ad hominem* the LUCIFER censor adduces of the improbability of this simple theorem being reserved for Dr. Lewins to solve, let it stand for the little it is worth. Some one must be the Innovator in every Reformation. Why not Dr. Lewins, as well as another? No one can know like himself how anxiously and conscientiously he has laid the substructure and constructed the superstructure of his "Palace of Truth." But let the thing, or nothing (for it is both), stand on its own merits, independent of extraneous non-essentials. I have always insisted on its only being an adaptation, up to date, of former Cosmogonies—pre-historic, classic and modern. Among the latest and most noteworthy of these is Kant's negation of "Thing in itself." Only my formula is better suited to our age, and *inevitably* so. For Kant formulated his "all shattering" one at an epoch, when not one of the modern sciences I have utilized as the concrete substrata of mine—with the doubtful exception of Astronomy—had been evolved from the dœdal Brain of Aryan Man—and he never really was at home in his own palace, which was too spacious for his use.

I may here appropriately add that all the Physical Sciences—not even excepting Astronomy, both in its present day eschatological bearings and analytic technic—are French. Chemistry, Geology Paleontology and Anatomy (Histology.) The hide-bound, unspeculative British intellect has contributed essential *data (facts)* to the fabric. But its defective generalizing and abstract capacity—as notably in Priestley's Oxygen discovery—has quite failed in constructing out of "disjecta membra" a symmetric syntaxis. When not narrow and contracted the English mind, at least since the Puritan Revolt and Revolution—with which the hard and fast Philosophy of Locke well dovetails—has been quite *eccentric*. Its real province has been in the vulgar realistic *details* of Physical Science, and in the still lower planes of Industrialism. Scotland preserved, for more than a century longer, the ideal "spiritual" and philosophic afflatus.

ROBERT LEWINS, M.D.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN UNPOPULAR PHILOSOPHER

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

De Profundis!

THE world of science has just sustained a heavy loss, an irreparable one, it is feared. The blow falls especially heavy on two men of science. For the great calamity which deprives at once humanity of a new and lovely, albeit gelatinous fore-father, and the German Darwin of the very topmost leaf from his crown of scientific laurels, strikes simultaneously Messrs. Haeckel and Huxley. One, as all the world—except ignoramuses, of course—knows, was the fond parent of the late lamented *Bathybius Haeckelii*—just passed away—or shall we say *transfigured?*—the other, the godfather of that tender sea-flower, the jelly-speck of the oceans. . . .*

"Woe is me, for I am undone!" cried Isaiah, upon seeing the "Lord of Hosts" appear as smoke. "Woe are we!" exclaim both Messrs. Huxley and Haeckel upon finding their occult progeny—the *Moneron* — Bathybius that was — turning under pitiless chemical analysis into a vulgar pinch of *precipitate of sulphate of lime!* And, as with a great cry, they fall into each other's arms:

"They weep each other's woe. . . .

. . . . . .

O woeful day! O day of woe! . . .'

repeat, Greek-chorus-like, all the learned bodies of the two continents, of the Old and of the New World.

Alas, alas, young Bathybius exists no more! . . . Nay, worse, for it is now being ascertained that he has never had any existence at all—except, perhaps, in the too credulous scientific brains of a few naturalists.

Requiescat in pace, sweet, dream-like myth, whose gelatinous appearance befooled even two great Darwinists and led them right into the meshes of crafty *Maya!* But—"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—we know, we know. Still it is not saying evil of the poor ex-Bathybius, I hope, to remember he is now but a pinch of lime. *Horribile dictu:* in whom shall, or can we, place henceforth our trust? Whither shall we turn for a primordial ancestor, now that even that jelly-like stranger has been taken away from us? Verily, we are stranded; and humanity, an orphan once more, is again as it was before—a parish-babe in Kosmos, without father, mother, or even a second-hand god in the shape of a Bathybius as a foundation-stone to stand upon! Woe! Woe!

But there may be still some balm left in Gilead. If our ever to be lamented ancestor, breaking under a too severe analysis, has ceased to be a protoplasmic entity, it is still a salt. And are we not assured that we "are the salt of the earth?" Besides which we are salt-generating animals anyhow, and therefore may still hope to be related with the late Bathybius. Decidedly, mankind has little to lament for. Haeckel and Mr. Huxley are thus the chief and only sufferers.

No wonder, then, that the Royal Society is said to go into deep mourning for a whole lunar month. Moreover, the "F.R.S.'s" should not fail to send Dr. Aveling to Berlin to carry the expression of their deep collective sympathy to poor Dr. Haeckel for the bereavement they have caused to him. For, *firstly*—who fitter than the eminent translator of the "Pedigree of Man" to offer consolation to the eminent German naturalist, the author of *Anthropogenesis* and other inspired volumes? And *secondly*—it is a case of "Science *versus* Science." It is the right hand of Science which has robbed her left hand of her promising progeny—the *Bathybius Haeckelii*. We have but one more instance like this one in history—namely, the sad case of Count Ugolino. Walled-in, in the famous tower, in company with his family to starve, the generous and self-sacrificing nobleman fearing to leave his children orphans—devoured them one after the other—"lest they should remain fatherless," explains the legend.

But I perceive—too late, I am afraid—that the case as above cited has little, if any, analogy with the case in hand. Ugolino ate his sons, and Haeckel—did not eat his son, Bathybius . . . .? Yet . . . . Well—I give it up!

MEMO. — Apply to the pellucid Solipsism of the Hylo-Idealists to get me out of this bog of the two sets of "sons"—the sons of Ugolino and the "first-born" of Haeckel. . . .

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

My Perplexities.

HERE would be the right place for another MEMO.—"To ask the Bishop of Canterbury," etc., etc. But his Grace, I fear, will refuse to enlighten me.

I have just finished reading the excellent article in LUCIFER'S French contemporary, L'AURORE, on the ten lost tribes of Israel. It would appear from the weighty proofs in the context that it is the English, the Anglo-Saxon nation, after all, which are those lost tribes. Well,

* *Vide* first number of LUCIFER, page 73, "Literary Jottings."

may they prosper better in the bosom of Abraham than they are likely to in that of Christ. But there is a little difficulty in the way.

Ecclesiastical History teaches, and profane science does not deny, that since the days of Tiglath-Pileser, who carried three tribes and one-half a tribe beyond the Euphrates (2 Kings xv., 29; 1 Chron. v., 26); and Shalmanaser, King of Assyria, who carried also beyond the Euphrates the rest of the tribes, there was "the end of the Kingdom of the ten tribes of Israel." In other words, no one heard of them any longer. "The tribes never did return," the good old Crudens tells us. Nor were they ever heard of. This was in 758 and 678 B.C.

But—and here comes the rub. If this is so, then the *Septuagint*—the ark of salvation of all the Protestant Churches and its hundreds of bastard sects—*is a living lie*, name and all. For what is the history of the famous *Septuagint?* Ptolemy Philadelphus, who lived some 250 years B.C., curious to read the Hebrew law in Greek, "wrote to Eleazar,* the high priest of the Jews, to send him *six men from each of the twelve tribes* of Israel to translate the law for him into Greek." Thus say Philo Judæus and Josephus, and add that *six men of each tribe were sent*, and the Septuagint written.

Query: Considering that ten tribes out of twelve had been lost nearly 400 years before the day of Ptolemy, and had "*never returned*"—whom did Eleazar send to Alexandria? Spooks may have been rife in those days as they are in ours?

PROFANE NOTES.

Perplexities (continued).

I have seen mediums (for "fire and flame phenomena" as they are called in America) take burning live coals in their hands and closing their fingers upon them never even get a burn. I have seen others handle red-hot and white-hot lamp-glasses, pokers, and have heard from several trustworthy eye-witnesses that the medium D. D. Home used to cool his countenance, when entranced, by burying his face in a bed of live coals in the grate of the fire-place, not a hair of his head being singed; and he took up handfuls of burning coals with naked hands and even gave them to other persons to hold—without any injury.

And having seen all this, and heard all this, what am I to think, when I find Isaiah saying (vi. 6), "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having *a live coal which he had taken with the* TONGS from off the altar."

Query: Why such precautions?

Why should a seraph need *tongs?* A seraph is higher than a common angel—for he is an angel of the highest order in the celestial hierarchy. Moreover, the plural of the word *seraph* means "burning, fiery," hence of the same nature as the fire. Shall we infer from this that spiritual mediums are of a still higher hierarchy than even seraphs?

A Heathen Brother, a high graduate, writes: "This week a zealous *padri* pestered us with questions I could not answer. He clamoured to be told why, if we write after our names, 'M. A.'s' and 'B. A.'s,' we persist in believing various doctrines taught in the Purânas. 'How can you, O foolish Gentiles,' he exclaimed; 'Why should you, O god-forsaken, unregenerate idolaters,' he cried, 'believe that not only did your Brahmâ form birds from his vital vigour, sheep from his breast, goats from his mouth, kine from his belly, horses, deer and elephants from his sides, whilst from the hairs of his body sprang herbs, roots, plants, &c.; but even that sun and moon, fishes in the seas and fowls in the air, stones and trees, rivers and mountains, that all the animate and inanimate nature, in short, talks with your false god and praises, making *puja* (obeisance) to him!' What could I answer to this irate father, who called our sacred scriptures silly *fairy tales*, and proclaimed the supremacy of his religion over ours? Already visions of Jordan and baptism have begun to haunt my restless dreams. I cannot bear to be laughed at by one, the doctrines of whose religion seem so infinitely superior in matter of Science to ours. Advise and help me. . . ."

I sent him in answer "the Book of Common Prayer," according to the use of the Church of England. I marked the "Morning Prayer," No. 8, the *Benedicite*, *Omnia Opera*, for him with a red cross, to read to his *padri* at the first opportunity. For there, filling over three columns, we find: "Oh, ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever." "Oh, ye Whales and Wells, Seas and Floods, Fowls of the Air, and all ye Beasts and Cattle, Mountains and Green things upon the Earth, Ice and Snow, Frost and Cold, Fire and Heat, &c., &c., bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever."

This, I believe, will moderate the zeal of the good missionary. The difference between the fish and fowls, cereals, plants and whales, and other marketable product of sea and land of the Heathen, and those of the Christian, seems quite imperceptible to an unbiassed mind.

Decidedly, the promise of the Jewish God, "I shall give you the heathen for your inheritance," seems premature.

* Or is it Ariamnes II.? For *historical* chronology *is* muddled up. . . .

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WHAT GOOD HAS THEOSOPHY DONE IN INDIA?

"The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SEVERAL correspondents and enquirers have lately asked us "What good have you done in India?" To answer it would be easy. One has but to ask the doubters to read the January Number, 1888, of the Madras *Theosophist*—our official organ—and, turning to the report in it on the Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society, whose delegates meet yearly at Adyar, see for himself. Many and various are the good works done by the 127 active branches of the Theosophical Society scattered throughout the length and breadth of India. But as most of those works are of a moral and reformatory character, the ethical results upon the members are difficult to describe. Free Sanskrit schools have been opened wherever it was possible; gratuitous classes are held; free dispensaries—homœopathic and allopathic—established for the poor, and many of our Theosophists feed and clothe the needy.

All this, however, might have been done by people without belonging to our Brotherhood, we may be told. True; and much the same has been done before the T. S. appeared in India, and from time immemorial Yet such work has been hitherto done, and such help given by the wealthier members of one caste or religious community exclusively to the poorer members of the same caste and religious denomination. No Brahmin would have held brotherly intercourse even with a Brahmin of another division of his own high caste, let alone with a Jain or Buddhist. A Parsee would only protect and defend his own brother follower of

Zoroaster. A Jain would feed and take care of a lame and sick animal, but would turn away from a Hindu of the Vaishnava or any other sect. He would spend thousands on the "Hospital for Animals" where bullocks, old crippled tigers and dogs are nursed, but would not approach a fellow-man in need unless he was a Jain like himself. But now, since the advent of the Theosophical Society, things in India are, slowly it is true, yet gradually, becoming otherwise.

We have, then, to show rather the good moral effect produced by the Society in general, and each branch of it in its own district on the population, than to boast of works of charity, for which India has ever been noted. We shall not enter even into a disquisition upon the benefits to be reaped by the establishment of a Sanskrit, or rather an Oriental and European library at Adyar, which, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the President-Founder and his colleagues, begins now to assume quite hopeful proportions. But we will draw at once the attention of the enquirers to the ethical aspect of the question; for all the visible or objective works, whether of charity or any other kind, must pale before the results achieved through the influence of the chief universal, ethical aim and idea of our Society.

Yes; the seeds of a true *Universal Brotherhood* of man, not of brother-religionists or sectarians only, have been finally sown on the sacred soil of India! The letter that follows these lines proves it most undeniably. These seeds have been thrown since 1881 into that soil, which, for thousands of years, has stubbornly and systematically ejected everything foreign to its system of caste, and refused to assimilate any heterogeneous element alien to Brahmanism, the chief master of the soil of Aryavarta, or to accept any ideas not based upon the Laws of Manu. The Orientalist and the Anglo-Indian, who know something of that tyranny of caste which has hitherto formed an impassable barrier, an almost fathomless gulf between Brahmanism and every other religion, know also of the great hatred of the orthodox "twice born," the *dwija* Brahmin, to the Buddhist *nastika* (the atheist, he who refuses to recognise the Brahminical gods and idols); and they, above all others, will realise, even if they do not fully appreciate, the importance of what has now been achieved by the Theosophical Society. It took several years of incessant efforts to bring about even the beginning of a *rapprochement* between the Brahmin and Buddhist theosophists. A few years ago the President-Founder of the Society, Colonel H. S. Olcott, had almost succeeded in making a breach in the Chinese wall of Brahmanism. It was an unprecedented event; and it created a great stir among the natives, a sincere enthusiasm among the "Heathen," and much malicious opposition, gossip, and slanderous denial from those who, above all men, ought to work for the idea of Universal Brotherhood preached by their Master—the *good* Christian Missionaries. Colonel Olcott had succeeded in arranging a kind of preliminary reconciliation between the

Brahminical Theosophical Society of Tinevelly and their brother Theosophists and neighbours of Ceylon. Several Buddhists had been brought from Lanka, led by the President, carrying with them, as an emblem of peace and reconciliation, a sprout of the sacred *rajah* (king) cocoanut-tree. This actually was to be planted in one of the courts of the Tinevelly pagoda, as a living and growing witness to the event. It was an extraordinary and imposing sight that day, namely October 25th, 1881, when, before an immense crowd numbering several thousands of Hindus and other natives, the Delegates of the Buddhist Theosophical Societies of Ceylon, met with their brother Theosophists of the Tinevelly Branch and their Brahmin priests of the pagoda. For over 2,000 years an irreconcilable religious feud had raged between the two creeds and their respective followers. And now they were brought once more together on Hindu soil, and even within the thrice sacred, and to all strangers almost impenetrable, precincts of a Hindu temple, which would have been, only a few days previous to the occurrence, regarded as irretrievably desecrated had even the very shadow of a Buddhist *nastika* fallen upon its outward walls. Signs of the times, indeed! The cocoanut sprout was planted with great ceremony, and to the sounds of the music of the pagoda orchestra. After that, year after year, Hindus and Buddhists met together at Adyar, at the Annual Conventions for the Anniversary Meetings of the Theosophical Parent Society; but no Brahmin Theosophist had hitherto returned the visit to Ceylon to his Buddhist Brethren. The ice of the centuries had been split, but not sufficiently broken to permit anyone to dive deep enough under it to call this an entire and full reconciliation. But the impressive and long-expected and wished-for event has at last taken place. All honour and glory to the son of Brahmins—the proudest, perhaps, of all India, the Northern Brahmins of Kashmir—who was the first to place the sacred duties of Universal Brotherhood above the prejudices, as potent as they are narrow, of caste and custom. We publish below extracts from his own address, which appeared in *Sarasavisandaresa*, the Cinghalese organ of the Buddhists of Ceylon, and let the eloquent narrative speak for itself.

But after reading the extracts let not our critics rise once more against the policy of the Theosophical Society, and take the opportunity of calling it intolerant and uncharitable *only as regards one creed, namely Christianity*, because facts will be found in this *Address* which speak loudly against its vicious system. No Theosophist has ever spoken against the teachings of Christ, no more than he did against those of Krishna, Buddha, or Sankaracharya; and willingly would he treat every Christian as a Brother, if the Christian himself would not persistently turn his back on the Theosophist. But a man would lose every right to the appellation of a member of the Universal Brotherhood, were he to keep silent in the face of the crying bigotry and falseness of all the

theological, or rather sacerdotal, systems—the world over. We, Europeans, expatiate loudly and cry against Brahminical tyranny, against caste, against infant and widow marriage, and call every religious dogmatic rule (save our own) idiotic, pernicious, and devilish, and do it orally as in print. Why should not we confess and even denounce the abuses and defects of Christian theology and sacerdotalism as well? How dare we say to our "brother"—Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye, and refuse to consider "the *beam that is in our own eye*"? Christians have to choose—Either they "shall not judge that they be not judged," or if they do—and one has but to read the missionary and clerical organs to see how cruel, unchristian, and uncharitable *their* judgments are—they *must be prepared to be judged in their turn.*

These are portions of an address delivered at the Theosophical Hall, Colombo, on January 29th, 1888, by PUNDIT GOPI NATH, of Lahore.*

I am a Kashmiri Brahmin; and Kashmir, as you know, is some three thousand miles away from Ceylon, so you may imagine it was not very easy for me to come here to see you. And the difficulty of the journey represents only a very small part of the real difficulty, for the barriers of caste and custom in India make it a serious matter to depart from the ordinary course of the life of one's neighbours. What was it then that gave me strength and courage to overleap those barriers, and to undertake such a long and weary pilgrimage? It was the influence of the Theosophical Society and of its teaching—that influence which led me to realize my brotherhood with you, the Buddhists of Ceylon, and put into my heart such an earnest desire to make your acquaintance. And now at last I am here among you; and, wonderful to say, though I am of another race and another religion, yet I feel as much at home here as I do in Kashmir. To what do I owe this happiness? I have again to thank the Theosophical Society—this great and noble organization—for this, and the magnificent work which it has done. My very presence here is a proof of that work, and I can testify that I have travelled through many parts of India, and everywhere found myself received as a dearly-loved brother by the members of this beneficent Association. Go to India, and you also will find it so—you will find that what was long thought the Utopian dream of universal brotherhood, is now being rapidly realized by the work of this glorious Society, to which India's greatest sons esteem it an honour to belong. I know that various Christian missionary organs have thought it expedient to attack the Society, and to vilify its revered founders, ... but in India we know better than to pay any attention to the nonsense and falsehood which emanate from such sources. They have said that Colonel Olcott is a strange sort of person, who tries to please everybody—that with the Hindoos he calls himself a Hindoo, with the Buddhists a Buddhist, with the Parsees a Parsee, with the Mohammedans a Mohammedan. From my own personal knowledge I am happy to be able to deny this utterly, and to affirm that in whatever part of India Colonel Olcott may be, he always unhesitatingly proclaims himself a Buddhist. Therefore, my advice to you is,

* See the Ceylon paper, the *Sarasavisandaresa*, of January 31st, 1888.

in this matter as in all others, not to mind what the missionaries say, but to stick fast to your own religion, and stand by those who are working so nobly for it.

It is the rule of the Theosophical Society that its members, whatever their creed may be, shall treat the religions of other members with deference; and its principle is that all religions have some truth underlying them—at least at first—for the founders of all faiths give out some truths, each in his own way, however much the followers may afterwards distort and depart from the original teachings. But between Brahminism and Buddhism we may have something much greater than mere toleration—we must have the deepest mutual esteem and reverence, for all learned people know that there is but little difference between our philosophies. Why then, you may ask, was there such bitter opposition between them in India since long ago? I think recent history provides us with the answer. For several years it happened that the Mohauram Festival of the Mohammedans coincided with one of our great Hindoo festivals; and I am sorry to say that in consequence there were frequent quarrels between the rival processions, and quite serious rioting occurred. But who were the people who took part in this rioting? Always and exclusively the most ignorant and uneducated of both religions; never once the learned men or the real leaders on either side; for these always agreed in sincerely deploring all such illiberality and folly. So, surely, must it have been with Buddhism and Brahminism; since the learned men on both sides must always have known how slight the differences are between them, the quarrels must have been fomented only by ignorant and interested people. And for the fact that men of both religions are now beginning to realize this, and draw closer together in the bonds of mutual esteem, we have again very largely to thank for it the Theosophical Society and its noble Founders.

One thing has surprised me very much during my visit to Ceylon, and this is that I find so many good Buddhists called by purely Christian names. That shows of course that Christian influence has been at work among you, and I am informed that it is due chiefly to the tyranny of the Dutch and Portuguese governments of this Island. But now under the English government this is quite unnecessary, and it should at once be changed. Do not for a moment imagine that you are more respected by the Europeans because you use Christian names or adopt the Christian religion—far from it. Indeed just the reverse is the fact, and I will relate to you some anecdotes from my own personal experience to prove what I say.

The Europeans sometimes denounce our caste system, but it seems to me—and I am speaking from observed facts—that they have a much worse kind of caste among themselves. Now I am a Kashmiri Brahmin, and every other Brahmin, no matter how poor he may be, or how ragged his clothes are, is my brother, and I could never dream of treating him otherwise; but among Christians this does not appear to be so. At the installation of the Maharajah of Kashmir, some time ago, at Jummoo, I was present, along with many other native gentlemen, some few Europeans, and some half-caste or Eurasian men—what you, in this country, call Burghers. Of course the officers of the Maharajah treated all the guests alike, and set them down to one table; but the Europeans, headed by the Resident, refused to eat with the Eurasians, *though they were all Christians*, and these latter had to be driven away to another table.

I recollect another incident. When I went to the great exhibition at Jeypore,

Rajputana, in the year 1883, I and some other students went to play cricket in the gardens. After a time a European gentleman came and asked if he might join us, and of course we were very glad to allow him to do so; but after a time, discovering from the name of one of our companions that he was a Christian Eurasian, the European at once left the game, saying that he was perfectly willing to join with Hindoo gentlemen, but would not play with an Eurasian!

I once knew a leading Mahommedan pleader who was favourably impressed by Christianity, and, in fact, was about to become a Christian. But suddenly he broke off all connection with that faith, and retained his own religion. Upon my enquiring his reason for so sudden a revulsion of feeling, he told me that a few days before he had called upon a missionary, and been as usual hospitably received and offered a seat. But while he was there, an old and reverend-looking Mahommedan gentleman entered. My friend at once rose to yield him the place of honour; but he was much surprised to see that no seat was offered to the old gentleman, and that he was allowed to sit on the floor among the missionary's dogs! On asking the reason of this unseemly neglect, the missionary carelessly replied: "Oh! he is a Christian!" This opened my friend's eyes, and he understood that the respect paid to him now was only to induce him to become a Christian, and would cease as soon as its object was attained.

Again; in Madras a few days ago I entered a Christian church in order to see its services, and took a seat on a chair. An official at once came and drove me away, telling me that the chairs were only for Europeans, and that native Christians must sit on mats in another part of the building! You see, even in the house of their god they must have their distinctions; and surely this is worse than anything in our caste system.

So you see, if you think you will be respected by Europeans for becoming Christians, or adopting Christian names, you are very much mistaken. Quite the contrary; when you abandon your ancestral faith and become a renegade for the sake of gain, they despise you, and they are right in doing so. What would you think of an old servant of twenty years' standing, if you found he was ready at a moment's notice to abandon his old master in order to make a little more money in your service? Of course you would feel that you could place no reliance upon him, since if it suited him he would be equally ready to abandon you in turn. No; if you wish to be respected, first respect yourselves; if you wish men of other religions to respect your creed, first respect it yourself.

The missionaries often ask us why we should follow or obey our priests, since they possess no supernatural powers; yet we do not hear that the missionaries themselves possess any, though the founder of their faith specially promised that various wonderful signs should follow all who believed in him. We need never shrink from a comparison between our priests and those of the Christians; at least the former are not seen living like princes, and being guilty of all kinds of extravagance, as the latter are.

* * * * * * * *

Never be afraid to speak boldly in contradiction to falsehoods and to answer them. Remember you are now living under a Government which is impartial to us all. A few days ago when I landed at this harbour I met two Christians,

who asked me where I was going. I told them that I was coming to the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society to see Mr. Leadbeater. They thereupon asked who he was, and when I told them that he had been a Church of England clergyman, but had now embraced Buddhism, they at once said that he must have had some interested motive for giving up his old religion—something connected with money matters, perhaps. Knowing how absurdly untrue such a suggestion was, I became annoyed, and replied: "If that be your logic, then every native Christian must also have had interested motives in giving up *his* old religion." I do not wish to speak against Christianity; as a Theosophist it is not my business to speak against any religion; but I do speak against bigotry and selfishness, whenever and wherever they are to be found. Let every man defend his own religion—that is well and good; but the missionaries spend time, labour, and money to bring other religions into contempt. What I say is not by way of attack, but simply as a defence.

I should like to say a word about the religious education of our ladies, which I consider a most important point. The child is influenced more by its mother than even by its father; if the mother be religious, then the child will be so too. The Christians know that well, and that is why they take so much trouble about their zenana mission, to teach our girls and women. Look at the primers they have prepared for use in their zenana missions, and you will perpetually find hints as to how cruel the Hindoos are to women, how they treat them like slaves, give female children fewer ornaments than the male, and so on; in every way endeavouring to make the girls hate their own homes and religion, and become Christians. My last and most special advice to you as your Indian brother is this: don't trust your ladies—don't trust your children in the hands of the missionaries. These foreigners do not come here and spend money for *our* benefit; no—they have one, and only one, great object always in view, and that is to make proselytes. However fair may be the outward appearance of their work, that design underlies everything they do, like a snake hidden under a flower, and for this object they will hesitate at no misrepresentation of your religion. . . .

This sincere and unpretentious address shows better than pages written by ourselves could, the work that the Theosophical Society has done in India, as also the reason why the missionaries in that country bear to us such a mortal hatred, hence—why they slander us. They degrade the pure ethics of Christ by their Jesuitical and deceptive attitude towards the natives; and we protect the latter against such deception by telling them "There is but ONE Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless Spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore bearing a different name with every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being Like the spectrum in optics, giving multicoloured and various rays, which are yet caused by one and the same sun, so theologies and sacerdotal systems are many. But the Universal religion *can only be one*, if we accept the real, primitive meaning of the root of that word. We, Theosophists, so accept it; and therefore say, "We are all brothers—by the laws of Nature, of birth, and death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us, then, love, help, and mutually defend each other against this spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and reality—*i.e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best—let us unite ourselves to form a practical "nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE, CREED, OR COLOUR."

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS AND LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.*

II.

TRUTH IS TRUTH.

ILLUSIONS ARE MERELY ILLUSIONS.

TRUTH means Reality, Substantiality, Being, Self-existence. Illusion means unreality, unsubstantiality, non-being, external appearances produced by invisible causes. Truth *is*, it cannot be made or destroyed, it cannot be an illusion, even if those who cannot see it imagine it to be one ; an illusion cannot be a truth, even if it is mistaken for one. Truth is an internal Reality, and, therefore, invisible to the external senses. Form, shape, or appearance, is an external quality which cannot exist without substance, and which is, therefore, an illusion, and unreal, although it may be perceived by the senses.

A form can represent a character, but it cannot create one ; a truth cannot manifest itself without some appropriate form. A form which represents the true character of the idea which it is intended to represent, represents a truth ; a form which does not truly express the idea which it is intended to express, is not representing the truth.

Substance may be without a definite form, but there can be no form without substance. Even the shape seen in a mirror is something substantial, having for its substance the ether, whose vibrations produce the phenomenon of light and cause the reflection. Even the forms seen in visions and dreams are substantial, having for their substance the mind-matter of which thoughts are composed. Man is a form intended for the manifestation of Divine Wisdom. Even the most beautiful human form is merely an illusion, and if it is without Reason it represents neither Wisdom nor Truth. Only the truth in man is self-existent and real, the body in which it manifests itself is not self-existent and is subject to continual transformation.

Truth being self-existent and eternal, can only be known to itself. That which is not self-existent and not true, cannot be self-conscious of the truth, nor possess any self-knowledge of it. It may see the external representations of the truth in symbols and forms, but not the truth itself. *Real Knowledge* is obtained only by *Self-knowledge* and by the *Knowledge of Self.*

Note.—Truth can be seen in its purity only when it is kept free from false intellectual speculation and argumentation. Reason requires no arguments to see that which has become self-evident to it ; but the intellect requires arguments to produce within itself a belief in the existence of that which it is not able to see. Language and letters do not contain the truth; they are merely external symbols and representations. There is no truth to be found in books by those who are not already in possession of truth. The reading of books is useful if it supplies us with useful information ; but information is not self-knowledge ; it is only useful if it aids us to

* Continued from the March Number.

understand the truth that already exists within ourselves. By the reading of books we may obtain information about the opinion or knowledge of their authors; but even if the author of a book possesses real self-knowledge; that which he can communicate to us will be to us merely a matter of speculation, as long as we do not recognise the identical truth within ourselves. The self-knowledge of another person is not our own, and our self-knowledge is not that of another. This self-evident truth is very little understood, because comparatively few people possess self-knowledge. We sometimes hear persons speak of the "speculations" of the Rosicrucians, and of the "fancies" of Saints; because whatever any real Rosicrucian or Saint may have known by self-knowledge, the information he gives can be nothing more than a speculation and fancy to those who, being neither Adepts nor Saints, are not able to perceive spiritual truths for themselves. External objects can be seen by means of the external senses; intellectual verities can be perceived only by those who are in possession of Intelligence; spiritual realities can be perceived and understood only by the Spirit, having become self-conscious of its own existence in Man.

III.

NO EFFECT IS EVER PRODUCED EXCEPT BY A CAUSE.

A cause can exist without producing an effect, but no effect can exist without a previous cause adequate to its production. A self-existent cause is not an effect; effects are never self-existent; they are always produced by causes. Nothing can come out of nothing, and where something exists, there must have been something to cause its existence, even if that cause is an internal one, consisting in its own power and ability to exist.

Nothing can come into existence unless the conditions necessary for it are present at the time when it comes into existence. A seed cannot grow unless it has the power to grow, and is surrounded by the conditions necessary for its growth. Ignorance cannot produce knowledge, imperfection cannot create perfection; unconsciousness cannot produce consciousness; the regeneration of man cannot take place without the action of the regenerating spirit. If a superior thing grows out of an inferior one, there must be a superior cause acting within it, even if that cause is invisible and beyond human conception.

A cause must be adequate to produce the effect it produces. A continually occurring effect must have a continually existing cause. Forms die, and new but similar ones continually come into existence. This could not take place if the cause that produces these forms were to die or to cease to exist for a while. The relative manifestations of motion, life, consciousness, love, will, and wisdom, could not take place unless all these powers existed in the *Absolute* without being manifest.

That which is self-existent has within itself the power to exist. That which is not self-existent depends for its existence on the influence of some external power. Unspiritual man is not self-existent; his body, his emotions, his intellectual activity, are all the effects of cosmic influences and external conditions; only that which is divine in Man is self-existent, and, therefore, immortal. That which is not self-existent

in Man can become self-existent in no other way than by assimilating with that which is self-existent and eternal in him.

Note.—The Cause of the Self-existent, Unmeasurable, and Eternal, will for ever be incomprehensible to that which is not in possession of these qualities. By the power of Reason (Intuition, Conscience) we may recognize that this Cause is universal, self-existent, unmeasurable to us, eternal, and the producer of all, and the Intellect by the power of logic confirms these self-evident truths ; but the Intellect cannot understand them, because it is itself neither universal, nor self-existent, nor eternal. Conscience does not reside in the brain, it exists in the "heart." God is not self-conscious in the human intellect ; it can become so only within the divine soul. The intellect is merely a secondary production of the light of the Spirit, in the same sense as the light of the Moon is borrowed from the Sun. Those who perceive the presence of the divine power within their own hearts are far nearer to God than the theologian who is well informed about all that men have ever speculated regarding the qualities of God, and who is unconscious of the presence of divine power within himself.

By the spiritual power of Intuition (spiritual consciousness) man may perceive beyond the possibility of a doubt, that such a divine or spiritual power exists within himself, and feel that this power is fed and nourished from the invisible beyond, in the same sense as the life of a plant is stimulated into action by the sunshine, which the plant may feel but which it cannot see.

Likewise, the omnipresence of the divine power may be perceived by the interior sense of feeling, but it cannot be intellectually known. Real knowledge in regard to God is attainable only by God, having attained self-knowledge in the spirit of Man.

IV.

MAN CAN BE CONSCIOUS ONLY OF THAT WHICH EXISTS IN HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Unspiritual man has no absolute knowledge in regard to anything whatsoever. He lives entirely in the realm of inferences and illusions. The Intellect has no actual knowledge, not even in regard to any external and visible thing, for we do not perceive the things themselves by means of our external senses ; we only perceive the impressions and mental images which they produce in the sphere of our mind, and we then logically infer that the things we see, feel, hear, etc., exist, because their impressions come to our consciousness.

We cannot be conscious of the existence of any external thing unless its impression comes to our consciousness ; we can form no intellectual conception of anything except of that which exists within our own intellect. We cannot think a thought which does not enter our mind ; we can receive, transform and remodel existing ideas ; but nobody can create a new idea by his own power.

No man has the power to create anything out of nothing, nor could he produce in himself the power to think, if that power did not already exist in him. A plant does not create Life, it is the Universal Cause which manifests its presence as "Life" in the organism of a plant or an animal. It is not man who creates Mind, but it is the *One* that manifests itself as "Mind" by means of the organism of man. Instead

of saying: "I think," it would be more correct to say: "The Unknown is thinking in me." Instead of saying: "I live," it would be far more reasonable to say: "That which we call 'Life' is active in me." Instead of saying: "I am conscious," it would be more correct to say: "The absolute consciousness of the *One* is manifesting itself as relative consciousness in me."

Only the spirit is self-existent and real; man's organism, the physical one as well as that of the soul, is merely an instrument by means of which the Spirit may act upon matter and manifest its various modes of activity in a state of *Unconsciousness*, *Consciousness*, or *Self-consciousness*. Each particle composing the constitution of man is in either one of these three states, and the sum of these various states of consciousness produces in man the *illusion of self* and what he imagines to be his own individual consciousness. Only that which is divine in man can possess any real self-consciousness; for it alone is self-existent and real.

Note.—A due consideration of the above propositions will furnish us the Way to the understanding of some of the greatest mysteries of nature, such as the division of consciousness, double existence, the states after the death of the body, etc.

Intellectual man in his vanity imagines himself to be something self-existent and real, while an examination of that which he calls his own self would easily discover to him the fact that he is nothing but an ever-changing product of cosmic and pre-existing influences and external conditions, and that when these influences cease to act in his form, the illusion of self will necessarily cease to exist.

That which man calls his self-consciousness and of which our modern philosophers imagine that it cannot be divided, is merely the ever-changing product of the sum of the various states of consciousness, manifested in each of his component parts, focussing together into one centre, the seat where the will resides. If the Will becomes divided, two or more such centres of consciousness may be formed; but real spiritual self-consciousness can exist only within the self-existent immortal spirit in man, which in those who live in the illusion of their lower self and more especially in those who are seeking to develop their intellect at the expense of their spirituality, is still in a state of unconsciousness.

They who have attained divine self-knowledge, know that they—their illusive selves—are nothing but an illusion and that they—in their aspect as human beings—can have no real knowledge; but the ignorant and conceited, not knowing that they know nothing, cling to the sphere of their illusive self and remain imbedded in ignorance.

Man imagines to know; but it is only the God in Man who can have any real knowledge, because he alone has the power to be conscious of himself.

If instead of worrying our brains with idle speculations, regarding the Unknown, with philosophical vagaries and inferences drawn from erroneous premises, we would open our hearts to the light of *Divine Wisdom* and permit the *Spirit (The Logos)* to "do its thinking" within ourselves, instead of impeding its action by our theories, assumptions and prejudices, we should be on the true road to *Theosophy*, and we should become able to see and to understand the Truth by its own Light instead of groping for it in the dark. To develop the truth within ourselves by acting according to the dictates of the truth, and to seek for the truth within our own selves, this alone is the *practical way*.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

DURING a tour on the Continent with my friend C. we stayed in a town wherein was an ancient house of horrible reputation, concerning which we received the following account. At the top of the house was a suite of rooms from which no one who entered at night ever again emerged. No corpse was ever found; but it was said by some that the victims were absorbed bodily by the walls; by others that there were in the rooms a number of pictures in frames, one frame, however, containing a blank canvas, which had the dreadful power, first, of fascinating the beholder, and next of drawing him towards it, so that he was compelled to approach and gaze at it. Then, by the same hideous enchantment, he was forced to touch it, and the touch was fatal. For the canvas seized him as a devil-fish seizes its prey, and sucked him in so that he perished without leaving a trace of himself, or of the manner of his death. The legend said further that if any person could succeed in passing a night in these rooms and in resisting their deadly influence, the spell would for ever be broken and no one would thenceforth be sacrificed.

Hearing all this, and being somewhat of the knight-errant order, C. and I determined if possible to face the danger and deliver the town from the enchantment. We were assured that the attempt would be vain, for that it had already been many times made, and the Devils of the place were always triumphant. They had the power, we were told, of hallucinating the senses of their victims; we should be subjected to some illusion, and be fatally deceived. Nevertheless, we were resolved to try what we could do, and in order to acquaint ourselves with the scene of the ordeal, we visited the place in the daytime. It was a gloomy-looking building, consisting of several vast rooms, filled with lumber of old furniture, worm-eaten and decaying; scaffoldings, which seemed to have been erected for the sake of making repairs and then left; the windows were curtainless, the floors bare, and rats ran hither and thither among the rubbish accumulated in the corners. Nothing could possibly look more desolate and gruesome. We saw no pictures; but as we did not explore every part of the rooms, they may have been there without our seeing them.

We were further informed by the people of the town that in order to visit the rooms at night it was necessary to wear a special costume, and that without it we should have no chance whatever of issuing from them alive. This costume was of black and white, and each of us was to carry a black stave. So we put on this attire—which somewhat resembled

the garb of an ecclesiastical order—and when the appointed time came, repaired to the haunted house, where, after toiling up the great staircase in the darkness, we reached the door of the haunted apartments to find it closed. But light was plainly visible beneath it, and within was the sound of voices. This greatly surprised us ; but after a short conference we knocked. The door was presently opened by a servant, dressed as a modern in-door footman usually is, who civilly asked us to walk in. On entering we found the place altogether different from what we expected to find, and had found on our daylight visit. It was brightly lighted, had decorated walls, pretty ornaments, carpets, and every kind of modern garnishment, and, in short, bore all the appearance of an ordinary well-appointed private "flat." While we stood in the corridor, astonished, a gentleman in evening dress advanced towards us from one of the reception rooms. As he looked interrogatively at us, we thought it best to explain the intrusion, adding that we presumed we had either entered the wrong house, or stopped at the wrong apartment.

He laughed pleasantly at our tale, and said, "I don't know anything about haunted rooms, and, in fact, don't believe in anything of the kind. As for these rooms, they have for a long time been let for two or three nights every week to our Society for the purpose of social re-union. We are members of a musical and literary association, and are in the habit of holding conversaziones in these rooms on certain evenings, during which we entertain ourselves with dancing, singing, charades, and literary gossip. The rooms are spacious and lofty, and exactly adapted to our requirements. As you are here, I may say, in the name of the rest of the members, that we shall be happy if you will join us." At this I glanced at our dresses in some confusion, which being observed by the gentleman, he hastened to say : "You need be under no anxiety about your appearance ; for this is a costume night, and the greater number of our guests are in travesty." As he spoke he threw open the door of a large drawing-room and invited us in. On entering we found a company of men and women, well-dressed, some in ordinary evening attire, and some costumed. The room was brilliantly lighted and beautifully furnished and decorated. At one end was a grand piano, round which several persons were grouped ; others were seated on ottomans taking tea or coffee ; and others strolled about, talking. Our host, who appeared to be master of the ceremonies, introduced us to several persons, and we soon became deeply interested in a conversation on literary subjects. So the evening wore on pleasantly, but I never ceased to wonder how we could have mistaken the house or the staircase after the precaution we had taken of visiting it in the daytime in order to avoid the possibility of error.

Presently, being tired of conversation, I wandered away from the group with which C. was still engaged, to look at the beautiful decorations of the great salon, the walls of which were covered with artistic

designs in fresco. Between each couple of panels the whole length of the salon, was a beautiful painting, representing a landscape or a sea-piece. I passed from one to the other, admiring each, till I had reached the extreme end, and was far away from the rest of the company, where the lights were not so many or so bright as in the centre. The last fresco in the series then caught my attention. At first it appeared to me to be unfinished ; and then I observed that there was upon its background no picture at all, but *only* a background of merging tints which seemed to change, and be now sky, now sea, now green grass. This empty picture had, moreover, an odd metallic colouring which fascinated me ; and saying to myself "Is there really any painting on it?" I mechanically put out my hand and touched it. On this I was instantly seized by a frightful sensation, a shock that ran from the tips of my fingers to my brain, and steeped my whole being. Simultaneously I was aware of an overwhelming sense of sucking and dragging, which, from my hand and arm, and, as it were, through them, seemed to possess and envelop my whole person. Face, hair, eyes, bosom, limbs, every portion of my body was locked in an awful embrace which, like the vortex of a whirlpool, drew me irresistibly towards the picture. I felt the hideous impulse clinging over me and sucking me forward into the wall. I strove in vain to resist it. My efforts were more futile than the flutter of gossamer wings. And then there rushed upon my mind the consciousness that all we had been told about the haunted rooms was *true;* that a strong delusion had been cast over us ; that all this brilliant throng of modern ladies and gentleman were fiends masquerading, prepared beforehand for our coming ; that all the beauty and splendour of our surroundings were mere glamour ; and that in reality the rooms were those we had seen in the daytime, filled with lumber and rot and vermin. As I realised all this, and was thrilled with the certainty of it, a sudden access of strength came to me, and I was impelled, as a last desperate effort, to turn my back on the awful fresco, and at least to save my face from coming into contact with it and being glued to its surface. With a shriek of anguish I wrenched myself round and fell prostrate on the ground, face downwards, with my back to the wall, feeling as though flesh had been torn from my hand and arm. Whether I was saved or not I knew not. My whole being was overpowered by the realisation of the deception to which I had succumbed. I had looked for something so different,—darkness, vacant, deserted rooms, and perhaps a tall, white, empty canvas in a frame, against which I should have been on my guard. Who could have anticipated or suspected this cheerful welcome, these entertaining *literati*, these innocent-looking frescoes? Who could have foreseen so deadly a horror in such a guise? Was I doomed? Should I, too, be sucked in and absorbed, and perhaps C. after me, knowing nothing of my fate? I had no voice ; I could not warn him ; all my force seemed to have been spent on the single shriek

I had uttered as I turned my back on the wall. I lay prone upon the floor, and knew that I had swooned. . . . . .

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ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

Now that the lamented writer of the above has passed away, and we are free to speak of her psychic gifts, it may be stated that both this story and that which appeared in our November number entitled "The Square in the Hand" were *dreams*, received by her on one and the same night in April last, while ill in Rome, and were written down by her on waking exactly as they occurred, this one having been received first, and are reproduced here from her MS.

ILLUMINATION.

I HAVE wandered through the ages,
Comes a sigh with every breath,
For my soul is tired of living,
I salute thee, Silent Death!

O, thou womanhood eternal!
Thou whose garment is the Sun,
'Tis a Star adorns thy forehead,
'Tis the Moon thy feet rest on.

O, thou radiant soul of beauty!
With the perfume of thy breath;
Every heart-throb, sweetest music,
Banishing both Fear and Death.

I have crossed the Sea of Silence,
Drifting outward toward the Sun,
Soaring far above the lowlands,
On thy bosom, Radiant One!

On the bosom of Athenê,
Lulled by sacred *Soma's* charms;
And my weary soul hath rested,
Like an infant in thine arms.

By the heaving of thy bosom,
By the love-light in thine eyes,
I am breathing the *Amritâ*,
Ah! 'tis only Death that dies.

Thus I now am breathing with thee,
And our souls together run ;
I am melted in Athenê
As thou'rt melted in the Sun.

Space and Time no more allure me,
I have found the perfect rest ;
I have tasted bliss of being
In the Islands of the Blest.

Like the glory of the morning
When the light bursts o'er the sea,
Is the glory of the dawning
Of Athenê's light to me.

Resting thus upon thy bosom,
With the love-light in thine eyes,
Every soul-throb is an anthem,
Floating soft through radiant skies

I have lost desire and heart-ache,
For fruition's joy is won ;
Soul to soul, with no to-morrow,
Thus united, two in one.

Every passion burned to ashes ;
Ashes scattered in the sea ;
Seas drawn up in heated vapours ;
Vapours hence no more to be.

For the love-light of Athenê
Soul of soul, and soul of mine ;
All of thought, all bliss of being,
Two in one, and all divine.

* * * * * *

I have wandered through the ages,
Like a child in search of rest ;
Now my soul hath found Nirvana
On divine Athenê's breast.

HARIJ.

March 4th, 1888. U. S. A.

THE WHITE MONK.

CHAPTER III.

NOT long after this we had a banquet and dancing—well I remember it!—to celebrate the birthday of little Marguerite. For my mother was proud of her child's loveliness and liked to see it implied in the looks of her many friends. So there were sounds of revelry, and the whirl of dances and bright music.

The little lady of the feast was herself its best ornament: methought as I looked on her, that Dante's love himself could scarce have been fairer. She wore a little silken gown of palest blue, broidered in daisies, and she carried a simple posy of corn-daisies, her own "Marguerites," in her hand, another in her golden hair. "And girdled was she and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age"—like Beatrice, when her poet met her first. She was so daintily joyous with our guests; radiant, yet timid, with an exquisite child's modesty, full of care and thought for all our friends. I thought within myself "Ah, Marguerite, wilt thou be thus loving when thou knowest more of men?"

(For I have ever held that the truer the servant of Man, the greater his secret contempt for our race. Beware of those who talk much of the beauty of Humanity. Trust rather those who rail at human vices; they are the men to institute a change and to establish the higher ideal. The others love not so much Humanity, as Humanity's faults.)

Yes, Marguerite was a fair flower, and as I stood aside and heard a group of gallants judging and lauding our country beauties, I heard young Raymond Delorme (a right promising youth of excellent parts and high-breeding) say with ardour in his keen blue eye: "For my part I shall wait for Mistress Marguerite!"

And pending the time of her being older, the youth led her forth to the dance. I stepped outside from the ball-room with the brother's head strong jealousy hot within me.

Yes, he shall win my pearl, perchance easily, and they will prove one more ensample of lightly returned love. I, her brother, who worship her as a spark of God's power and beauty sent to make holiness comprehensible to men, shall never in all likelihood have of her one-half the gratitude that Raymond shall for a glance or two of his bright eyes. Devotion is not meant to be returned. Where were then the single-mindedness of Dante and Petrarca, had their ladies thrown over all obstacles to unite with them? Was not Astrophel's Stella wedded to another man who, perchance, lacked insight to value her?

So I in my trivial thinking, growing morose as the young spirit will in a crowd, when things are not to its liking.

And then I went forth into the cool star-light, and stepped a little distance from the illumined windows and the sound of fluting, to where the pale heaven-gleams played on the dewy roses, and the stars of the night sang and danced in my fancy a mystic measure that intoxicated me. I threw myself down on the soft lawn under the windows, by the fountain, which sparkled dimly and bounded as if to kiss the stars, and fell again as we all do after striving up to Heaven. Its spray fell on me and seemed the purer and the colder for its leaping upward. I tasted of its coolness and of the dew and of the starry silence out here and I fell into one of the trances that dreamy youth alone can fully share in—a trance of ignorance of the world and its impulses, a nearness of the Ideal, a newness of sensation and an omen of things for which the human intelligence is not naturally born. In such times—for no man knows how long they are—a man grows old in knowledge, but when the world reclaims him, he has oft forgot the half of what he saw, and must spend weary hours, told upon a dial in his study, or the great clock in the market-place, in trying to recollect what was then cast down to him in handfuls.

Something disturbed me ; I know not what. Belike it was a stormy flourish of Goodman Devon's trumpet from within—or what if it were but the faraway last good-night coo of a murmuring wood-dove ; I know not. I only know I rose from my trance in a great sadness and yearning hunger and thirst for more insight. How I hated the world to which I should have to creep back ! I sighed ; " One could bear all, if but one might be helped a step, taught *somewhat* of the things one is grasping after ? " So I said, and, as if in answer, as I rose blindly enough and sighing, a flash of white from the further end of the black cut yews, and the White Monk came hastily along the stone terrace, close under the ball-room windows.

I heard the dance-music blaze out. I heard every note, laughing out to us. A whirl was in my brain, but a grand excitement in me. Now —now would I speak with the old enemy of our race ; now should he be forced to serve me—the latest son of the house ; now would I see if he be the poor fiction of a rhymester's brain, or no ! I *knew* he was no mere picture—folly to speak of such a thing. He was real Spirit Life, and I dreaded, while I desired, our meeting. I went to the encounter, as our men had alway gone to danger—with a bright forwardness, but a well-based knowledge of its meaning.

I stood with folded arms in the midst of the terrace walk, with the yews cut into square thick walls on either side of us, and I awaited the quick-moving phantom. Before he came I would arrest him—else I knew the deadly cold terror would stun me whilst he passed. Whiter than the fountain, whiter than the white marble urns, whiter than the pure-flowering springy, whiter than the white cold light of stars. Most wonderful yearning ! Why do I, a mortal, feel it towards this white

strange mystery? "Spirit—man!" I challenged him. "Thou hast the form of a brother to me. Disdain me not—tell me, for the secrets of life are pressing in upon me—tell me wherefore thou art here, unexplained, friendless?"

If I spoke thus to him, or if I have but put the cry of my heart into words here, I no longer know; but I yearned towards him and spread my arms wide abroad as if I might thus stay him. An instant I thought he was gone past me, for a chill blinding mist seemed to surround me, and I felt my spirits leaving their seat in heart and brain, and the opportunity of my keenest hopes becoming lost to me. I fell upon my knees; I besought the majestic, lonely phantom; I prayed him to speak to me and teach me; for I could learn (I entreated) and I would hear.

And then, as I knelt with my hands pressing tightly on my face, and head bent almost to the earth, I did hear.

There was a sigh, long and far away, like a sob for pitifulness, and the White Monk spoke to me.

"Boy," he said, "thou wilt hear nothing but sorrow from me. And what does that profit thee? Poor poet, ever seeking after the unknown regardless if it be baleful! Well, these have their reward. Those in whom the soul is ever straining away from earthliness may know a charm, in sorrow, and a glory in deep mysteries that I imagine not, nor comprehend."

And there was a pause. I knew he was by me still, by the cold white light that penetrated my closed eye-lids through my hands. But I feared to lose the priceless moment, and, though I spoke as if the air was thick and heavy, and a weight against my lips, I pleaded for a word from him.

"Nay," said the monk, it seemed to me with all the grandeur of some ruined demi-god; "no words from me can profit thee. I am walking in mystery that I cannot even learn to know, and which will not accept me. Before death, oh, youth, thou canst not know bewilderment."

I groaned; my last hope in life seemed cut from under my feet. What! if the problems with which our hearts ache here are tenfold more terrible and more inexplicable in the spirit life, when we are face to face with them, without the tempering of trivial pleasures to distract us? and yet, that it was so, I might hear from this errant spirit, once, perchance, a thinker like to me. I sobbed aloud, in impotence of will under this new infliction. Not only Life, but Death, and Life thereafter were horrible now.

"Dost thou know sorrow?" asked the spirit. I mutely shook my head.

"Perchance thou never mayest," returned the Monk. "A man may live, youth, even in this world of yours, and never understand it. Oh, be its foe, young dreamer! Seek not to fathom it, not be the cause why others learn it. It is unholy."

"Why should a man not brave it?" I urged. "It is the half of human life."

"Is that a merit?" the voice answered me.

"Sorrow is part of the truth," I challenged him.

"Privation of truth, rather. Sorrow is illusion."

"Teach me what sorrow is," said I. "Illusion itself is the greater part of fact—to us, in any case, if all be said. I am a poet—now I feel it—and I will learn the meaning of every point of knowledge that man can. What care I if the insight wrecks my happiness here—what is earth's happiness?—or my salvation after death—let me wander wretched as thou—learn I must! God himself ordains it. If sorrow be a secret (myself had rather deemed it common fare enough, and fitting to this our world as bravely as a glove upon a hand) then let me wrestle with its mysteries." I spoke in hot whispers, all defiance. Still I kept my hands against my eyes; I was a coward under all rebellion, and my soul trembled, lest knowledge should burn it up. I seemed to live a century till the answer came. And then, how different to what I had awaited! No thunder of the gods, no spark Promethean that I might pass to mortals to serve and give them light. Only a sad perplexity.

"Sorrow is never real without immortality," the White Monk said. "You are like children down here, who rage and weep an hour and then lie down to sleep away the time wearily, grasping a toy that seems new in your disappointed arms for comfort. We—it is not so with us; I cannot cause thee fathom it. Our sorrows are immortal, even as ourselves; note that. We have no toys to comfort us; and we cannot taste realities of happiness, for our sorrow inheres in us, and the real Sorrow and Joy do mutually repel each the other."

"Thou hast not revealed the nature of immortal sorrow."

"Thinkest thou that because I died to earth, I must needs be as a god?—I—Pietro Rinucci, the murderer—a hypocrite, a man of violence also? Thou hast no sense of grades, nor of divisible infinity, poor would-be Titan!"

There was scorn, but such a sadness rang in it, that I wept.

"I know not 'natures,'" said the Monk. "*They* know, the god-like learners, but I am repulsed. I know *my* sorrow; it is to have been exiled from every state in which I could use freedom, or understand the nature and reasons of things. It is to carry a deep grief of mine own unspoken in my heart in silence, without a friend, and to go from door to door in a world that has become hateful to me, seeing the misery of others, guessing at their after misery, and not able ever to forget one scene of it, nor of my own."

"Nay, truly, that is a fate that many share," I said.

"In your earth-life; yes—" agreed the spirit. "But, after death, thou knowest not what it is! Infinite capacity to receive infinite pain! Love not Sorrow over-much. I charge thee. Seeing it so powerful in the

earth, men have made a god of it and worship it—do not thou so. There is nothing in it, beyond what its name expresses."

His voice was so despairing to my ear, used to harsher but more vivid sounds, that I was impelled to look up at him. The sight caught my breath and brought my timid childhood back upon me. For he was terribly the same as in the old portrait of Pietro Rinucci that hung in disgrace in the corridor, away from the pictured ancestors of our house, as a curiosity, breeding dislike and fear. I had often trembled before the portrait, fancying that the deep frowning eyes followed me, and that the slight hand, that was depicted in the act of raising the white cowl back from the face, beckoned to me. And now I was face to face with Pietro Rinucci himself.

And yet, not so! Though he had claimed the name, what was there left of the murderer, save only the semblance of the features and the garb?

This spirit was a revelation of sorrow, all the wickedness had long been tamed away. Nay, how entirely had it doubtless been exorcised by the sharp finger of death, the cooler of all passions! The minute touch of raillery that seemed to me to dwell in the edges of the hard-drawn mouth, just served to put that coping-stone of contrast that is needed to make perfect woe. I was smaller in wisdom than he, and he could not choose but scoff at my braggart will to know, and my confidence that he could tell me, or would tell me, what I desired.

But the pathos of that solitary white figure that appeared to stand but some four paces from me, and yet was removed by one world from my touch—and the grandeur of self-knowledge and unchangeable dignity that looked forth from the piercing cold depths of those despairing eyes, drew my soul out again from myself to contemplate a destiny but half unveiled. At that moment, and still in ignorance so great of the vast After-death, I would have died to quench the wistful light in those deep eyes.

"And is there hope of thy release at last?" I sighed.

"I know not," breathed the Monk very low. "That is what I *cannot* learn. Of all mysteries, that is the most clouded. I am tortured — to speak it in such words as you can grasp — by yearning and suspense; even the knowledge of hopelessness were gain compared with this eating uncertainty. For, after all, when all is over, it is the knowledge of things for which we crave. Having that, the soul is fed; but doubt like mine is bitterness beyond comparison with any earthly smart. Ah, the intensity of baffled search for what may not exist for me!"

"Yet even so are we," I murmured, and the Monk bowed his head solemnly in agreement.

"You do not *understand* as we," he added, however.

"Art thou alone thus afflicted, oh spirit? Are not there others whose aid or sympathy can help?"

"Did I not tell thee I had no friend?" said the Monk. "There is room for all in the spirit-worlds. I am doomed to the sight only of those who dwell, ignorant and sensual, on your earth, or of those whose bare proximity strikes tenfold the confusion into my nature that the sight of me does into thine. There is no fellowship for me, because I abused my fellow-men. I did over-much harm on the earth; thus, when I grew trembling into consciousness, a rational soul in the new æther, my first knowledge was—that I was rejected. I had sinned over-boldly on the earth, so I was refused the boon of re-visiting it as a human being again, with the faint, fresh touch of spirituality that accompanies all new birth to give another chance in a more careful life. I might not again behold the dear light of the sun with eyes meet to joy in it. I was doomed to see the world I had loved and left in a new aspect—an aspect which struck horror, for I understood the evil in it, and the little joy of it (which I could feel no longer) seems o'er slight to compensate for the pains that mortals suffer. Worse than this, I was doomed to retain—for my humiliation and others' warning—the accursed murderer's frame in semblance—how I loathed it thou mayst guess. Any mortal's semblance were pain and harassment to a soul—how much more that very habit and form under which I did my sins. My soul cries out to God by day and by night, but His face is utterly turned from me. I seek every token of His presence—every hint of His mercy—every ray of the ideal Light—and through how many wanderings I have to go before I find them! Your religion, which I once professed, is now foreign to me. I scarcely know the God you worship. And I cannot comprehend the Idea of the spirits' God. I am broken and crushed by too much knowledge on the one hand, and by utter, sunless, conscious blindness on the other. I know your world now. Have I not seen it develope these two centuries, as you accompt of Time? I hate and utterly despise the things that fill men's thoughts under the sun. But when I look into the world of souls, I fear annihilation; for I cannot comprehend the vastness of the changed systems of Time, of Space, of Thought, of Being."

"I am nowhere at home, and no sympathy thrills the note of hope back to me."

"Why dost thou thus suffer—for sins done in partial ignorance?"

"From purely physical forces, which accompany a man to his tomb. In life I dealt out Sorrow to others—I was the genius of Sorrow; I belong, therefore to sorrow. The strongest part of my nature as man has infected my soul, and my ruling tendency remains in force, a weight that makes the earth still a magnet to me. I am compelled to stay by he place of sorrows, and to drink in all that can be learnt of it, in myself and through others. I am to see the saddest scenes of life according to the body, and, knowing by virtue of the few steps more of wisdom I possess what could avert these most horrible mischiefs, am

bound in chains that I cannot loose from stirring in help. How many awful tragedies have I seen, standing myself the while by the side of the man who, could I have breathed a word to him, would have changed all! Nay, worse; my presence is destructive, and I cannot enter a poor widow's cottage without her feeling double woe. Oh, Sorrow hath entered my soul, and spreads a thick mist to keep out the light! I am athirst for Happiness. I could not reach it, even if God gave it, now, for what you men call years. Boy, you have the gift of speech from a burning poet's heart. Bid men shun sorrow and the causes of it. Let me pass—here is my goal; there is discord in the dance-music; dost thou not hear it, happy one? Let me pass."

The last glow from the power of those dark, sad eyes. The unwonted permission of speech withdrawn, the human look faded, I knew the face no more—the terror returned—the dazzling whiteness and the shock of chilling giddiness—besides, I felt he must not pass the threshold of our home. I strove, I yearned, I strung my will to passionate tension.

He was gone, and whither I knew not, with the quick, resistless motion, stronger than Death. And I lay in frenzy, crushing the sharp gravel in my hands, and laying its harsh edges hard to my cheek, in passionate, terrified striving to feel the world again.

If Raymond Delorme will wait for Marguerite, he will be a true lover and a deep and tender one, for she is dead; she died that night.

THE END.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

THEY lie who say immortal spirit is nought
  Save summit of fleshly chain, save link between
  Blind motion of nerve and muscle:—they overween,
Groping in darkness of their arrogant thought;
Having fettered the soaring soul that else had sought
  To lighten the shadows 'twixt the God unseen
  And the human he made so strong that it dared lean
'Gainst heaven and triumph at the ruin it wrought.

Yea, spirit communes with spirit, as sense with sense;
  No soul is bound that truly would be free!
  Else were the human stronger than deity,
Else were the angels reft of all defence—
  Burst bonds, oh soul! Slay flesh that fetters thee!
So God shall dower thee with omnipotence!

EVELYN PYNE.

BUDDHIST DOCTRINE OF THE WESTERN HEAVEN.*

ON the interest attaching to the hope of a future life developed amongst the Northern Buddhists, not a word need to be said. This hope has been powerful amongst them for nearly 2,000 years. In their monastic homes in Tartary, where sometimes as many as 5,000 believers live together, under a system of Buddhist studies, prayers, and ascetic observances, the hope of a future life mingles as an important element. While some think more of the Nirvana as their hope, and give themselves up to happy reverie, as they think of the union with Buddha which is attained by the loss of personality,† many more prefer to meditate on the Paradise of Amitabha, the Buddha of a world situated in the West, beyond the region of the fixed stars, as the home they may attain by the merciful help of BUDDHA.

All over Thibet, China, Mongolia, and Japan, this hope exists amongst the Buddhists. And it is a curious question whether it was occasioned by Persian or by Christian influence, or whether it was entirely self-originated.‡ It is proposed in this paper to place before the reader the evidence from Chinese sources, by which it may be learned that this doctrine began in India and spread in the Punjaub and Affghanistan shortly before the Christian era, and that it was adopted by the Buddhist writers of the age for such reasons as the following: They regarded it as a powerful engine for aiding in the cure of worldliness by intensifying the meditative reveries of the monks. It was adapted to deepen the religious feelings and to multiply the religious activity of lay Buddhists of all classes and both sexes. Further, it added variety to the forms of happiness which Buddhism gives to believers.§

Buddhist works began to be translated into Chinese about the year 67 A.D. The first was the book of 42 sections. It is moral and didactic,

* The author of this paper is the Rev. Dr. Joseph Edkins, D.D., late of Peking, author also of "Chinese Buddhism," "Religion in China," "Introduction to the Study of the Chinese Characters," "A Mandarin Grammar," etc., etc.

† The loss of the *false* or temporary personality by its transformation into the ABSOLUTE "Ego." —[ED.]

‡ Most undeniably the idea was originated by neither of the above-named influences, no more than the knowledge of the Zodiac, astronomy or architecture was ever originated in India "by the Greek influence," agreeably with Dr. Weber's and Professor Max Müller's favourite hobbies. This "hope" is based on *knowledge*, on the secret esoteric doctrines preached by Gautama Buddha, and flashes of which are still found even in the semi-exoteric tenets of the schools of Mahayana, Aryasanga and others.—[ED.]

§ Buddhist works may have appeared in China not earlier than 67 A.D.; but there are as good proofs and evidence, from Chinese and Tibetan History as much as from Buddhist records, that the tenets of Gautama reached China as early as the year 683 of the Tzin era (436 B.C.). Of course in this instance we accept Buddhist chronology, not the fanciful annals of the Western Orientalists, who base their chronological and *historical* computations on the so-called "Vikramaditya era," while ignorant to this day of the date when Vikramaditya really lived.—[ED.]

and in no respect legendary. Nothing is said here of the Paradise of the Western Heaven; but the translator was born in Bengal and travelled to China by the route across the mountains in Central Asia. Previous to this he had visited Western India or the Bombay Presidency. Here in a small kingdom *Kashiapmadanga* our hero was invited to explain the "Book of Golden Light." Just as the assembly was gathered and he was preparing his instructions, an invading army from a neighbouring country arrived at the border. Here the enemy found difficulties and suspected some magic influence preventing his advance. He sent an ambassador, who, on reaching the capital, found the Buddhist monk addressing the assembly on the mode of protecting the state. The two states then made a treaty of peace at the instance of the invader, and Buddhism was taught in both countries.

Belief in the magical powers of the Buddhists had much to do with the spread of their religions, and not less influential was the superstitious regard for the sacred books,* which it was supposed could save kingdoms from war. Among the most famous of these works is the *Sutra of Golden Light*. It is the *Alten Gerel* of the Mongols, by whom it is regarded as a talisman of particular efficacy. It is the Chinese *Chin kwang ming ching*, and is viewed as the most honoured of all the Buddhist sacred books. Hence its title "King of the *Sutras*." With the Mongols it is an object of worship, and is kept on the same shelf or table which, in the tents of the land of grass, serves as an altar, and here it is regaled with the same incense and is honoured with the same offerings as the images. In this book, the Buddha of boundless age, Amitabha, is mentioned, and this is apparently the germ from which the doctrine of the Western Heaven was afterwards developed.

In our uncertainty with regard to the origin of the Buddhist hope of a Western Paradise, it is an advantage to find in this book some definite statements. The legend is connected with the city of *Rajagriha* in Central India, and it originated, it would seem, in a vision of a *Bodhisattwa* who was named *Sinsiang* (image of faith). He felt uneasy at the thought that Buddha had only lived to be eighty years of age and yet was so full of merit, as shewn in his avoiding the destruction of life, and his abundant gifts of food to the hungry. To meet his doubts, as he sits at home, his house suddenly begins to grow larger. The floor was tesselated with precious stones and red porcelain. The aspect of everything was glorified as if it were the peaceful land of the Buddhas. Sweet odours breathed through the air, and four thrones were seen, one on each side. Flowers were placed around them, and on each sat a Buddha. That on the east was *Akshobya*, and that on the west the

* No more, we say, than the "miracles" of the New Testament had to do with the spread of the Christian religion. Then why should any fair-minded person, even if a missionary, denounce the reverence of Buddhists for their sacred books as "a *superstitious* regard," while enforcing the same "superstitious regard" for the Bible, under the penalty, moreover, of eternal damnation?—[ED.]

Buddha of boundless age. Light shot forth from each lion-throne, illuminating the city of *Rajagriha* and the whole universe.

The happy land of the West is not here mentioned, but the Buddha of boundless age, who belonged to the West, would lead to it. The legend then appears here in an imperfect form. The probability is that this is the legend in the germ, and that the works in which it is found fully developed are later. If this supposition be correct, and if this be the germ of the paradise of the Western Heaven, it is a matter of great importance to know that it began in the city of *Rajagriha*, one of the first cities where Buddhism prevailed, and further, that the occasion of inventing the legend was a desire felt to magnify the perfection of Buddha. The Western paradise is the happy abode of the Buddha of boundless age, and was not, in the first instance, planted in the regions of infinite space, to provide a refuge for those human sufferers to whom the extinction of *Nirvana* was not a sufficient hope.

The name of the translator who is first mentioned in connection with this legend is *Tirukachanva*, a native of the Punjaub. Several of his works are named in the list* of Buddhist books made in the year A.D. 730, and one of them is said to have been translated A.D. 147. But for the statement in the Book of Golden Light we might suppose, from this translator being a native of the Punjaub, that the legend originated there. In that part of India there is no doubt that many of the Buddhist books were first compiled, As we proceed we shall learn if other reasons support the hypothesis of origin in North Western India.

The author of the list made in the year A.D. 730 was a learned monk, who divides the books, now in libraries, and which he had himself personally seen, from those which were lost. He says of a book called the *Sutra* of the boundless and pure, that this was the same with the greater *Amitabha Sutra*. But this is equivalent to saying, that it taught the legend of the Western paradise, and we may, therefore, look upon it as certain that this legend was taught in China, in the years A.D. 147 to 186, when the translator was occupied in his duties in the Chinese capital. It appears that he also rendered from Sanscrit a work on *Akshobya*, the companion Buddha to *Amitabha* and ruler of the Eastern Universe. This legend belongs to the same class as the legend of the Western Paradise, and in the "Book of Golden Light" these two Buddhas are mentioned together. They were, therefore, contemporaneous in origin.†

The Buddhist works containing the legend of the Western Heaven belong to the school of the great development of the Northern Buddhists, and this class of works was definitely adopted in Cashmere, at the council held in the reign of *Kanishka*. This prince is stated by the traveller,

* This is called the *Kai yuen* list, and is contained in seven large vols.

† That origin must be archaic indeed, since both the names are found in the "Book of Dzyan," classed with the Dhyan-Chohans (*Pitris*), the "Fathers of man," who answer to the seven Elohim. —[ED.]

Hiuen Chwang, in more than one place, to have reigned 400 years after the *Nirvana*. Now Buddha is said to have died B.C. 543.* *Kanishka* was reigning, therefore, in the first century before Christ. He belonged to the *Yue ti* race, who, according to Chinese accounts, in the third and second century lived to the north-west of China, between the province of Kansu and Lake Lob. From this home they were driven by the powerful Tartar race known as the *Hiung noo*, who, about B.C. 200, or even later, led by their Emperor *Moklek*, inflicted on them a severe defeat, and killed their king, whose skull was used as a drinking-cup by his victorious enemy.

The *Yue ti* are, in fact, the *Massagetæ*, of Herodotus, whose Queen was *Tomoris*, the Amazon sovereign that defeated and killed Cyrus, founder of the Persian monarchy. The Massagetæ were a large stock, and among their many branches it was this which had moved most to the eastward. On this occasion, when ousted from their lands near China, this wandering tribe crossed the high passes west of Cashgar, and came down upon the valley of the Oxus. Here they looked south on the Hindoo Koosh, and west on the Caspian. Encountering the *Dahae*, they conquered them, and occupied Balkh and Badakshan. The kingdoms of Cabul and Cashmere had now become their neighbours, and here they were located when the famous Chinese traveller, *Chang chien*, visited them about B.C. 140. He made diplomatic use of his experiences amongst the *Hiung noo*, who had kept him as a captive till he escaped. He knew Turkish, because he had lived amongst the *Hiung noo*. In this new region he would also obtain an acquaintance with some Indo-European dialect; at any rate, he learned the chief facts respecting the wanderings of the *Yue ti*, and when he went back to China these were embodied in the history of *Szma chien*, who was then a youth.

In the later Han history it is recorded that about a century after the time of *Chang chien*, the *Yue ti* made an irruption into Cabul and India and formed a large and powerful kingdom. They were now possessed of Candahar, Cashmere, and much country beside belonging to India and the modern Affghanistan. *Kanishka* was their king, and he became a zealous Buddhist. He called the Council of Cashmere, at which Buddhist doctrine according to the northern form was determined. And it included the legend of the Western Paradise. The reign of *Kanishka* has been fixed by Koeppen and others as extending from B.C. 15 to A.D. 45, and when we remember what is said in the later *Han* history, and by the traveller *Hiuen chwang*, we feel that Chinese evidence supports this chronology so far as it goes. We must then assign the legend of the Western Heaven to this time for its definite adoption, and to an earlier period for its origination. The *Yue ti* in

* Read in this connection in "Five Years of Theoosophy," the article: "Sakya Muni's place in History," pp. 371-375.—[ED.]

their new kingdom practised many useful arts, and it was by artificers from their country that in the fifth century the Chinese learned the secret of glass manufacture, and of the ware called *Lieu li*. Buddhism in those times helped in communicating civilized arts to new races, and in many countries its missionaries were the first to teach reading and writing. These men were in the third century very assiduous in translating into Chinese the books of their religion. Several hundred titles are preserved, while the books themselves are mostly lost irrecoverably. Many short narratives are among them, containing stories adapted to stir up the feelings and to give popularity to the addresses of Buddhist preachers. Among them are found occasionally the names of books which taught the paradise of the Western Heaven, a belief at that time become thoroughly naturalized in the religion of the northern Buddhists. They are placed in the second class of canonical works, called the "precious collection," with an allusion to the special attractiveness of this legend.

The country on the west of the Kingdom of the Indian *Getae* was Parthia, which lasted till the year A.D. 226, when the Persians recovered their independence. One of the translators was *An shi kau*, son of the Parthian king, his mother being the principal queen. He would naturally know the *Zendavesta*, and the doctrine of the resurrection. Parthian Jews, too, returned from keeping the Pentecost at Jerusalem to their own country, and carried with them Christian * convictions and experiences. This was about a hundred years before this prince went as a missionary to China, He was actively engaged in translation in that country from A.D. 147 to 170. Among the titles of the 95 books he translated, are some which appear in the "precious collection," such as "the book of unlimited age." He has two which treat of worlds of punishment (*Naraka*), which to the Buddhists are prisons, fiery hot, or icy cold, where every kind of torture is used.† This prince may be better judged, however, by a little tract translated by him, and still extant, and which teaches the vanity of all appearances, the misery of giving rein to the passions, the evil of greed, the happiness of poverty, the constant victory to be gained over the four evil ones, so as to escape the prisons of the metempsychosis. He also taught that true joy is to be found in acquiring wisdom, and in instructing and saving the lost. He enjoins the practice of pitying wicked men instead of hating them, of forgiving injuries, of avoiding worldly pleasure, while living in the world, always content with the monk's robe, the rice-bowl, and the time-beater which he uses when reciting his prayers. At the end he adds willingness to suffer for others as their substitute.

* It would be more correct, perhaps, to say "Gnostic," instead of "Christian" convictions. The Jews could be Gnostics without renouncing Judaism.—[ED.]

† Which, however, are all metaphorical expressions, whenever used. Buddhists have never believed in their philosophy in any Hell as a locality. Avitchi is a *state* and a condition, and the tortures therein are all mental.—[ED.]

On the whole, what this man taught in China was Christian morality in the Buddhist shape. The forgiveness of injuries, contentment, pity for men when they sin, suffering in the place of others, are very Christian.* But he personifies evil in a four-fold form. He is a thorough monk from habit and conviction, and a firm believer in the delusion practised upon our senses by all the forms of matter. Yet, in this point, the metaphysical doctrine is less to him than the moral danger and evil from contact with the world.

This prince was an adept in astrology, in medicine, and meteorology. He could find a meaning in the sounds uttered by birds and beasts. When walking, he would suddenly say, if a flock of swallows passed, "A swallow tells me I am to have food brought to me." Soon some messenger with food would arrive. He taught the doctrine of the pulse and the needle used in acupuncture, and could tell the disease from the colour of the patient. While he remained in his father's palace he kept the Buddhist vows, studied the *Sutras*, and practised almsgiving. On the death of the king his father, he resolved to resign his throne to his uncle, because the fictitious grandeur of the world was what he had no taste for. He entered a monastery, and gave himself up to the study of Buddhist philosophy. Going abroad to teach, he visited various countries, and at last reached China, where he remained permanently.

King Chosroes, who fought with Trajan, was succeeded about A.D. 122 by *Vologeses* his son, the second of that name, This *Vologeses* is thought to have died about A.D. 149, and at this point the succession is uncertain. The Chinese account in stating that the heir-apparent became a monk, leaving the succession to his uncle, adds details that are new to European history. This uncle would be *Vologeses* the third.

During the second and third centuries, other foreigners from the West and from India were engaged in China in translating books which taught the legend of the Western Heaven, and the other parts of Buddhist doctrine. It is quite possible for the opinions of Zoroaster to have been well known at that time to Chinese Buddhists, for Hindoo fire-worshippers often became Buddhists. One of the Hindoo translators who was in Nanking, the capital of the *Wu* Kingdom, in A.D. 224, was originally a fire-worshipper. When he was a lad in his old home in India, a Buddhist travelling monk came one night to ask for a lodging. Since the fire-worshippers hated the Buddhists he was told to sleep outside in the court. The Buddhist soon made use of his arts and extinguished the sacred fire without himself approaching it. The fire went out to the astonishment of the family after flaming up in a remarkable manner. They all came out and invited the monk to enter. He did so, and by the

* They are "Christian" only because Christianity has accepted them. All these virtues were taught and practised by Buddha 600 years B.C.; as other Chinese and Indian good men and adepts accepted and taught them to the multitudes thousands of years B.B., or before Buddha. Why call them "Christian," since they are universal?—[ED.]

use of his power caused the fire to rekindle. The lad saw this, became a believer in Buddhism, abandoned the religion of fire, and changing his mode of life adopted the monkish garb. He may have well been acquainted with the opinion on the resurrection held by Zoroaster and the fire-worshippers generally.

The form the doctrine takes is that given to it by the writers of the *Sutras*, and it is in harmony with the Hindoo metempsychosis. Heaven is in any Paradise inhabited by the *Devas*. Hell is any subterranean or other prison employed for the punishment of the wicked. The thirty-three heavens mean the heaven of *Shakra*, inhabited by *Devas* or angels who are favoured with great longevity, but are not immortal. While the population diminishes by death it is increased by new births from other worlds. So the earth's prison is divided into eighteen, adapted to punish the guilty in various ways according to their deserts. This view is part of a larger one which embraces six separate paths into which souls wander, or six retributory worlds, viz., heaven, the air occupied by giants, the world of men, the region of hungry ghosts, animals, and hell. This is a Hindoo conception as it stands, but it is not found in the *Vedas*, and the language of elaboration and definition is Buddhistic, while the metempsychosis belongs equally to all the other Hindoo schools. It is a national and not merely a Buddhist belief. We find in the *Nyaya* system that the cause of transmigration is in wrong notions which lead to stupidity and vice. Transmigration is one of the many evils which men bring on themselves by wrong notions. The *Sankhya* philosophy derives all evils suffered by mankind from the connection of man with nature. The *Vedanta* philosophy finds the origin of transmigration and other evils in God who is the cause of virtue and vice.*

Buddhism in its statement of the cause of transmigration finds it in a moral necessity of things, and being atheistic† it stops there. Retribution follows all actions by unseen fate compelling it.‡ Here it is that the human conscience utters its voice. Good actions are rewarded by happiness, and evil actions by misery. The force of Buddhist teaching in persuading mankind to accept it surely rested partly on this foundation, it appealed to human conscience as to whether sin is not wrong and deserving of punishment, or if it did not ask the question it assumed the fact, and no one contradicted it.

Indeed it may be said that the acceptance of transmigration by all the Hindoo systems shows that the Hindoo conscience is like that of the rest of the world, an index pointing to moral truth. Whether the

* The *Vedanta* philosophy finds nothing of the kind, nor does it teach of a God (least of all with a capital *G*). But there is a sect of Vedantins, the *Visishtadwaita*, who, refusing to accept *dualism*, have, *nolens volens*, to place the origin of all evil as of all good in Parabrahmam. But Parabrahmam *is not* "God" in the Christian sense, at any rate in the Vedanta philosophy.—[ED.]

† Atheistic, inasmuch as it very reasonably rejects the idea of any personal anthropomorphous god. Its secret philosophy, however, explains the causes of rebirths or "transmigration."—[ED.]

‡ This "unseen fate" is KARMA.—[ED.]

Hindoo systems known as the *Nyaya* and *Vedanta* which are theistic, or those known as *Sankhya* and Buddhistic which are atheistic, be consulted, all are at one on this point, they regard transmigration as a fact and as a just reward to every man according to his merit or demerit. It is a singular and interesting fact that conscience is here seen acting as the acknowledged umpire in questions appertaining to the moral sphere. The Hindoo sages found a harmony existing between nature without and conscience within, and never thought of questioning the facts offered by the use of the authority claimed by the others.

What Buddhism did in regard to the doctrine of a future life was to make it more definite so far as belief in the *Nirvana* would allow. In this, what was done by *Shakyamuni* was simply to state distinctly the popular view and endorse it by his authority in his exoteric teaching. In his exoteric instructions he taught the *Nirvana*. He was followed by his disciples in this kind of teaching till *Ashwagosha's* time, about A.D. 100, who was one of the early champions of the *Mahayana* school and a prime mover in the inculcation of the doctrine of the Western Heaven. *Ashwagosha*, called in Chinese *Ma ming pu sa*, wrote the *Shastra* called *Chi sin lun*, and in this argued that the legend of the Western Heaven was necessary on account of the weakness of men's minds. On their first learning Buddhist doctrines correct faith was difficult for them, and to reverence the Buddhas was impossible. In order to aid faith and to prevent falling back, you should know that Buddha has a most excellent aid. This aid in guiding and guarding the believing heart, consists in becoming entirely absorbed in thinking of Buddha, and in the desire to be born in a Buddha world in the West, to be there seen by Buddha, to leave all wicked doctrines for ever, and as the Sutra says, meditate exclusively on *Amida*, attain fixity in thought, a right purpose, steady progress, and the constant view of Buddha in the form of the body of the law.

Such is the statement of *Ashwagosha* as to the intention of the legend of *Amida*. It was to help in producing and strengthening faith.* It was an aid to the Buddhist teachers against scepticism and would prove valuable in their missions among new races not accustomed to Hindoo modes of thought. This appears to have been the object of the invention of the Western Heaven legend.

The occurrence of this passage in a book by *Ashwagosha* the twelfth patriarch, shows that the legend was quite anterior to the time of *Nagarjuna* or *Lungshu* the most prolific of Buddhist writers and the fourteenth patriarch. But its extensive adoption was the work of both, and of other eminent defenders of Buddhism in North Western India, Affghanistan, and countries near. In this there would be the influence of Christianity felt, not possibly in causing the first formation of the legend, but very probably in leading to its spread through the regions just mentioned, and also in the onward progress of the religion through

* Buddha preached against *blind* faith and enforced knowledge and reason.—[ED.]

Tibet and China in after years. It seems reasonable that so far as the Parthians were acquainted with Christianity in the early centuries, and the Persians of the Sassanide dynasty afterwards, the Buddhists would, being in close connection with them, become aware of Christian tenets. They would notice how much Christians were influenced by the hope of a future life, how it occupied their thoughts and made them superior to the fear of death! This would lead them to reason as did *Ma ming* in regard to the hope of future happiness in a world without sin as a means of increasing faith. The Apostle Peter is said to have preached the gospel in Parthia, and Bardesanes of Edessa, in the second century, states that Christianity had spread into Parthia, Media, Persia, and Bactria.*

The form of the legend, as it is partially dualistic, is more likely to have borrowed, if it borrowed at all, from Persian sources than Christian. Thus *Amitabha*, ruling in a world of light and holiness, is like *Ormuzd*. While *Shakyamuni's* world, filled with evil, and remaining after his great efforts still unpurified from sin and darkness, reminds of the world of *Ahriman*. But this is more likely to be accidental resemblance than positive borrowing.

The Persian persecution under Sapor took place in the fourth century. The martyrs were so numerous, and their faithfulness and constancy in the face of death so decided, that Christianity must have become widely known on their account, and a great impulse would be given thus to faith in a happy future life.

Although the shape of the Buddhist doctrine of a future life appears on the whole to be independent of Christian doctrine on the same subject, to which it was anterior by only a few years, yet the stimulus imparted by the many examples of Christian constancy in martyrdoms cannot very well have been without an effect upon the Buddhist missionaries, who spread this peculiar doctrine in Tartary and China as in other northern countries. The Buddhist change of front from the *Nirvana* to the promise of the Western Heaven may in this have been caused in no slight degree by their knowledge of the great power possessed by the Christians, in their hope of a happy existence hereafter.

Since we find a famous Buddhist author, about A.D. 100, explaining the advantage of faith in the Western Paradise as a help to devotion, and translations teaching the legend made into Chinese A.D. 167, we are not at liberty to regard the legend of the Western Heaven as borrowed

* It would be far more correct to say that it is the early Christians, or the Gnostics rather, who were influenced by Buddhist doctrines, than the reverse. All these ideas of Devachan, etc., were inculcated by Buddhism from the first. No foreign influence there, surely. It cannot be proved *historically*, that the "Apostle Peter" had preached the gospel in Parthia, not even that the blessed "Apostle," whose relics are shown at Goa, went there at all. But it is an *historical fact*, that a century before the Christian era, Buddhist monks crowded into Syria and Babylon, and that Buddhasp (Bodhisattva), the so-called Chaldean, was the founder of Sabism or *baptism*. And Renan, in his *Vie de Jesus*, says, that "the religion of multiplied baptisms, the scion of the still existent sect, named the 'Christians of St. John' or Mendœans, whom the Arabs call *el-Mogtasila* and Baptists. The Aramean verb *seba*, origin of the name *Sabian*, is a synonym of *βαπτιζω*."—[ED.]

from Christianity. The Buddhist view on this subject is, in fact, an expansion of the Hindoo universe of the metempsychosis made for argumentative purposes and to aid in promoting faith.

If we wish to go further back, we find that the Hindoo philosophical schools all, very singularly, believed in the metempsychosis, while a few centuries before in the later Vedic treatises it is found only in a rudimentary form. In those works there is language which implies that a man may go through a succession of deaths. Hindoo thinkers had begun to look on life as capable of repetition, but when the philosophical sects were founded, including Buddhism, in the seventh, sixth, and fifth centuries before Christ, the metempsychosis had become the universal belief of India. This change of opinion throughout India regarding the future state must be viewed in connection with the foreign intercourse caused by the very powerful Mesopotamian and Persian monarchies, as also the progress in navigation under Egyptian monarchs. The Persian Empire, B.C. 538 to 331, embraced North-Western India, and promoted intercourse between South-Western Asia and India by land. The communication by sea through the trade in Indian productions, and those of Ultra India, was always active between India and the Persian Gulf. This led necessarily to the residence in Indian seaports and at the courts and capitals of Rajahs, of Babylonian astrologers and diviners. These men would communicate the views held in the West on the future life, and it would be in this way that the Indians, predisposed by the Vedas to believe in a future state, would be led on to the adoption with astrology and the art of writing, of some of the Babylonian and Egyptian doctrines on cosmogony and the future state.* This helps to account for the striking contrast between Hindoo opinion on these matters in the Vedas and in the older books of Buddhism.

Ashwasgosha's principle must be steadily kept in view if we would understand the progress of Buddhist faith in India in those times Religious leaders held that an expanded universe was a help to faith They therefore in their writings invented such a universe and advocated it in their *Shastras* as of great utility. On the other hand primitive Christianity in its teaching on the future state was animated by faith in the doctrine, and not by considerations of utility. It would be impossible to find in any of the early Christian writings a parallel to the passage here given from the *Chi sin lun* of *Ashwagosha*.

Buddhism disbelieves the reality of the material universe, and invents at will a fictitious universe as an aid to faith. Christianity believes in the reality of the existing universe made known in nature, and of the future state made known in the Christian books of revelation.

The stand-point of the two religions is, therefore, wide as the poles asunder.

REV. JOSEPH EDKINS, D.D.

* There is one little impediment, however, in the way of such a "Weberian" theory. There is no *historical* evidence that the "Chaldean astrologers and diviners" were ever at the courts of Indian Rajahs *before the* days of Alexander. But it is a perfectly established historical fact, as pointed out by Colonel Vans Kennedy, that it was, on the contrary, Babylonia which was once the seat of the Sanskrit language and of Brahmanical influence.—[ED.]

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

THE first move was to send a large detachment to the frontier, where there was a great plain on which the army was to camp. Here it was anticipated that the first blows would be struck. The King and the General both went with this part of the army; and now Fleta was to go too. Everybody envied these lucky men, who were pretty certain to lose their lives, but would nevertheless be smiled on by the young queen; so wild are the sentiments of war when once roused. They were all awake in Fleta herself. She found a fierce relaxation in this excitement which had entered her veins and made her blood grow warm again; it was a reprieve, a rest from the terrible anxieties of her life, and it seemed to her as if it had perhaps just come in time to prevent the strain under which she was suffering from driving her mad. As the thought came into her mind she paused in what she was doing at the moment and raised her hands to her head. "It is possible," she said to herself, "it might have been a lifetime wasted in a mad-house. This war-fever has come as a rest; I will not let myself think while it lasts—I will take the passion and live in it." And so, with fresh vigour, she hurried the maids who were packing and arranging for her. The hour of starting from the city had not given her very long to get ready in; but she was more than punctual—she was in her place some minutes before she was expected. She stood up in her carriage to bow in answer to the enthusiastic greeting she received. By the side of the carriage rode a servant leading a very spirited young horse. It was Fleta's favourite, the one she had ridden to and fro from her garden house at home into the city; it had been brought with her to her new home. She had given orders that it was to accompany her now. Otto inquired why she had brought it; but she made no answer. The march was not a long one; it only lasted a day and a half. Fleta's carriage was closed when they started on the next morning; no one had seen her since they had camped for the night, not even Otto. Nor did anyone see her till the midday halt was called, when she stepped out of

her carriage, wearing a riding habit of very soft, fine, crimson cloth. Her non-appearance had somewhat dulled the spirits of the men; but now that they saw her, and dressed in this way, moving about among them, it was just as if the sun had suddenly burst out in the heavens, so the old General told her; and he begged her not to shut herself up again at once.

"I am not going to," cried Fleta, who seemed to be in her gayest and most gracious humour. "I am going to ride the rest of the way."

What a march that was, that afternoon! None of the men who survived the night could ever forget it; they talked of it afterwards more than of anything else. The slender figure in its crimson dress, riding so gaily between the King and the General, was a kind of load-stone to which all eyes were drawn. It was extraordinary to observe the swift subtle influence which Fleta exercised. Her presence inspired the whole troop, and the feeling everywhere was that of courage and success.

Late in the day, when the twilight began to fall, Fleta fell into a dim reverie. She was not thinking of anything in particular, her mind appeared to be veiled and asleep. She forgot to turn her face from one side to the other as she had done during the afternoon, firing the men with the light from her brilliant eyes. Her gaze was fixed before her, but unseeingly, and she simply rode on without thought. As it grew darker she became aware that something was happening around her; but so buried was she in the abyss of thought or imagination she had entered that she did not pause nor did she give her attention in any way. Possibly, she could not, for her eyes were as set and strange as those of a sleep-walker. She rode rapidly on through the gathering darkness, and at last her horse grew uncontrollably terrified and darted away at a tremendous pace. Fleta kept her seat, swaying lightly with the movements of the maddened horse, over whom she no longer attempted any guidance; indeed she let the reins fall from her hands, and simply grasped a handful of the long flying mane in order to steady herself.

A wild cry reached her ear at last, and roused her partly from the abstraction in which she was plunged. A wild cry, in a familiar voice and yet one that was unrecognisable from the terror that filled it. "Fleta! Fleta!" came to her on the wind. At the same moment her horse reared, stumbled and fell backward. He gave a shriek of agony as he did so that almost stunned Fleta's senses, it was so terrible. He was dead in another moment, for he had been shot, and mercifully the shot was immediately fatal. Fleta rose to her feet, and looking round her discovered the most extraordinary scene. She was right under the enemy's fire, and near her were only a few dying men and horses, who had been shot down in their attempt to fly in the direction in which

she had been riding. There was a blurred moon, half hidden by clouds, but enough light was given by it for Fleta to see very plainly that her own soldiers were flying from the scene in every direction; and also that the ground was cumbered with dead bodies, further back. She stood perfectly still, gazing round her in a kind of frozen horror; and she was still a target, for the shot fell all about her. But she seemed to bear a charmed life; and she stood unmoved. A horse, urged to its wildest pace, was approaching her with thundering hoofs; and the cry rang out again: "Fleta! Fleta!" Then in another moment the horse was at her side, stopped suddenly, and stood panting and trembling. Someone leaned down towards her. "Make haste, spring up behind me," cried a hoarse voice, thick with fear for her. She stared at the face. How long had she known those eyes? Had they not spoken love to her through ages? And yet they were strange to her now, for she had indeed forgotten the very existence of this man who loved her so dearly.

"You, Hilary!" she exclaimed.

"Spring up," he exclaimed. Don't you see you are being shot at? Make haste!"

She obeyed him, without any further words, and in another moment the great horse he rode was tearing away with them through the gloomy night.

When they were in moderate safety, Hilary slackened speed, for he knew that unless he was merciful to the horse now it would fail them later on.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE dawn broke in the sky at last, to Hilary's great relief; for he had had no easy task to guide the horse while it was dark. Now they could ride on quietly, and his greatest anxiety for the moment was allayed. In the strange stillness of the first few moments of the light he turned in his saddle and looked at Fleta. She returned his gaze very quietly, but she seemed preoccupied and absorbed in some hidden thoughts of her own. "Safe!" said Hilary aloud. He alone knew the torturing anxiety he had suffered about her, the frenzy of despair he endured when he saw her standing coolly beneath the fire of the enemy.

"O, you of little faith," said Fleta, with a smile.

"You might have been shot!" he answered, a quiver in his voice. "Your courage is indomitable, I know; but it is madness to stand as a target, not courage."

"I have some work to do yet," answered Fleta. "I am in no danger of death. You have buried all the knowledge you have ever acquired beneath so deep a crust, Hilary, that you cannot even find a little faith to work with."

She spoke in a tone of cool contempt, undisguised. It nettled Hilary,

whose irritable nature had suffered severely from the terrible anxiety he had been through.

"The shot has been hard at work on your men, the men you led on to their destruction, Fleta; and you don't even think of the poor wretches, apparently. I think you are utterly heartless."

"The men *I* led on?" exclaimed Fleta, in unfeigned amazement. "I wonder what you can mean?"

"Why, you know well enough. They would have turned and run away long before if you had not always kept ahead; for it was perfectly plain that nothing but destruction could come of going on. But the men would have followed you anywhere—they followed you to their death."

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed Fleta, "and I let myself go a thousand miles from that battle-field—I know absolutely nothing of what went on through the evening and night, Hilary, till you found me—absolutely nothing. Those deaths are on my soul, I know it—I do not try to evade it. But only through thoughtlessness. I was away on what was to me the first and chief work I had to do—I was out of my body the whole time. And that body, that mere animal, that physical presentment of me led these unfortunate men to death! What demon was it held the reins of my horse? It was not I—no, I was far away. If I had stayed, we should have won the battle."

Hilary was sobered and subdued by the extraordinary tone of excitement and the deep seriousness with which she spoke.

"Is that true?" he said. "Had you the power to win that battle?"

"No," answered Fleta, "for you see I have failed. I thought of one soul that I love, and forgot the many to whom I was indifferent. This is a fearful sin, Hilary, on the path I am treading. I must suffer for it. I failed for want of strength. I should have had patience till the battle was over."

"But," said Hilary, "perhaps we had to lose that battle."

"There was the national destiny to reckon with, I know," answered Fleta, "but I was strong enough, at one time to-day, to reckon with that. For you know very well, Hilary, that a being who has won power at such cost as I have can control the forces which rule the masses of men."

Hilary made no answer, but fell into a profound fit of thought.

"We must get to a town, and to a station, as soon as possible," said Fleta, presently. "We have a long way to go."

"Where are we going?" inquired Hilary. "I did not know we had any goal but to reach a place of safety."

"Safety!" said Fleta, impatiently.

"Well, where are we going then?" said Hilary, repeating his question with an air as if he were determined no longer to express surprise or even anxiety.

"To England," replied Fleta.

"England!" Hilary could not help repeating the word, this time with great surprise. "And why?"

"We have to find someone in England. At least, I have."

"It is my place to take care of you," said Hilary in a rather strained voice, as if he were endeavouring to control himself under great emotion. Fleta noticed it in spite of the fact that her thoughts were even now elsewhere——very far away from the country road they were traversing.

"Why do you speak so strangely?" she asked.

"Do I speak strangely?" said Hilary. "Well, I have been through a good deal to-night. I have seen you right under fire—that was enough by itself. But I was never on a battle-field before, and it is no light thing to see, for the first time, hundreds of men shot down." A faint sigh from Fleta interrupted him here, but he went on, apparently with an effort. "I have seen more—I saw someone with whom I had been very much associated shot, and die in agony."

Fleta leaned forward and looked into Hilary's face, putting her hand on his shoulder, and compelling him to turn towards her. To Hilary it seemed as if her eyes penetrated his brain and read all that was in it.

"I know," she said at last, very quietly yet with a vein of anguish in her voice that cut Hilary to the heart with grief for her grief. She let her hand drop from his shoulder and took her eyes from his face.

"I know," she said. "You need not tell me. 'Everything will crumble away from you, your friends, your king and your kingdom.' It has come, and come quickly. You spoke well, Etrenella. Otto is dead. And his death is at my door. My destiny sweeps on so fiercely that men die when their lives touch mine. It is horrible. 'Your friends,' too, she said. I think I have no friend, Hilary, unless I reckon you as the only one. I hardly know, for I think love in you drowns all friendship. Well, you will leave me, at all events, and that soon. And Otto is dead!"

She relapsed into thought or some mood of feeling which was so profound Hilary could not determine to address her; it required some courage to do so when she wore the severe and terrible look that was on her face now. What did it mean? Was it grief? Hilary had no idea. She was close to him, and he felt her form touch him with every movement of the horse. And yet she was as far removed as a star in the sky. She was an enigma to him, unreadable. That her words were unintelligible did not trouble him; he often found it impossible to follow her as she talked. But he resented this heavy veil which fell between them, and left him a whole world away from her, so far that he knew she was unconscious even of his physical neighbourhood. Could he ever make her feel him? Could he ever make her love him? This heart-breaking question seemed to come upon him as one quite new, and also

as one unanswerable. He forgot how long he had been striving to win her love—he only knew that now, this moment, his need of it had become a thousand-fold intensified. He succumbed to the pain with which he became conscious that his love was a hopeless one—for how could he make this star, this creature so far removed from any ordinary forms of life, how could he make her give him any part of her heart? And so they went on, each buried in sad thought, and removed from each other by a wide gulf. For Fleta's soul was set on one great thought, one all-absorbing aim; it rose up and obscured all else, even the memories of the horrors of the night, just as it had obscured them when they were actually happening.

And that thought was of the star of her life, the other soul towards which all her existence was set. Ah, unhappy child of the lofty star! Why is it that your human nature must drag you back to the dark place of feeling where the great light is invisible and only another soul, an individual life, can shine to you with any powerful brilliance? Fleta felt herself tottering—knew her soul to be standing on the brink of a terrible abyss. But one thoughtless step, and she would find herself loving as other women love—adoring, concentrating all thought on the object of adoration, and so limiting the horizon of her life to the span of that other's soul and intellect. Suddenly a quiver passed through Fleta's form which shook her like an aspen. "Is it true what Etrenella said?" she was asking herself. "Do I already love him? Is the fate on me, not merely a thing possible to happen? And was he, too, that great one, on the verge of this abyss, so that he needed but one touch? Is it possible to fall from such a height?" This she thought of with a deep shame, sadness and humility. For though her own heart was being torn by a fierce human longing, yet she knew well what standard of selflessness was required of the members of the White Brotherhood; and she felt Ivan's possible failure to be a thing inconceivably greater than her own, so much greater that the idea awed and shamed her even in the midst of her longing. The idea of Ivan was a religious one to her; the thought of his failure was to her as the thought of sacrilege. So that she got not one gleam of joy from the thought that possibly he might have learned to love her. Not one gleam—strange though it may sound, when she had reached a state of feeling in which his image filled all space and stood alone. For she understood, in her sad heart, that to love her would be to him despair and pain, while to her it would mean endless remorse, should she be the instrument to drag him from his high estate. Such was her folly—so deep the delusion she was plunged in! A deep sigh escaped her, so deep that it made Hilary turn to look at her face; but no answering look came to him, and he turned away again. Thus they went on till they reached the neighbourhood of a small town.

"We can take the train from here," said Hilary. "But I do not see how to get into the town while you wear that dress. I don't know

whether we are safe here or not. Can you think of any way to get some different dress?"

He stopped the horse and Fleta sprang to the ground. She discovered now that she was roused, how tired she was.

"I must have some breakfast before I even try to think," she answered, "let us go to the nearest house and beg food first of all."

She set off on foot without waiting for any answer. Hilary followed her, leading the tired horse. For some distance she hurried on, with quick steps, then stopped by a gate in a thicket hedge. The house was invisible, Hilary had no idea there was one there. But Fleta used finer senses than those which men usually employ; she had followed her instinct, as we say when we speak disparagingly of the animals, creatures still possessed of actual knowledge because their development has not yet brought them within the light of intellect which, like a powerful lamp, makes darkness deeper beyond the reach of its rays. Fleta opened the gate and entered, not staying to think but obeying her instinct; she walked up a narrow pathway thickly bordered by flowers which shone and glittered with the morning dew. This path seemed to end in nothing but a thicket of trees. Yet under these trees when she reached them, lay a widening way which turned suddenly aside; and the entrance to a tiny cottage was marked by two grand yew trees. Fleta stopped suddenly, clasped her hands together, and it seemed as if she breathed either a prayer or a thanksgiving. Hilary had reached her side by now, having fastened his horse at the gateway and hastened after her. He was puzzled that she did not advance, and asked her why she paused.

"My fate," she said, "is for the moment blended with the fate of the noble one I go to. I have only just understood this; and I understand also that this can only continue while I think and feel without any dark shadow of selfishness in my thoughts and feelings."

"What makes you say this now?" asked Hilary, controlling a certain impatience that rose within him at what seemed to him complete irrelevance. But he now knew enough of Fleta to feel that if he could see and hear as she saw and heard she would never seem irrelevant.

"What makes me say it? A very simple thing. I have committed a great crime in this murderous thoughtlessness of mine; a crime which must be punished sooner or later by Nature's immutable laws. Is it likely then that of my own fate I should encounter, in the moment of need, with a servant of the White Brotherhood? No; it is the fate of that other whose servant I am. That you may never again be so ignorant I tell you this—that yew trees mark the entrance to the home of every one in the world who is pledged to the service of the silver star. And why?—because the yew tree has extraordinary power and properties. Come, let us go in."

They went on, Fleta leading the way. The cottage door stood wide

open. Within was the most simple and primitive interior of the country. The cot evidently consisted of but two rooms, one behind the other; in the further one all domestic work was done. In the larger, the one into which the front door opened, the resident slept, and lived, and dined, and studied. This last was an unusual characteristic of peasants, and therefore one unusual feature appeared in the room—a small shelf of books, the volumes being very old. No one was in the house; two glances were sufficient for the search of the rooms. Fleta after these two glances, went straight to a corner cupboard and opened it. Before Hilary had quite recovered from his surprise at this, she had half laid the table, putting first on it a white cloth and then producing cheese and bread and milk, and a jar of honey.

"Come," she said. "This is food freely given us. Let us eat."

Without staying to question her assurance, as he might have done had he been less hungry, Hilary sat down and assisted with a great sense of comfort in this impromptu meal.

They had appeased the first pangs of hunger when a shadow suddenly darkened the doorway.

"It is you!" cried Fleta in a tone of the greatest amazement.

Hilary, who was sitting with his back to the door, started and turned round. He recognised immediately, in spite of the peasant dress he wore, the priest, Father Amyot.

CHAPTER XX.

"YES," said Father Amyot. "Are you surprised to see me?"

"I am, indeed," replied Fleta, slowly.

"Then you are losing knowledge fast. Can you have forgotten that there are duties to perform at the death of even a blind slave of the Great Brotherhood, much more so of one who actually has taken an elementary vow?"

Fleta looked at him as he spoke with the same puzzled air she had worn since his entrance. Then suddenly she cried out, "Ah, you mean Otto!" and suddenly, leaning her head on her hands, burst into a passion of tears.

Hilary felt numbed, as if some blow had struck him dumb. He had never seen Fleta weep like this—he had never conceived it possible she could do so. He had come to regard her self-reliance and immoveable composure as essential and invariable parts of her character. And now, at the mention of her dead husband's name, she broke down like a child, and wept as a woman of the people might weep when reminded of her widowhood.

But it was only a fierce, passionate storm, that passed as quickly as it came. With a quick movement Fleta rose from her bowed attitude, and started to her feet. Amyot's eyes, a great severity in them, had been

fixed on her all the while. He now held out his hands, both filled with flowering herbs, a vast bunch of them.

"Who is to do this?" he asked. "You know what it is."

Fleta looked at the delicate little flowers and shuddered.

"Yes, I know what it is," she answered in a voice of pain. "I shall do it. That work is mine. I am grateful to you for meeting me here, and checking me in my selfish folly. I am grateful to you for already having done so much of the work."

She advanced towards him, and, with bowed head, like a penitent, she took the herbs into her own hands. Father Amyot surrendered them, without any further word. Then he crossed the narrow floor and stood in front of Hilary.

"Your mother," he said, "is ill, very ill; and her sufferings are greatly increased because of her anxiety about you. It is your business to go to her.

Hilary did not reply, but turned his head and looked at Fleta. Amyot answered the gesture. "She is my charge," he said.

Thoughts came with an unwelcome swiftness into Hilary's mind. Father Amyot would not only be as devoted an attendant upon Fleta, but one far more fitted; and he had moreover mysterious powers at command which Hilary lacked. He knew all this in a second of thought. And then came the wild outcry of his heart, "I will not leave her!" and the desperate pang of knowing it to be the wrench from Fleta which made his duty impossible. More than once had he left her in anger and vowed never to return to her; yet he found himself always at her feet again, helpless, hungry, unable to live without her voice and her presence. Poor human soul that lives on love and passion, and mingles the two so that one cannot be told from the other. But this it is, this mixture of the beast and the god, the animal and the divine, which is humanity. A hard place to live through truly; but once we were as innocent as the gentle brutes, and later we shall be pure as our own divinity. But the blur has to be lived through and learned from, as the child has to go through youth to manhood, and in that space of youth learn the powers and arts which make manhood admirable.

And Hilary was learning this fierce lesson at its hardest point. For the facet of the many-sided soul of man which is turned most nearly on his earth-life is that of desire. Sex is its most ready provocative; and so the world goes on without pause, the creation of forms being the easiest task for man. Then come the hundred-eyed shapes of desire, filling the soul with hunger of all sorts; making even the tender mother's love into a passion because it asks return and knows not how to give generously unless it is repaid by love for love.

Hilary did not answer Amyot, or ask any further question. He accepted the truth of his news and the reasonableness of his command without doubt. For Amyot had been the example of a saintly life and

a holy character in the city which was Hilary's birth-place ever since he could remember.

He did not hesitate about obedience. He rose from his chair ready to depart, and to yield Fleta up to the priest's guardianship. But he did not know how to go without one word, or look, or touch, from the woman he worshipped—yes, worshipped, in spite of the fierce efforts he had himself made to tear himself from her. He knew now, as he stood for a long minute gazing at her, that he had been held high in hope and delight at the idea of being the companion of her flight, of shielding her, so far as he could, from the dangers of her path, even though the object which she pursued actually separated them and destroyed all sympathy. He advanced a step nearer to her.

"Good-bye," he said, in a choked voice; "you don't need me now."

Fleta turned and looked at him, and a sudden deep softness passed into her face and added deeply to her beauty.

"You know that I need you always," she said quietly, yet with a ring of sadness in her voice that seemed to touch Hilary to the very soul. "I have told you so; you do know it, Hilary. Because duty separates us for a while do not look at me like this, as if you were leaving me for ever. That can never be, Hilary, unless you forcibly separate your destiny from mine. We were born under the same star. Willingly we had entered on the same fate. Try to look afar and recognise the great laws which govern us, the vast area of life in which we have to move, and then you will not suffer like this for a mere sorrow of the moment. It is like a child with whom the grief for a broken toy becomes so great that it seems to blot out all the possibilities of his future life. So with you, Hilary; you let your passion and longing of the passing moment blot out the giant way you have to tread. Do not be so delayed!"

She spoke this little sermon-like reproof with so much gentleness and tenderness, that it robbed it of that appearance, and Hilary, who had often resented her words before, did not resent them now. The tender look within her beautiful eyes touched him in some obscure place of feeling, which, until now, she had never reached. A deep sadness seemed to suddenly come upon him like a wave; for the first time a dim sense reached him of the fact that it was not Fleta who refused him her love, but fate, inexorable and without appeal, which forbade it to him. It was not Fleta's to give—and yet had her soul melted towards him. He saw it in her eyes, he heard it in her voice! What was this tenderness? He could not tell; but he knew it was not the love he desired, and a fierce grief, a devouring sadness, took possession of his heart—never again to be dislodged, though it might be, perhaps, forgotten in the absorption of work. It was the first yielding of himself to the fates, the first giving up of all hope of joy which was possible to him in ordinary life.

With a heavy sigh he passed out of the cottage without any word of farewell. Then he stood for a moment outside, stupefied at his own

barbarism. "Because it hurts me to say good-bye, I leave her without a word, like a savage!" He flung himself back to the doorway.

"May you have peace, my queen," he said. Fleta looked up from the flowers in her hands. He saw that starry tears stood shining in her eyes. She only smiled, but the smile was so sweet that it was enough. Hilary hurried away, not pausing another moment lest his courage should forsake him.

Amyot followed him.

"Can you walk," he asked, "or are you worn out?"

"Not as far as walking is concerned," answered Hilary. "It will be the best thing for me."

"Then leave us the horse. He is spent now, but will recover with a day's rest. There is a cart here in which I can harness him, and so carry the queen. It will be better so, for we must keep in the country and go a long way before we can take any other kind of conveyance. But you have only to walk into the next village, where you will find a diligence starts which will take you on your way home."

"Tell me which way to turn," said Hilary, as he stood at the gate. Amyot gave him directions, and then, just as Hilary was starting, caught his shoulder in a strong grip.

"My son," he said, "I have tried to teach you religion. I want to teach you that there is something beyond all religions, the divine power which creates them, the divine power of man himself. It is in you, it is strong and powerful, else you could not be loved as you are. Grasp it, make it part of your consciousness. You must suffer, I know; but try to forget that. Growth in itself is sometimes scarcely distinguishable from pain. Go, my son, and face the duties of your life. And remember when you are in need of knowledge, that your one-time confessor is known to you now as the humble servant of great masters; come to me if you want help."

"And how," inquired Hilary, who was outside the gate, but pausing to listen to the priest, "am I to find you?"

Amyot drew a ring from his finger. A single stone of a deep yellow colour was set in a gold circlet.

"Never use it for any other purpose," he said, "but if you really need me, look intently into that stone. Good-bye."

He went back up the narrow pathway to the cottage; and Hilary started on his walk.

Fleta stood between the yew trees of the doorway.

"I am ready," she said with an abstracted air, as he approached her.

"I will leave you," he answered. "You know your work better than I do; I must attend to the horse, and to other matters. At sundown we will start. I know a straight way which will enable us to reach the spot we want when the moon has risen."

Fleta retired into the cottage and closed and fastened the door. She would be alone here now for some hours. But she had plenty to do which would occupy her; and she commenced at once upon her task.

It would have puzzled anyone who could have observed her now, that she seemed to be completely at home in the cottage. She opened certain well-concealed cupboards and put her hand unhesitatingly upon vessels or other things she might need, even though these were hidden in dark recesses.

But there was nothing extraordinary in this after all, for these cottages which have yew trees at the porch are all built after a certain fashion and adapted for certain purposes; once having been shown the uses of such a place one is the same as another. And Fleta had several times been in these obscure sanctuaries and knew well their contents. She passed on into the room beyond, and here by a few touches effected an extraordinary transformation. The little kitchen, which had the appearance of the very simplest peasant's kitchen possible, was altered by a certain rearrangement of its furniture, a putting away of certain vessels and bringing forth of others, into a primitive holy of holies containing a plain altar. Over this altar a strangely-shaped copper vessel hung above a vase of burning spirit. And in this copper vessel a liquid of dark colour boiled and threw up a white scum. Fleta had obtained this liquid out of various great glass jars, securely stoppered and hidden in a secret cupboard. She had taken different quantities from the several jars, deciding these quantities with no hesitation. Only sometimes pausing, with her hand to her forehead, before commencing some new part of the business she had in hand, as though anxiously testing her memory. And indeed this was necessary, for the least mistake would cause great loss and suffering, not for herself, but another—and that other, one to whom she owed a serious duty.

When the liquid had thrown up a quantity of scum which Fleta had carefully taken from it, and had become almost clear, she began to throw in the herbs which Father Amyot had gathered. These she had sorted and arranged in various heaps upon the altar; and now she gathered one here and one there from the heaps, seemingly taking each one up with a definite purpose. As she threw each small and delicate flower or leaf into the seething liquid she became more and more enrapt and her face grew unlike its natural self. Gradually her movements between the different bunches took a dancing or rythmic character, and she began to sing in a very low, almost inaudible voice. The rapidity of her movements increased and they also became more complicated, so that at last the dance had acquired a perfectly marked character. When the last of the herbs was cast in she whirled away from the altar and plunged at once into the most fantastic and elaborate figures. Her consciousness seemed altogether gone, or so one would have fancied from the death-like expressionlessness of her face; but yet her eyes

were kept always fixed on the deep recess of the chimney, where now a great volume of grey smoke was ascending from the vessel.

Suddenly she stopped and became quite motionless, standing in the front of the altar. To her eyes there was a shape now visible amid the grey smoke.

CHAPTER XXI.

STANDING there in silence and alone, Fleta awaited the complete working of the spell. Its fruition needed a deep and profound quiet following upon the vibration of the air which she had artfully produced.

The whole of the little room seemed full of a grey smoke now. And then the shape her eyes perceived stood close in front of her.

"It is thou?" she demanded.

"At your bidding I am here," answered a voice, which seemed to come from a long distance. "But it is torment. Why do you call me?"

"Come nearer," was the answer, spoken in so positive a tone that no demur from the command seemed possible. Nor was there any. In another moment the shape which had seemed but a darker cloud of smoke became definite, and Otto, the dead king, stood before her, dressed as he had been for battle, and with his face covered with blood from a wound in his head.

"Let me go," he said angrily; "you bring me back to the pains of death. I want rest and pleasure. There is a pleasant place which I had nearly reached—let me return there. Why torment me?"

"I torment you," replied Fleta, in an even voice, "because I have to keep you from that place of pleasure where the spirits of the dead waste ages in enjoyment. This is not for you, who have taken the first vow of the White Brotherhood. Unceasing effort is now a law of your being. If you go to that place of pleasure you will enjoy, but never fully, for a voice within will always be warning you of your wasted strength. You are no longer of those who pass from earth to Heaven. You have entered on the great calling—consciously you work for the world, consciously you have to learn and grow. I would be willing to warn you only, that in Heaven every cup of pleasure would be to you poison, and let you choose. But I cannot do that. I am no longer your wife, nor even to you one you love, or a friend. At this moment we stand in our true relation; you a neophyte of the Great Order, bound only by its earliest vow, yet bound inexorably; I, a neophyte also, but having passed all early initiations and standing at the very door of supreme knowledge. To you I am as a master. And I am, in fact, an absolute master at this moment, for it is the whole Brotherhood which speaks in my voice. I command you to take no rest in any

paradise or state of peace, but to go unflinchingly on upon your path of noble effort ; enter at once again upon earth life, and set yourself in humility and with unflinching courage to learn the lesson that earth life teaches. Go, soul of the dead, and become once more the soul of the living, entering on your new life with the resolution that during it you will take the next vow of the neophyte."

She had raised her left hand in a gesture of command as she spoke the latter part of her speech. The gesture was a peculiar one, and full of an extraordinary unconscious pride almost Satanic in its strength. The shade drew back before it and made no further protest. Some overpowering spell seemed to hold his will in check. As her last words were uttered the form became merged in the grey smoke. Fleta flung up both hands and waved them above her head. The cloud cleared away from her, and slowly the smoke began to disappear altogether from the room. Fleta threw herself upon the ground with an air of complete exhaustion, and lay there, as still as though she too were one of the dead. The time passed on, and all the little house remained still and silent. The quiet was intense. At last Fleta sighed ; a sigh of great weariness and sadness. She moved a little, and presently raised herself, with some difficulty as it seemed. But she did it, and then, standing up, looked round the room. She was faint and dizzy, and her great beauty had paled and grown dim. But she sustained herself by resolute will for the tasks which lay before her. They were heavy ones, as she well knew, and she had not recovered herself in any measure from the ordeal of the past night ; but this only intensified her resolution.

It was dusk now, and she could but just see to re-arrange the little room so that it should again present its ordinary appearance. The full day had gone in the effort she had made. She set about removing all traces of it, and when this was done she went through the front room, opened the door of the house and passed out into the air. This seemed to be a great relief to her. She stood for a while beneath the yew trees breathing the soft air of the twilight as if it gave her life. While she stood thus Father Amyot came up the pathway. He gave her a keen searching glance.

"You are ready to go?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am ready to go."

She turned back into the house and stood hesitating a moment on the threshold.

"Shall I wear this dress?" she asked doubtfully, looking down at her scarlet habit.

"No," he answered. "I have a peasant's dress for you. It is outside, in the cart, which is ready to take us. I will fetch it for you, and you had better lay aside that dress at once. Indeed, I think, if you will give it me I will bury it so that it shall be safely concealed."

When all this was done, Amyot led the way to the gate where the

horse Hilary had ridden stood harnessed to a small peasant's cart. Some of the horses which had run riderless from the battle-field were taken care of and used by the peasants, so Amyot hoped that using this horse would not attract any attention. The animal usually used in the cart was a small mule, and he was anxious to do what they had to do more quickly than they could if they drove this.

They got into the cart and drove off, retracing the steps that Fleta had come on the previous night. To any passer-by they would at the first glance wear all the appearance of two ordinary peasants ; and yet only the dullest could have avoided a second glance at the strange faces ; Father Amyot's so skeleton-like, so spiritual in expression, Fleta's so beautiful, and so full of the marks of absorbing thought.

It was not until quite late at night that they reached the battle-field. The moon was at its full, and shone in a clear pale sky, lighting up the ghastly scene with terrible vividness. Father Amyot fastened the horse to a tree when they had come to the spot he wished to reach ; and then they set out on foot searching among the dead.

Presently Amyot, looking up, saw that Fleta was walking steadily on in a definite direction ; he immediately gave up his general search, and followed her.

Her steps did not falter at all, and Father Amyot had to walk very rapidly in order to reach her side. When he was close beside her he looked into her face, and saw there the abstract expression common, as a rule, only to sleep-walkers. He appeared at once quite satisfied, dropped his eyes to the ground and simply walked as she walked. He was roused, after some half hour, or perhaps a little less, by Fleta's stopping quite suddenly. She passed her hand over her face, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Well," she said, "I have found it!"

She looked down, as she spoke, on to a confused mass of human bodies which lay at her feet. In the heap, easily distinguishable at a glance, was the young king's figure ; it looked heroic and superb as it lay there, the arms spread wide, the face upturned to the sky, and on the face was an expression which had never been on it during life, one of profound peace, of complete contentment.

Fleta dropped on her knees and looked at the face for a long moment, but still, only a moment. Then she quickly rose and turned to Amyot.

"Now," she said, "what is to be done? Must we carry him into the woods?"

"No need for it," said Amyot. "This spot is the loneliest in the world just now. No one will visit this battle-field at night. There is a spot there, see, where the shrubs grow thickly."

"Be it so," said Fleta. "But we must make a circle to keep away the phantoms and ghouls."

"You can do that quickly enough," answered Amyot. "I will carry him there first."

Fleta stood back. She would very willingly have helped in the task, but she knew that Amyot, who looked so worn that most persons imagined him to be very frail, was in reality a perfect Hercules. He had undertaken physical labours and achieved heroic efforts, which only a man of iron frame could have lived through. Fleta knew this well, and therefore gave her sole attention to her own special part of the task they had in hand. Having watched Amyot separate the body of the young king from those of the soldiers and officers it lay among, she moved away to the shrubbed space Amyot had pointed out. Here there lay no bodies of horses or men; partly perhaps because it was somewhat raised above the surrounding ground and partly also because of the shrubs. She stood for a short time in the centre of the spot; remained there almost motionless until Amyot, carrying his heavy burden, was close beside her. "Lay it there," she said, pointing to a piece of rough ground where there were scarcely any shrubs and which was almost in the centre of the shrubby space. Amyot laid the young king down, gently enough, but letting the weight of the body crush beneath it the few plants which were in its way. Fleta came near and bent over the prostrate figure. She did not close the eyes, which with most persons is the first instinctive action. She left them open, staring strangely at the moonlit sky. But she raised his hands and clasped them together on his breast. As she did so she noticed the signet ring on his finger. She looked at it for a moment and then drew it off and placed it on her own finger above her wedding-ring.

"I was your queen for a day only," she said, "but never your wife. Still, this is mine. You had no other queen; and alas, poor Otto I think, had no other love. Poor Otto! to love such a woman as I am, who has no heart to give you back!"

She fell on her knees by the side of the figure, and buried her face in her hands. Scarcely a moment had passed before Amyot touched her on the shoulder. She looked up and saw him standing, tall and gaunt, more like a spectre than a man, at her side.

What was that strange look on his face? Was it horror or disgust at this fearful magical rite in which she was engaged?

"Beware," he said, "this is no time for emotion. I speak knowingly, for could I kill out the feelings of my soul I should not be the slave I am. You run a thousand-fold risk in yielding to them now, when you have but just defied the demons that throng this battle-field. Rise up and be yourself and keep them back; else you may be overpowered, yes, even you, a chosen child of the White Star."

Why did he speak these words with such ironic emphasis? She could not stay to conjecture; her chosen work lay before her.

Fleta rose without a word, and without any hesitation. Her face

changed; the softer lines gave place to strong ones; a fierce vigour shone from her eyes, which but a moment before had held tears in them.

She looked round her with a haughty glance, as a princess might look on a rough mob which threatened to close in upon her; yet to the ordinary sight there was nothing visible in the flooding moonlight but the motionless forms of the dead men and horses who lay intermingled in so ghastly a manner. Fleta smiled a little as she turned from side to side.

"Stand you here, father," she said, "keep watch on this spot.

She went slowly from him, moving very easily; yet it was evident after a little while that she was guiding her steps so as to form a figure. It was a complex figure, and Amyot, watching her, though he knew well what it was her movements shaped, wondered at the ease with which she did it. In fact she had forgotten her body; the magic figure was written in her mind, and her footsteps followed the lines which lay before her inner sight.

As she moved she sang, in a sort of monotone, some words which Amyot could not hear, close though he was to her; and every now and then flung out her arms with an imperious gesture. At least, when she had moved all round and returned to the place from which she had begun to move, she drew the signet ring from her finger, and described some shape in the air before her with it.

"Are you willing for the torment?" she asked. She kept her eyes fixed on the ring, and whence she drew her answer Amyot could not tell; but evidently she was satisfied, for a moment later she said: "Be it so."

Then she stepped to Amyot's side, and drawing a jewelled box which hung by a chain from her waist, into her hands, she opened it and took out a primitive flint and steel. Amyot stood like a statue, apparently absorbed in thought or in prayer, while she struck a light and set the shrubs and dying ferns on fire. At first no flame came, and it seemed as though no fire could be kindled in the green wood; and Fleta, starting up, spoke some fierce words as she struck a light afresh. Then the flame rose and leaped from side to side; and in a few minutes there was a great blaze. Fleta stood with her hands over it, seeming to draw it hither and thither and always leading it towards the body of the young king. And as the tongue of flame touched him and licked his face, a strange thing happened. It seemed as though the fiery contact had galvanised the body, for it half rose and a strange groan broke the deadly silence. But this was all. The head and shoulders fell back into a lake of fire, and silence followed, save for the noise made by the fire itself. The two living forms stood perfectly still watching the horrid sight, till Fleta at last moved, turned towards Amyot and said: "We may go now."

She led the way quickly from tha fiery ground; but suddenly stopped as she reached the line of the figure she had made.

"What am I to do?" she said wildly. I cannot go on! I am not strong enough to meet these devils! See Otto himself stands here waiting to kill me."

"Otto himself!" repeated Amyotlin a voice of amazement.

"No, no," said Fleta hurriedly. "Not Otto, but that animal part of himself which I have separated from him. Now I have to deal with it. Ah, but it wears his very shape and face—Amyot, it is awful."

"*You* a coward!" said Amyot in a tone of disdain and disbelief.

"But do not hurry me on!" exclaimed Fleta. "I must have time to think, to know how to meet this. Do you not see that this fiend has power to dog my steps?"

"You must go on," said Amyot, "unless you would die a miserable death. The fire is close on us. Have you power to check it?"

Fleta looked back and uttered one word in an accent of despair.

"No," she said.

"Neither have I," said Amyot. "I am willing to stay with you and die, if there is no other course for you."

"Oh, it would be so much the easiest," said Fleta, "but I cannot. How is it possible? My life is not my own. Ivan needs me. No, I must go on. But how can I quell this monster, this animal which stands here? Am I to be killed by a ghoul if I escape the fire?"

As she spoke the fire leaped up and caught her cloak, and rushed upon her right arm. She sprang forward and flung herself into a great pool of blood, which quenched the fire, while Amyot, snatching his cloak from his shoulders, threw it upon her, and pressed out the sparks.

"Rise up," he said hoarsely. "Come on, now that you have decided. The fire is spreading quickly."

"It will not go far," said Fleta, in a strange, feeble voice; "there is too much blood." But she rose up as she spoke. What a figure was this standing there in the moonlight? Even Amyot, whose eyes were always turned inward, looked wonderingly at her. In the white light her beauty was more extraordinary than ever it had seemed in a brilliantly-lit room. Her face was perfectly white and her eyes shone like blazing stars. She held out, to gaze at it, the cruelly burned arm, all stained most horribly with blood.

"I cannot restore that," she said, with a strange smile.

"It is the mark of the deed you have just done," said Amyot. "Perhaps that disfigurement may gain you admission when next you try to enter the Great Order."

Fleta made no reply, but turned and walked rapidly away, Amyot following her quickly and silently.

(To be continued.)

ULTIMATE PHILOSOPHY.*

THOSE interested in the philosophy which, for lack of a better name, we style Hylo-Ideaism (or for sake of euphony Hylo-Idealism), as connoting the continuity of Ancient and Modern Thought, certainly owe a debt of gratitude to LUCIFER, for the generous manner in which its columns have been opened for the consideration of this most vital, but at present unpopular and grossly misunderstood question ; † and, if I may be allowed to trespass yet a little further on your valuable space, I will endeavour to finally clear the matter of all misunderstanding.

Now I must at the outset allow in the fullest manner possible that in this argument absolute consistency of expression cannot be expected from us, in view of the great difficulties with which we have to cope. To begin with, we must, to be understood, address prospective converts in their own language, and this does not at all fit. For when for the moment we take their special ground, and, attempting to reach our position from theirs, make use for the moment of their language and ideas, we constantly have these make-shift and afterwards repudiated concessions mistaken for our own position (!), as for instance when your reviewer ‡ cuts my argument in the middle, and, disregarding my hedging on the next page, blames me for my temporary and accidental use of the word "light-wave." Another difficulty consists in a general mistake regarding the aim and scope of our argument; our hearers not only persistently attempting to grasp by comprehension that which can only be touched by apprehension, but thinking that this is what we wish them to do. For, be it marked, we cannot directly address one another's apprehension (which is simple non-understood perception), but only through the medium of comprehension (understanding), to which all our arguments must be addressed, and it is therefore exceedingly difficult to show that we are *not* really attempting to solve or concentrate the problem in that sphere at all, but, in a word, to simply persuade each to apprehend that the whole matter entirely passes comprehension. Then again there is the misunderstanding that consolidation in the *ego* means destruction of something that *was* beyond, instead of simply being the realization of the fact that this "something" *never was* beyond—hence still remains what it always was, and is to be treated accordingly. Because, for instance, an idea *is* only an idea, it is no reason for its abandonment *as idea*.§ Misconceptions of this character blight all argument, and obviously render the satisfactory conveyance of thought from one mind to another a task difficult in the extreme. I must therefore crave the utmost indulgence when I appear ot be trying to out-think my own *ego* in order to prove that it cannot be so out-thought.

* The "last," however, are not always *the first*—on this plane of existence, whatever may be the case in "Heaven." [ED.]

† Mr. Carlyle, *e.g.* (see Journal for January 1870), after gross abuse of its founder, brands it as "*the jubilant howl of the hyæna on finding the universe to be actually carrion.*"

‡ See review of pamphlet, "The New Gospel of Hylo-Idealism," in December Number of LUCIFER.

§ *Ex. g.* Because "you" is merged in "I," does not alter the fact of the idea, and therefore "you" is still consistently incorporated in argument, and the seeming paradox of attempting to convert a repudiated "you" thereby explained.

For the issue between us is in brief as to what can be reasonably assumed or proved beyond the "I am," viz. the conscious existence of the *ego*. *This is the issue, the only issue, and the whole issue at stake.* To grant the *ego* is to assume existence, the possibility of which assumption necessitates consciousness (sensation). And it needs but to grasp the full signification of the word consciousness, to see at a glance the drift of the whole argument. I am bound to play upon some word, and I have my choice of several—in this instance let me use the word consciousness. Now is there *(to me)* * aught beyond consciousness?† If there is, give me a larger name, good critic, and let me use that instead—I wish a word which shall include the whole sum of personal existence. I need but one simple equation for the sake of argument. Let "I am"=consciousness—or "sensation" or any other word you please, so that it includes all thought, feeling, desire, or fancy, in short all connected with the *ego* in itself. ‡

It needs now but to state the question, in order to prove the validity of the Hylo-Ideaistic position. Can I in myself be conscious beyond myself? That is to say, can thought out-think the thinker, feeling out-feel the feeler, or dream out-dream the dreamer? To be conscious beyond myself is to exist beyond myself, that is to say "I am"="I am not!" *Ego*=I am: *non-ego*=I am not:—and to suppose that there can be the slightest relationship between the two, between the "I am" of reasonable apprehension and the mere meaningless absurdity ("I am not"!) is to suppose an idea worthy only of Bedlam.§ Self cannot transcend self, and the *ego* conceiving a "beyond" only through its own medium and according to its own measure does not go "beyond" at all. That which is conceived by me is part of me—if not, by what means have I transcended my own consciousness? How can I be self and yet *not* self at the same time?‖ How have I reached the "beyond"—how, yes, HOW? The line may not be taken up in the imaginary beyond and traced inwards, for this is assuming the point in question; but, to disprove my position, the oparation of consciousness must be fairly taken at its beginning, *within* consciousness and traced *outwards—i.e.*, outside itself!

For expressions such as "self being but dim reflection of the universal soul

* For the moment I use the phrase "to me," afterwards shown to be quite superfluous.

† Most decidedly not. "There is naught *beyond consciousness*," a Vedantin and a Theosophist would say, because Absolute Consciousness is infinite and limitless, and there is nothing that can be said to be "beyond" that which is ALL, the self-container, containing all. But the Hylo-Idealists deny the Vedantic idea of *non-separateness*, they deny that we are but parts of the whole; deny, in common parlance, "God," Soul and Spirit, and yet they will talk of "apprehension" and intuition—the function and attribute of man's *immortal* Ego, and make of it a function *of matter*. Thus they vitiate every one of their arguments.—[ED.]

‡ In this paragraph we find the old crux of philosophy—the question as to whether there *is* any "external reality" in nature—cropping up again. The solution offered is a pure assumption, reached by ignoring one of the fundamental facts of *human* consciousness, the *feeling* that the *cause* of sensation, &c., lies outside the limited, human self. Mr. Courtney, we believe, aims at expressing a conception identical with that of the Adwaita Vedantins of India. But his language is inaccurate and misleading to those who understand his words in their usual sense, *e.g.*, when he speaks of the "I am" outside of which nothing can exist, he is stating a purely Vedantin tenet; but then the "I" in question is *not* the "I" which acts, feels or thinks, but that absolute consciousness which is no consciousness.

It is this confusion between the various ideas represented by "I" which lies at the root of the difficulty—the only philosophical explanation of which rests in the *esoteric* Vedantin doctrine of "Maya," or Illusion. [ED.]

§ From the standpoint of a *materialist*, most decidedly; not from that of a Vedantin.—[ED.]

‖ Very easily. You have only to postulate that *self* is *one*, *eternal* and infinite the *only* REALITY; and your little self a transient illusion, a reflected ray of the SELF, therefore a *not*-Self. If the Vedantin idea is "meaningless" to the writer, his theory is still more so—to us.—[ED.]

of the Kosmos" * are to my mind entirely meaningless. How on earth or in heaven do, or can I, know anything about this "Kosmos"? All that I know, or think, or fancy, or conceive (if multiplicity of terms can make the matter clear), is *part of myself*, because (if, again, repetition can make the matter clear), if it be not so, I must have out-thought or out-conceived myself, &c.† Beyond consciousness all is (to me) a blank, and all that enters consciousness becomes part of myself thereby; ‡ —nor beyond myself can any origin be traced, for if it can be, then has consciousness gone beyond itself and then would "I am"= "I am not." Therefore my slightest apprehension of any "beyond" makes that just beyond, so far as it is in any way apprehended, part of me and not me part of it.

Take any sub-division of consciousness (of the "I am") that you please and the analytical result is the same. You speak of "knowledge" for example. Now all knowledge must be *in self*, for since existence precedes knowledge, therefore to know outside myself is to exist outside myself, that is again "I am" ="I am not." Therefore knowledge is not outside self, *i. e.* it is in self and that which is in self is part of self, and existing only in relation to the whole. ‖ Being able in like manner to exhaust every possible analysis, let us now proceed to synthesis and sum up each and every part in one all-embracing whole. And let it be marked that in attempting such generalization we entirely quit the sphere of analytical reason, *i. e.* failing in comprehension I only vaguely apprehend. Where now shall this generalization be save in the "I am"? Suppose for example there *were* an actually existing "I am not" (!)—can "I" generalize therein or thereon? How suicidally absurd is that reasoning which attempts to treat non-egoism, "I am not," nothingness as actuality, *i. e.* as though nothing=something after all! § With non-egoism or nothingness I have naught to do. I and my universe are ONE and other universe there is none and never can be—because my universe is ALL. If not all, show me what it is not; and realize, O, short-sighted reasoner, that this would be impossible, for the fact of my seeing it (or in any way representing it in consciousness) would make it part of me thereby, else I should have out-seen, or out-thought, or out-fancied myself, which is absurd. To cut the matter short, that which exists not *to the*

* I avoid the absurdity of saying "selves" (!). "You" is both necessary and fairly to be assumed in controversial argument, but absurd when we proceed to real philosophical analysis—it would be in fact assuming the very point at question.

† This is *dwarfing* human consciousness and bringing it to the level of animal instinct and no more. —[ED.]

‡ "All that *enters* consciousness *becomes* part of myself thereby." This phrase is an admirable illustration in proof of the remarks made in the last foot-note. "Things *enter* consciousness," says Mr. Courtney, and it is no word-splitting to point out to him, that not only is it impossible for him to speak without these words or others equivalent to them, but further that he *cannot think* at all except in terms of these conceptions. It follows that, since he is not talking nonsense, he is trying to express in terms of the mind, what properly transcends mind—in other words we are brought back to the ancient doctrine of "Maya" again.

Daily experience shows him that things do *enter* consciousness and, in some sense, become part of himself—but where and what were they, before entering *his* consciousness? Let him study the doctrine of limitation and "reflected" centres of consciousness, and he will understand himself more clearly. [ED.]

‖ Corollary—*All and any existence can only know (or be conscious) in itself*—neither know or be known beyond.

§ Had Mr. Courtney studied, even superficially, Eastern metaphysics, and known something of the definition of ENSOPH in the Kabala, let alone the Vedantin Paiabrahm, he would not call so rashly the philosophy of a long series of sages "suicidal absurdity." There really were "thinking" minds and brains before the day of Hylo-Idealism.—[ED.]

ego is non-existent. And since "I" equals only itself, it is absurd to try and occupy some impossible stand-point outside myself, and therefore I can dispense with the needless idea of relationship (the existence *to me*) introduced as though I existed in the not-I. I am that I am, and that "am" is all in all; therefore instead of I=*my* universe, let me say, which is the exact equivalent, I=*the* universe.

And now in conclusion of the argument let me call particular attention to, which is the crucial point, the difference between the apprehension and comprehension of reason, between synthesis and analysis. Note that apprehension (as the word is here used) does not *precede* comprehension but *follows* it, taking up the running where comprehension leaves off;—it is the generalization following after analysis. Hence there can be no question of apprehension "outside" self because there has been no comprehension, *i. e.* no synthesis is reachable without preceding analysis. Now the result of each and all analysis has been to prove that in no one particular way can the *ego* establish the slightest relation with the *non-ego*, the result of each separate analysis proving that no such relationship exists. And then proceeding beyond analysis the further truth dawns upon me that no such relationship *can* exist, but that self is all in all both actually and potentially. But this I cannot *prove*,* for I should have to get into the non-existent *non-ego* in order to do it; that is to say reasonable analysis entirely breaks down, obviously *must* break down, when it attempts to analyse its own origin, for this is simply chasing its own shadow. *Upon the fact of its own existence the ego cannot reason.*† Yet of all facts this is to me the one indisputably true, the one fortress that no analysis can touch, but which is unfolded in its true extent by a grand synthesis summing up all individual analysis.

In my search therefore for the origin and centre of existence, I find the former to be totally unknowable and incomprehensible, nor can I imagine any process by which it could in the vaguest manner be guessed at, and the only way in which I can treat the question is by throwing both beginning and ending out of court by reducing all time and all existence to one indefinable and yet eternal Present—which ever entirely passes comprehension and defies analysis.‡ As regards the centre of existence I can sustain naught save the apprehension of the "I am." Both roads therefore lead me to the same conclusion. In searching for an "origin" I can find naught save the "am" of the present, and in searching for a centre I reduce all existence to the *ego*, the I—to which the "am" naturally and necessarily belongs.

Granted therefore the apprehension of the "I am," as the synthetical outcome of all analysis. The whole problem of existence is thus focussed and centred in a Unity, and *this* is "Hylo-Ideaism," the one centre into which the myriad lines of all possible analysis converge as to one fountain head. Hylo-Ideaism therefore is the focussing and centreing of all existence into the "I am," but has nothing to do with any impossible "explanation." The

* Just so. A self evident truth.—[ED.]

† A Mystic would take exception to this statement, at least if the word "reason" is used by Mr. Courtney in the sense of "know":—for his great achievement is "Self"-knowledge, meaning not only the analytical knowledge of his own limited personality, but the synthetical knowledge of the "ONE" EGO from which that passing personality sprang.—[ED.]

‡ And, if so, why talk of it?—[ED.]

"I am" can only be resolved into exactly equivalent terms and therefore admits of no comprehensible definition—any attempt to define being an attempt to comprehend, which, in this case, is an attempt on the part of self to change the very nature of its own existence; that is to say, to reasonable comprehension the fact of existence (="I am") ever remains the algebraical *x*, the unknowable, the Incomprehensible and Infinite Absolute. Nevertheless, in the recognition, of this truth of absolute and genuine Self-centricism, we have reached a generalization surpassing all generalizations yet formulated. Nay, I make bold to say, surpassing all that *can* be formulated, for how can we go further than to reduce all existence to the idea of a point, mathematically undefinable and unknowable because the limit of possible divisibility can never be reached; whilst equally on the other hand to the existence of the *Ego* or to the range of consciousness, no bounds are assignable, and we therefore have a Unity of Existence in which is combined both ideas equally of infinite contraction as of infinite extension—and this as regards both Space and Time.

And now I think the apparent contradictions in Dr. Lewins' pamphlet are fully explained.* Hylo-Idealism is not, as your reviewer seems to take it, a mere *réchauffé* of Idealism. Unless idea can outstrip ideation, the "I am," does not admit of being styled idea, since of it no idea can be formed save that it passes idea. How indeed can that be styled mere idea which not only includes *all* idea, but is the source of ideation? Hylo-Ideaism is therefore no more committed to the latter part of its nomenclature than to the former; it transcends, includes and unifies both Idealism and Materialism, each of which taken separately is but a mere one-sided attempt to divide the indivisible and define the indefinable. The Idealist query, How can we know matter save in and by idea? is counterbalanced by the materialistic position, How can there be idea save in and by matter? Each taken separately involves an attempt on the part of the *Ego* to escape beyond itself in defining its own composition. But in the double-faced unity of Hylo-Ideaism, *where the ego includes in itself* EVERY POSSIBILITY, both positions are equally accepted and admitted and each counterbalances the other.† For if in the "I am" is summed up all existence in one absolute Unity without distinction or difference, as in one indefinable point transcending all distinctive comprehension—then, not only, as the Idealists express their half of the truth, is matter comprehended in idea, nor as the Materialists insist on the other half, is idea comprehended in matter; but with regard to the ultimate composition of existence, all=all. Matter is comprehended in idea *and* idea is comprehended in matter, both propositions being equally valid, *i. e.*, each assumable for momentary purposes of argument and neither having the slightest precedence over the other. Therefore—*All hail the One Unity of All Existence.*

And now, thanking you for your kind courtesy in sparing me this space, I quit a subject on which I could think and write for ever and a day,—and yet not free myself from the painful feeling that I have not really accomplished

* Why, by the way, does your reviewer pass over the explanation given in this connection in my previous letter—where I style matter and idea as but different sides of the same shield?

† This controversy is similar to the equally useless and interminable controversy on "Free-will," equally solved in Hylo-Ideaistic philosophy; where both Voluntarianism and Necessitarianism find equally valid expression in ultimate unity.

that which I attempted, for in so far as I attempt to express in words (in symbols of comprehension) that which is and can be only *apprehension* above all possible comprehension—to this extent I must partially fail of my purpose. I can only communicate particular analysis, the crowning synthesis must grow up for itself. In the concluding words of my poor little makeshift pamphlet and expressed in popular parlance, How to a congenitally blind man can we adequately convey any idea of light? O, light divine, thy reproduction is impossible.* I cannot picture thee to others, yet I know thee in myself. Would others know thee, they must *see* thee. So with all truth. Thyself, O hearer, must win the battle, none other can do it for thee.

HERBERT L. COURTNEY.

P.S.—As you mention it, I ought to add that I am unable to take to myself the credit attaching *par excellence* to C. N., a "girl-graduate," at present pilgriming in the East, including the sacred land of India.

EDITORS' NOTE.

The editors were kindly informed by Dr. Lewins that Miss C. Naden was on her way to India *viâ* Egypt (whence she sent us her excellent little letter published in the February LUCIFER), well furnished with letters from Professor Max Müller to introduce her to sundry eminent "Sanskrit Pundits in the Three Presidencies for the purpose of studying Occultism on its native soil," as Dr. Lewins explains. We heartily wish Miss Naden success; but we feel as sure she will return not a whit wiser in Occultism than when she went. We lived in India for many years, and have never yet met with a "Sanskrit Pundit"—officially recognised as such—who knew anything of Occultism. We met with several occultists in India who will not speak: and with but one who is a really learned Occultist (the most learned, perhaps, of all in India), who condescends occasionally to open his mouth and teach. This he never does, however, outside a very small group of Theosophists. Nor do we feel like concealing the sad fact, that a letter from Mr. Max Müller, asking the pundits to divulge occult matter to an English traveller, would rather produce the opposite effect to the one anticipated. The Oxford Professor is very much beloved by the orthodox Hindus, innocent of all knowledge of their esoteric philosophy. Those who are Occultists, however, feel less enthusiastic, for the sins of omission and commission by the great Anglo-German Sanskritist are many. His ridiculous dwarfing of the Hindu chronology, to pander to the Mosaic, probably, and his denying to the ancient Aryas any knowledge of even Astronomy except through Greek channels—are not calculated to make of him a new Rishi in the eyes of Aryanophils. If learning about Occultism is Miss Naden's chief object in going to India, then, it is to be feared, she has started on a wild goose's chase. Hindus and Brahmins are not such fools as we Europeans are, on the subject of the sacred sciences, and they will hardly desecrate that which is holy, by giving it unnecessary publicity.

* How are we to understand "light *divine*," in the thought of a Hylo-Idealist, who limits the whole universe to the phantasms of the grey matter of the brain—that matter and its productions being alike illusions? In our humble opinion this philosophy is twin sister to the cosmogony of the *orthodox* Brahmins, who teach that the world is supported by an elephant, which stands upon a tortoise, the tortoise wagging its tail in absolute Void. We beg our friends, the Hylo-Idealists', pardon; but, so long as such evident contradictions are not more satisfactorily explained, we can hardly take them seriously, or give them henceforth *so much* space.—[ED.]

CHRISTIAN LECTURERS ON BUDDHISM, AND PLAIN FACTS ABOUT THE SAME, BY BUDDHISTS.

"Then, spake Jesus . . . saying: *The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat* . . . BUT DO NOT YE AFTER THEIR WORKS, FOR THEY SAY AND DO NOT . . . but *all their works they do for to be seen by men* . . . they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments . . . and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and *the chief seats in the Synagogues* . . .

"But woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! *for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men* . . . Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel . . . Woe unto you . . . *for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made*, YE MAKE HIM TWO-FOLD MORE THE CHILD OF HELL THAN YOURSELVES!"—(Matt. xxiii.)

THE *Scotsman* of March 8th, 1888, is high in its praises of some recent lectures on Buddhism, delivered by Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., of Oxford. Notwithstanding the chairman's (Lord Polwarth's) allegation that

"On the subject of Buddhism, he thought there was no one more gifted or more qualified to instruct them than the gentleman who had undertaken the present course" (*i.e.*, Sir Monier Williams),

most of the statements made by the titled lecturer court contradiction and need correction. Plain and unvarnished truths may not elicit the applause certain arbitrary assumptions made by the lecturer called forth in the land of Fingal, but they may help to sweep away a few cobwebs of latent prejudice from the minds of some of your readers—and that's all a Buddhist cares about.

The learned lecturer premised by saying that:

"Buddhism had been alleged to be the religion of the majority of the human race, but happily that was not now true. Christianity now stood, even numerically, at the head of all the creeds of the world. (Applause.)"—[*Scotsman.*]

Is this really so? Applause is no argument in favour of the correctness of a statement. Nor does one know of any special qualification in the Oxford professor that could make him override statistical proofs to the contrary, unless it be that his wish is father to the thought, as usual. The 200 millions of proselytes to the Mussulman faith as against one million of converts to Christianity in this century alone, a *fact* complained of at the Church Conference by Dr. Taylor, hardly a few weeks ago, would rather clash with this statement.* The Rev. Joseph Edkins, who passed almost all his life in China,

* "The faith of Islam is spreading over Africa with giant strides. . . . Christianity is receding before Islam, while attempts to proselytise Mohammedans are notoriously unsuccessful. We not only fail to gain ground, but even fail to hold our own. . . . An African tribe once converted to Islam never returns to Paganism, and never embraces Christianity. . . . When Mohammedanism is embraced by a negro tribe devil-worship, cannibalism, human sacrifice, witchcraft, and infanticide disappear. Filth is replaced by cleanliness, and they acquire personal dignity and self-respect. Hospitality becomes a religious duty, drunkenness rare, gambling is forbidden. A feeling of humanity, benevolence, and brotherhood is inculcated. . . . The strictly-regulated polygamy of Moslem lands is infinitely less degrading to women and less injurious to men than the promiscuous polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities, and which is absolutely unknown in Islam. The polyandrous English are not entitled to cast stones at polygamous Moslems. . . . . Islam, above all, is the most powerful total abstinence society in the world; whereas the extension of European trade means the extension of drunkenness and vice and the degradation of the people. Islam introduces a knowledge of reading and writing, decent clothes, personal cleanliness, and self-respect. . . . How little have we to show for the vast sums of money and precious lives lavished upon Africa! Christian converts are reckoned by thousands; Moslem converts by millions. . . (CANON TAYLOR, *Christianity and Mohammedanism.*)

studying Buddhism and its growth, says in "Chinese Buddhism" (1880, p. viii., Preface) that Buddhism is now "one among the world's religions which has acquired the greatest multitude of adherents." Nor can this learned Chinese scholar, a zealous missionary, be suspected of unfairness to *his* religion. Nor does the very conservative *Standard*, when complaining that England is *no longer a Christian nation* and that *a very large percentage of its population no longer accepts* the religion embodied in the Bible, bear out Sir Monier Williams' optimistic views. Nor yet is this opinion supported by what the whole world knows of modern France, Germany and Italy, eaten to the core with free-thought and Atheism.

To say, therefore, as the lecturer did, that he doubts "were a trustworthy census possible" if Buddhism

"would give even 150 millions of Buddhists, or rather pseudo-Buddhists, as against 450 millions of Christians in the world's population, estimated at 1,500 millions"——.*—[*Scotsman.*]

—is rather a risky thing. Let us not talk of "*pseudo*-Buddhists" in the face of millions of "*pseudo*-Christians," nominal and more "Grundy-fearing" than God-fearing; and for this reason still pretending to be called Christians. And if the term *pseudo* was applied by the lecturer to the teeming millions of China, Japan, and Tibet, who have fallen off from the purity of the primitive church of Buddha, burning low even in Siam, Burmah, and Ceylon, and which have split themselves into many sects, then just the same is found in the 300 or so of Protestant sects, which differ so widely and fight for dogmatic differences, and still call themselves Christians. "Were a trustworthy census possible," and a fair appreciation of truth prefered to self-glorification, then the 2,000,000 of Freethinkers, and the 11,000,000 of those "of no particular religion," as specified even in Whitaker's Almanack, might grow to tenfold their number and produce a salutary check on inaccurate lecturers. This inaccuracy may be better appreciated by throwing a glance at the census-tables of India of 1881. In that country indeed, where missionaries have been labouring for centuries, and where they are now as numerous—and quite as mischievous—as the crows in the land of Manu, the distribution of its religious denominations stands in round numbers as follows:—

Hindus (male and female)	188,000,000
Mahommedans	50,000,000
Aborigines	7,000,000
Buddhists	3,050,000
Jains (Buddhists)	1,020,000
Christians	1,800,000

The 1,800,000 of Christians, note well, include all the Europeans resident in India, the army, the civil servants, the Eurasians and native Christians.

* Says Emil Schlagintweit, in his "Buddhism in Tibet," p. 11-12, in comparing the number of Buddhists to that of Christians—"For these regions of Asia (China, Japan, Indo-Chinese Peninsula, etc.), we obtain, therefore, according to these calculations (of Prof. Dieterici), an approximate total of 554 millions of inhabitants. *At least two-thirds of this population may be considered to be Buddhists:* the remainder includes the followers of Confucius and Lao-tse." Result, according to Dieterici, 340,000,000 of Buddhists and only 330,000,000 of Christians—all *nominal* Christians included."

And is it to curry further favour with his Sabbath-worshipping audience and elicit from it further applause, that the knighted lecturer characterised Buddhism as "a false, diseased and moribund system, which had continued (nevertheless? !) for more than two thousand years to attract and delude immense populations"? This, in the teeth of his great Oxford rival, Professor Max Müller, who pronounces the moral code of Buddhism "one of the most perfect the world has ever known." So do Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Claproth, and other Orientalists, more fair minded than the lecturer under notice.

Says Mr. P. Hordern, the Director of Public Instruction in Burmah :—

"The poor heathen is guided in his daily life by precepts older and *not less noble than the precepts of Christianity*. Centuries before the birth of Christ, men were taught *by the life and doctrine of one of the greatest men who ever lived*, lessons of pure morality. The child is taught to obey his parents, and to be tender to all animal life, *the man to love his neighbour as himself*, to be true and just in all his dealings, and to look beyond the vain shows of the world for true happiness. Every shade of vice is guarded by special precepts. Love in its widest sense of universal charity is declared to be the mother of all the virtues, *and even the peculiarly Christian precepts of the forgiveness of injuries, and the meek acceptance of insult were already taught in the farthest East*, ages before Christianity.*

Such is "the *false and diseased* system" of Buddhism, which is less "moribund" however, even now, than is in our present age the perverted system of Him whose Sermon on the Mount, grand as it is, yet taught nothing that had not been taught ages before. I will show presently, on the authority of statistics and the Church again, which of the two—Buddhists or Christians—live more nearly according to the grand and the same morality preached by their respective Masters.

The Professor is more lenient though to the Founder than to the system. He would not, he said :

"Be far wrong in asserting that intense individuality, fervid earnestness, severe simplicity of character, combined with singular beauty of countenance, calm dignity of bearing, and almost superhuman persuasiveness of speech, were conspicuous in the great teacher."—[*Scotsman.*]

Forthwith, however, and fearing he had said too much, the Professor hastened to throw a gloomy shadow on the bright picture drawn. To quote from the *Scotsman* once more :—

"Alluding to the first sermon of the Buddha, the lecturer remarked that, however unfavourably it might compare with the first discourse of Christ—a discourse, not addressed to a few monks, but to suffering sinners—it was of great interest, because it embodied the first teaching of one who, if *not worthy* to be called the '*Light of Asia*,' and certainly unworthy of comparison with the 'Light of the world,' was at least one of the world's most successful teachers."

To this charitable Christian criticism, ever forgetful of the wise Shakespear's remark that "*comparisons are odious*," a Buddhist, who only defends *his* faith, is amply justified in replying as follows: However much the worthiness of our Lord Buddha to be called by the appellation of the "Light of Asia," may be contested by religious intolerance, this title is, at any rate, addressed to an *historical* personage. The actual existence of Gautama Buddha cannot be called in question; neither Materialist nor Christian, Jew nor Gentile, can ever

* Quoted in "Chinese Buddhism," by Rev. J. Edkins, page 201.

presume to call him a myth. On the other hand, (*a*) the "Light of the World," having failed to illume the whole of Humanity—as even on the lecturer's admission only 400 out of 1,500 millions of the world population are Christians—the title is a misnomer most evidently, and (*b*) the very personal existence of the Founder of Christianity—mostly on account of the supernatural character claimed for it, but also because no valid, real, historical evidence can be brought forward to prove it—is now denied by millions of not only Free-thinkers and Materialists, but even of intellectual Christians and critical Bible-scholars.

Nor are the remarks of Sir M. Williams concerning the death of Buddha "said to have been caused by eating too much pork, *or dried boar's flesh*," any happier. That fact alone that one, who claims to be regarded as a great Orientalist, and yet observes that: "As this statement was somewhat derogatory to his (Buddha's) dignity, it was less likely to have been fabricated," shows in a "Sanskrit scholar" a pitiable ignorance of Hindoo symbolism, as well as a wonderful lack of intuition.

How one who is acquainted with the primitive and original teachings of Buddha, as recorded by his personal disciples, can think for a moment that the great Asiatic Reformer ate flesh, passes comprehension! Leaving aside every dogmatic and certainly later exoteric ecclesiastical reason fathered on Buddha for sparing the life of animals on the ground of metempsychosis,* one has but to read the Buddhist metaphysical treatises upon *Karma*, to see all the absurdity of such a statement. The great doctrine delivered by Gautama *a few days* before he entered Nirvana to Maha Kashiapa, contains among other prohibitions *that of eating animal food.* The "Great Development School refers it to this period," says the same authority upon Chinese Buddhism, and no lover of it, the Rev. J. Edkins; and the *Bodhisattwas* are even more strictly prohibited than even monks. In "the Book of Heaven through keeping the Ten prohibitions" a Deva informs Buddha that he was born in Indra Shakra's heaven "for keeping them; for not inflicting death, or stealing, or committing adultery . . . or *drinking wine, or eating flesh*," etc.

The scholar who knows that the first *Avatar* of Brahmâ was in *the shape of a boar*, and who is aware, (*a*) that the Brahmins have ever identified themselves with the God from whom they claim descent; and (*b*) know the bitter opposition they offered to the "World's Honoured One," Gautama Buddha, trying to take more than once his life, will readily comprehend the allusion in the allegory. It is an esoteric tradition, and is no longer extant in writing, any more than is the explanation of many other allegories. Yet the inconsistency alone of the charge ought to have suggested to the mind of any less prejudiced scholar the suspicion that the legend of Tsonda's meal of rice and pork was some esoteric allegory. No wonder if even Bishop Bigandet remarks that "a thick veil wraps in complete obscurity this *curious* episode of Buddha's life." It is "the obscurity" of *ignorance.*

It is quite true that Buddhists lay no claim to "*supernatural* inspiration" for their sacred scriptures, and it is in this that lies a portion of their success. The word "priest," the audience was told, could not be applied to Buddhist

* Neither in China nor Tibet, says the Rev. J. Edkins, do the Buddhist monks (the real *literati* of the nations) accept the exoteric teaching that the souls of men can migrate into animals. It is simply allegorical.

monks "because they have no divine revelation." At this rate there never were any priests before the Jews and Christians as no "*divine* revelation" is allowed to any nation outside these two? Further the lecturer elicited a great laugh and applause by telling his audience the following anecdote :

"Gautama Buddha also instituted an order of nuns, and the monks once asked Gautama, it was said, what they should do when they saw women. The Buddha replied, 'Do not see them.' They then asked, 'But if we do see them?' He replied, 'Then don't speak to them.' 'But,' they asked, 'if they speak to us?' And the Buddha answered, 'Then do not answer them ; let your thoughts be fixed in profound meditation.' (Laughter.)"—[*Scotsman*.]

Verses 27 and 28 in Chapter V. of Matthew, lend themselves as easily to satirical remarks. The injunction by Buddha, "let your thoughts be fixed in profound meditation," is virtually implied in that other injunction, "Ye have heard . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

Were the Christians to follow this command of their noble Master as faithfully as Buddhists do the orders of their Lord—there would be no need for the establishment in England of a "Vigilance Society" for the protection of female children and girls ; nor would the editor of the *Pall Mall* have got three months' imprisonment for telling the truth and speaking against a crying and horrid evil, unheard-of in Buddhist communities.

Further, the lecturer remarked, that "Gautama never tolerated priestcraft." Nor has Jesus, and I maintain it ; His denunciations of sacerdotalism and the Rabbis who teach the Law of Moses and lay heavy burdens on men's shoulders which "they *themselves* will not move with one of their fingers," (Matt. xxiii.) ; His prohibition to make a parade of prayers in synagogues and command to enter into one's closet to pray (Matt. v.) ; as also the absence of any injunction from him to establish a *dogmatic* church—prove it. Therefore Sir M. Williams' accusation that Buddha's "followers in other countries became entangled in a network of sacerdotalism more enslaving than that from which he had rescued them," applies to Christianity with far greater force than to Buddhism. And if "the precept enjoining celibacy sufficiently accounted for the fact that Buddhism never gained any stability or permanency in India," how is it that the Roman Catholics, whose religion *enjoins the same precept* for priests and monks, show such tremendous odds against Protestantism? And if celibacy be "a transgression of the laws of nature," as the lecturer says—and so say the Brahmins, for even Gautama Buddha was married and had a son before he became an ascetic—why should Jesus have never married and advised celibacy, to his disciples? For it is celibacy at best, which is enjoined to those who *are able to receive it* in verses 10, 11 and 12, of Matthew xix., the literal term implying still worse . . . . "and there are eunuchs, *which made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake.* He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

So that monastic Buddhism, it seems, is called *idiotic* by the lecturer only for doing that which Jesus Christ himself advised his disciples to do, *if they can.* A very curious way of glorifying one's God!

As to the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity, as a Buddhist who may be suspected of partiality, I shall leave the burden of establishing the com-

parison to the Christians themselves. This is what one reads in the *Tablet*, the leading organ of Roman Catholic Englishmen, about Creeds and Criminality. I underline the most remarkable statements.

"The official statement as to the moral and material progress of India, which has recently been published, supplies a very interesting contribution to the controversy on the missionary question. It appears from these figures that while we effect *a very marked moral deterioration in the natives by converting them to our creed*, THEIR NATURAL STANDARD OF MORALITY IS SO HIGH that, however much we Christianize them, *we cannot succeed in making them altogether as bad as ourselves.*" The figures representing the proportions of criminality in the several classes, are as follows :—

EUROPEANS	1 in 274.
Eurasians*	1 in 509.
Native Christians	1 in 799.
Mahomedans	1 in 856.
Hindoos	1 in 1,361.
BUDDHISTS	1 in 3,787.

"The last item," says the *Tablet*, "is *a magnificent tribute to the exalted purity of Buddhism*, but the statistics are instructive throughout, and enforce with resistless power the conclusion that, as a mere matter of social polity, we should do much better if we devoted our superfluous cash and zeal, for a generation or two, to the ethical improvement of our own countrymen, instead of trying to upset the morality, together with the theology, of people WHO MIGHT REASONABLY SEND OUT MISSIONS TO CONVERT US."

No better answer than this could a Buddhist find as a reply to the uncharitable and incorrect comparisons between the two creeds instituted by Sir Monier Williams. He should remember, however, the words of his Master, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased : and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

To this rejoinder by a Buddhist to the Oxford Professor we may append a few more interesting facts from Buddhists, in this connection. They are very suggestive, inasmuch as firstly they show how religious bigotry and intolerance make people entirely blind and deaf to every fact and reason ; and secondly how we, Europeans, understand fairness and justice. The extracts that follow are taken from a Singhalese newspaper, the organ of the Ceylon Buddhists and edited by Buddhist Theosophists. It is called *The Sarasavisandaresa*. The two editorials, written in English, of the 14th and the 27th of February of the present year, contain two complaints ; the first of which is against the very notorious editor of the Colombo *Observer*. This personage, than whom no more slanderous or wicked bigot ever walked the earth, as shown by his being perpetually brought to justice for defamation by Christians and natives—is a deep-water Baptist, without one spark of Christian ethics in him. His sledge-hammer-like charges against Buddhism, will appear curious after the fair

* The fruits of European chastity and moral virtue, and of the obedience of Christians to the commands of Jesus.

confession of the *Tablet* just quoted. But we shall let our Brother editor—a Buddhist Theosophist—speak for his countrymen. For unless their grievances are brought to the notice of at least a portion of the English readers in LUCIFER, there is little chance indeed that the outside would should ever hear of them from other papers or magazines. Says the editorial on "Crime in Ceylon":—

We notice a paragraph in our contemporary the *Observer* referring to an atrocious crime recently committed in the neighbourhood of Ratnapura. According to the account given one man murdered another, and "then, standing over him, committed an offence which cannot even be mentioned." While we have no idea what this can mean, we have no doubt that some horrible atrocity is intended, and we sincerely hope that the fullest justice will be meted out to the abominable villain who committed it. But of course the insane bigotry of our contemporary would not allow him to be satisfied with merely giving the dreadful news; no, he must add a comment which is itself, in the eyes of all right-thinking men, an atrocity of the blackest description. We regret to give the publicity of our wider circulation to so scandalous a remark; yet we feel it our duty to let our countrymen see to what despicable shifts the missionary organ is reduced in its futile efforts to find some ground to vilify our faith. "Is there any country under the sun," it asks,—"any people save Buddhists—where and by whom such awful atrocities could be perpetrated?" Unhesitatingly we answer "Yes; whatever the crime may have been, its horror is more than equalled—it is surpassed—by the diabolical outrages committed in Christian England in this nineteenth century."

Follow several noted facts of crimes recently committed in England. But, pertinently remarks the editor:—

Does our contemporary wish that Christianity as a system should be held responsible for the ghastly crimes daily committed in its very strongholds? Such a course would be obviously unfair, yet his sense of honour permits him to treat Buddhism in the same manner.

Observe that there is no evidence at all that the criminal professes Buddhism; we know nothing of the facts of the case, but arguing from experience the presumption would be against such a supposition. At the present moment there are three prisoners under sentence of death in Welikada Jail, all of whom are Christians; and there are also two Christians (one of them a church official) convicted of murder at Kurunagala.

. . . . . .

The proportion of crime among Christians is about fifteen times as great as among Buddhists; and it is considered a truism in India to say that every person perverted to Christianity from some other religion adds one more to the suspected list of the police.

This is a fact, and all who have been in India will hardly deny it.

The other case is a crime of Vandalism, though to desecrate other nations' sacred relics is considered no crime at all by the Christian officials. It tells eloquently its own tale:

A DESECRATION.

A very unpleasant rumour has reached us from Anuradhapura. It is well known that men have been at work there for a long time under the orders of the Government Agent, professedly restoring the ruined Dagobas. This, so far, is a truly royal work, and one with which we have every sympathy. But now report says that the work of restoration, which consisted chiefly in clearing away the ruins and masses of fallen earth, so that the beautiful carvings and statues might once more be visible in their entirety as at first, has been abandoned in favour of excavations into the Dagobas themselves. We hear that a tunnel has been pierced almost into the centre of the great Abhayagiriya Dagoba in search of treasure, relics, and ancient books, and it is further reported that some important discoveries have already been made, but that whatever has been found has been secretly removed by night. It is said, too, that when the High Priest of the Sacred Bo-TREE, to whom the Dagoba belongs, applied for permission to see the articles exhumed, only a very small portion was shewn to him.

Now we can scarcely bring ourselves to admit the possibility of all this; it seems quite incredible that a government like that of the English should stain its annals with such an act of vandalism as the desecration of our sacred places, though certainly if it *could* descend to such an action it would be quite in keeping that the treasure-trove should be removed secretly and guiltily.

No doubt it would be difficult for even the more liberal-minded of our foreign rulers to understand fully the thrill of horror which every true Buddhist would feel on hearing of the disturbance of these

time-honoured monuments. It would probably be argued by Christians that whatever may be buried under the Dagobas, whether relics, treasure, or books, is quite useless where it is; whereas if brought to light the books would supply very valuable copies of old Pali texts, the treasures (if any) would be useful to the Government, and the relics would be an interesting acquisition to the shelves of the British Museum. Singhalese Buddhists, however, in spite of centuries of oppression and persecution under Dutch and Portugese adventurers, have still a deeply-rooted feeling of respect and love for the monuments of the golden age of their religion, and to hear that they are being disturbed by the sacrilegious hand of the foreigner will stir them to their inmost souls. These Dagobas are now objects of veneration to thousands of pilgrims, not only from all parts of Ceylon, but also from other Buddhist countries; but if once the relics buried in them are removed, they will be no more to us than any other mound of earth. Even if, as has been suggested, the Government intend merely to examine whatever may be discovered, and afterwards replace it, to our ideas the disturbance of the sacred monuments of our religion by alien hands would still be terrible desecration, against which every true-hearted Buddhist ought at once to protest most vigorously by every means in his power. If the sad news be true, Buddhists should at once combine to hold indignation meetings all over the country, and to get up a monster petition to the Governor begging him to prevent the recurrence of such an outrage on their religious feelings. But until confirmation arises we cling to the hope that the rumours may be baseless, and should this prove to be the case none will rejoice more heartily than we. We trust that the Government Agent of the Province, or some responsible official connected with the work, will embrace this opportunity of telling the public what is really being done at Anuradhapura, and thereby relieve the anxiety which must agitate all Buddhist hearts until the question is set at rest.

The Abhayagiriya Dagoba was erected by King Walagambahu in the year B.C. 89, to commemorate the recovery of his throne after the expulsion of the Malabar invaders. When entire, it was the most stupendous Dagoba in Ceylon, being 405 feet high, and standing on about eight acres of ground; but so ruthlessly have the older destroyers done their work that its present height is not much more than 230 feet. At its base are some very fine specimens of stone carving, and various fragments of bold frescoes. The Dagoba is quite encircled with the ruins of buildings large and small, for a larger college of priests was attached to this than to any of the other sacred places at Anuradhapura.

We hope our Singhalese Colleague and Brother will send us further information upon this subject. Every Theosophist and lover of antiquity, whether Christian or of alien faith, would deplore with the Buddhists the loss of such precious relics of a period the editor has so aptly described as "the golden age of their religion." We hope it may not be true. But alas, we are in *Kali Yuga.*

WORLD SAVIOURS.

OUR world hath had its saviours—Buddha, Christ,
Have lived, loved, striven for men, at last have died
Hungry and thirsty, bleeding, haggard-eyed—
By great love dreaming great love had sufficed
To save a sin-doomed world . . . Oh, faith unpriced!
Oh, high souls 'mid your anguish glorified!
Would God it were so, would sin's sorrowful tide
Rolled back to silence by such love enticed!

Alas, not so! Would men be saved, each one
Must be his own strong saviour—cross-bearing,
Bound, bruised, and bleeding, with his soul astrain
On the sharp rock of life—yet he hath won
Who bears for love the burden and the sting—
Buddha nor Christ nor meanest lives in vain!

EVELYN PYNE.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

IMPORTANT TO STUDENTS.

As some of the letters in the CORRESPONDENCE of this month show, there are many people who are looking for practical instruction in Occultism. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state once for all :—

(*a*). The essential difference between theoretical and practical Occultism ; or what is generally known as Theosophy on the one hand, and Occult science on the other, and :—

(*b*). The nature of the difficulties involved in the study of the latter.

It is easy to become a Theosophist. Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical ; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself ; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people ; and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist.

But it is quite another matter to put oneself upon the path which leads to the knowledge of what is good to do, as to the right discrimination of good from evil ; a path which also leads a man to that power through which he can do the good he desires, often without even apparently lifting a finger.

Moreover, there is one important fact with which the student should be made acquainted. Namely, the enormous, almost limitless, responsibility assumed by the teacher for the sake of the pupil. From the Gurus of the East who teach openly or secretly, down to the few Kabalists in Western lands who undertake to teach the rudiments of the Sacred Science to their disciples—those western Hierophants being often themselves ignorant of the danger they incur—one and all of these "Teachers" are subject to the same inviolable law. From the moment they begin *really* to teach, from the instant they confer *any* power—whether psychic, mental or physical—on their pupils, they take upon themselves *all* the sins of that pupil, in connection with the Occult Sciences, whether of omission or commission, until the moment when initiation makes the pupil a Master and responsible in his turn. There is a weird and mystic religious law, greatly reverenced and acted upon in the Greek, half-forgotten in the Roman Catholic, and absolutely extinct in the Protestant Church. It dates from the earliest days of Christianity and has its basis in the law just stated, of which it was a symbol and an expression. This is the dogma of the absolute sacredness of the relation between the god-parents who stand sponsors for a child.* These tacitly take upon themselves all the sins of the newly baptised child—(anointed, as at the initiation, a mystery truly !)—until the day when the child becomes a responsible unit, knowing good and evil. Thus it is clear why the "Teachers" are so reticent, and why "Chelas" are required to serve a

* So holy is the connection thus formed deemed in the Greek Church, that a marriage between god-parents of the same child is regarded as the worst kind of incest, is considered illegal and is dissolved by law ; and this absolute prohibition extends even to the children of one of the sponsors as regards those of the other.

seven years probation to prove their fitness, and develop the qualities necessary to the security of both Master and pupil.

Occultism is not magic. It is *comparatively* easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic—*Sorcery*. For it is the motive, *and the motive alone*, which makes any exercise of power become black, malignant, or white, beneficent Magic. It is impossible to employ *spiritual* forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator. For, unless the intention is entirely unalloyed, the spiritual will transform itself into the psychic, act on the astral plane, and dire results may be produced by it. The powers and forces of animal nature can equally be used by the selfish and revengeful, as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart—and this is DIVINE MAGIC.

What are then the conditions required to become a student of the "Divina Sapientia"? For let it be known that no such instruction can possibly be given unless these certain conditions are complied with, and rigorously carried out during the years of study. This is a *sine quâ non*. No man can swim unless he enters deep water. No bird can fly unless its wings are grown, and it has space before it and courage to trust itself to the air. A man who will wield a two-edged sword, must be a thorough master of the blunt weapon, if he would not injure himself—or what is worse—others, at the first attempt.

To give an approximate idea of the conditions under which alone the study of Divine Wisdom can be pursued with safety, that is without danger that Divine will give place to Black Magic, a page is given from the "private rules," with which every instructor in the East is furnished. The few passages which follow are chosen from a great number and explained in brackets.

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1. The place selected for receiving instruction must be a spot calculated not to distract the mind, and filled with "influence-evolving" (magnetic) objects. The five sacred colours gathered in a circle must be there among other things. The place must be free from any malignant influences hanging about in the air.

[The place must be set apart, and used for no other purpose. The five "sacred colours" are the prismatic hues arranged in a certain way, as these colours are very magnetic. By "malignant influences" are meant any disturbances through strifes, quarrels, bad feelings, etc., as these are said to impress themselves immediately on the astral light, *i.e.*, in the atmosphere of the place, and to hang "about in the air." This first condition seems easy enough to accomplish, yet—on further consideration, it is one of the most difficult ones to obtain.]

2. Before the disciple shall be permitted to study "face to face," he has to acquire preliminary understanding in a select company of other lay *upasaka* (disciples), the number of whom must be odd.

["Face to face," means in this instance a study independent or apart from others, when the disciple gets his instruction *face to face* either with himself (his higher, Divine Self) or—his guru. It is then only that each receives *his due* of information, according to the use he has made of his knowledge. This can happen only toward the end of the cycle of instruction.]

3. Before thou (the teacher) shalt impart to thy *Lanoo* (disciple) the good (holy) words of LAMRIN, or shall permit him "to make ready" for *Dubjed*, thou shalt take care that his mind is thoroughly purified and at peace with all, especially *with his other Selves*. Otherwise the words of Wisdom and of the good Law, shall scatter and be picked up by the winds.

["Lamrin" is a work of practical instructions, by Tson-kha-pa, in two portions, one for ecclesiastical and exoteric purposes, the other for esoteric use. "To make ready" for *Dubjed*, is to prepare the vessels used for seership, such as mirrors and crystals. The "other selves," refers to the fellow students. Unless the greatest harmony reigns among the learners, *no* success is possible. It is the teacher who makes the selections according to the magnetic and electric natures of the students, bringing together and adjusting most carefully the positive and the negative elements.]

4. The *upasaka* while studying must take care to be united as the fingers on one hand. Thou shalt impress upon their minds that whatever hurts one should hurt the others, and if the rejoicing of one finds no echo in the breasts of the others, then the required conditions are absent, and it is useless to proceed.

[This can hardly happen if the preliminary choice made was consistent with the magnetic requirements. It is known that chelas otherwise promising and fit for the reception of truth, had to wait for years on account of their temper and the impossibility they felt to put themselves *in tune* with their companions. For—]

5. The co-disciples must be tuned by the guru as the strings of a lute (*vina*) each different from the others, yet each emitting sounds in harmony with all. Collectively they must form a key-board answering in all its parts to thy lightest touch (the touch of the Master). Thus their minds shall open for the harmonies of Wisdom, to vibrate as knowledge through each and all, resulting in effects pleasing to the presiding gods (tutelary or patron-angels) and useful to the Lanoo. So shall Wisdom be impressed for ever on their hearts and the harmony of the law shall never be broken.

6. Those who desire to acquire the knowledge leading to the *Siddhis* (occult powers) have to renounce all the vanities of life and of the world (here follows enumeration of the Siddhis).

7. None can feel the difference between himself and his fellow-students, such as "I am the wisest," "I am more holy and pleasing to the teacher, or in my community, than my brother," etc.,—and remain an upasaka. His thoughts must be predominantly fixed upon his heart, chasing therefrom every hostile thought to any living being. It (the heart) must be full of the feeling of its non-separateness from the rest of beings as from all in Nature; otherwise no success can follow.

8. A *Lanoo* (disciple) has to dread external living influence alone (magnetic emanations from living creatures). For this reason while at one with all, in his *inner nature*, he must take care to separate his outer (external) body from every foreign influence: none must drink out of, or eat in his cup but himself. He must avoid bodily contact (*i.e.* being touched or touch) with human, as with animal being.

[No pet animals are permitted and it is forbidden even to touch certain trees and plants. A disciple has to live, so to say, in his own atmosphere in order to individualize it for occult purposes.]

9. The mind must remain blunt to all but the universal truths in nature, lest the "Doctrine of the Heart" should become only the "Doctrine of the Eye," (*i.e.*, empty exoteric ritualism).

10. No animal food of whatever kind, nothing that has life in it, should be taken by the disciple. No wine, no spirits, or opium should be used; for these are like the *Lhamayin* (evil spirits), who fasten upon the unwary, they devour the understanding.

[Wine and Spirits are supposed to contain and preserve the bad magnetism of all the men who helped in their fabrication; the meat of each animal, to preserve the psychic characteristics of its kind.]

11. Meditation, abstinence in all, the observation of moral duties, gentle thoughts, good deeds and kind words, as good will to all and entire oblivion of Self, are the most efficacious means of obtaining knowledge and preparing for the reception of higher wisdom.

12. It is only by virtue of a strict observance of the foregoing rules that a Lanoo can hope to acquire in good time the Siddhis of the Arhats, the growth which makes him become gradually One with the UNIVERSAL ALL.

These 12 extracts are taken from among some 73 rules, to enumerate which would be useless as they would be meaningless in Europe. But even these few are enough to show the immensity of the difficulties which beset the path of the would-be "Upasaka," who has been born and bred in Western lands.*

All western, and especially English, education is instinct with the principle of emulation and strife; each boy is urged to learn more quickly, to outstrip his companions, and to surpass them in every possible way. What is mis-called "friendly rivalry" is assiduously cultivated, and the same spirit is fostered and strengthened in every detail of life.

With such ideas "educated into" him from his childhood, how can a Western bring himself to feel towards his co-students "as the fingers on one hand"? Those co-students, too, are not of his *own selection*, or chosen by himself from personal sympathy and appreciation. They are chosen by his teacher on far other grounds, and he who would be a student must *first* be strong enough to kill out in his heart all feelings of dislike and antipathy to others. How many Westerns are ready even to attempt this in earnest?

And then the details of daily life, the command not to touch even the hand of one's nearest and dearest. How contrary to Western notions of affection and good feeling! How cold and hard it seems. Egotistical too, people would say, to abstain from giving pleasure to others for the sake of one's own development. Well, let those who think so defer till another lifetime the attempt to enter the path in real earnest. But let them not glory in their own fancied unselfishness. For, in reality, it is only the seeming appearances which they allow to deceive them, the conventional notions, based on emotionalism and gush, or so-called courtesy, things of the unreal life, not the dictates of Truth.

But even putting aside these difficulties, which may be considered "external," though their importance is none the less great, how are students in the West to "attune themselves" to harmony as here required of them? So strong has personality grown in Europe and America, that there is no school of artists even

* Be it remembered that *all* "Chelas," even lay disciples, are called Upasaka until after their first initiation, when they become lanoo-Upasaka. To that day, even those who belong to Lamaseries and are *set apart*, are considered as "laymen."

whose members do not hate and are not jealous of each other. "Professional" hatred and envy have become proverbial; men seek each to benefit himself at all costs, and even the so-called courtesies of life are but a hollow mask covering these demons of hatred and jealousy.

In the East the spirit of "non-separateness" is inculcated as steadily from childhood up, as in the West the spirit of rivalry. Personal ambition, personal feelings and desires, are not encouraged to grow so rampant there. When the soil is naturally good, it is cultivated in the right way, and the child grows into a man in whom the habit of subordination of one's lower to one's higher Self is strong and powerful. In the West men think that their own likes and dislikes of other men and things are guiding principles for them to act upon, even when they do not make of them the law of their lives and seek to impose them upon others.

Let those who complain that they have learned little in the Theosophical Society lay to heart the words written in an article in the *Path* for last February:—"The key in each degree is the *aspirant himself.*" It is not "the fear of God" which is "the beginning of Wisdom," but the knowledge of SELF which is WISDOM ITSELF.

How grand and true appears, thus, to the student of Occultism who has commenced to realise some of the foregoing truths, the answer given by the Delphic Oracle to all who came seeking after Occult Wisdom—words repeated and enforced again and again by the wise Socrates:—— MAN KNOW THYSELF. . . .

SOWING AND REAPING.

SHALL he who sows the thistle in his soul
  Garner gold wheat-ears for his harvest-tide?
  Or who sets thorn in heart, grow glorified
'Neath purple clusters for an aureole?
Shall fair red apples be his worthy dole
  Who scattereth tares around him far and wide?
  Or he who feeds the locusts crafty-eyed
On other's fruitage, pay no ransoming toll?

Before men gather roses from sown rue
  Death shall be king, and all these things shall be . . .
Satan shall strangle 'mid his fields of blue
  The sky's gold sun, and cast him in the sea.
God shall grow false, and even Christ untrue,
  Heaven a vain dream, and love mere phantasy!

EVELYN PYNE.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

As you invite questions, I take the liberty of submitting one to your consideration.

Is it not to be expected (basing one's reasoning on Theosophical teaching) that the meeting and intercourse in Kama loka of persons truly attached to each other must be fraught with disappointment, nay frequently even with deep grief? Let me illustrate my meaning by an example:

A mother departs this life twenty years before her son, who, deeply attached to her, longs to meet her again, and only finds her "shell," from which all those spiritual qualities have fled which to him were the essential part of the being he loved. Even the "shell" itself, by its resemblance to the former body, only adds to his grief by keeping early memories more vividly alive, and showing him the vast difference between the entity he knew on earth and the remnant he finds.

Or take a second case:

The son meets his mother in Kama loka after a short separation, only to find her entity in a state of disintegration, as her pure spirit has already begun to leave her astral body and to ascend towards Devachan. He has to witness this process of gradual dissolution, and day by day he feels his mother's spirit slip away whilst his more material nature prevents him from joining in her rapid progress.

I subjoin my name and address, though not for publication, and remain,

Very truly yours,

"F. T. S."

EDITORS' REPLY.—Our Correspondent seems to have been misled as to the state of consciousness which entities experience in Kama Loca. He seems to have formed his conceptions on the visions of *living* psychics and the revelations of *living* mediums. But all conclusions drawn from such data are vitiated by the fact, that a *living* organism intervenes between the observer and the Kama-loca state *per se*. There can be no *conscious* meeting in Kama-loka, hence no grief. There is no astral disintegration *pari passu* with the separation of the shell from the spirit.

According to the Eastern teaching the state of the deceased in Kama-loca is not what we, living men, would recognise as "conscious." It is rather that of a person stunned and dazed by a violent blow, who has momentarily "lost his senses." Hence in Kama-loca there is as a rule (apart from vicarious life and consciousness awakened through contact with mediums) no *recognition* of friends or relatives, and therefore such a case as stated here is impossible.

We meet those we loved only in Devachan, that subjective world of perfect bliss, the state which succeeds the Kama-loka, after the separation of the principles. In Devachan all our personal, unfulfilled *spiritual* desires and aspirations will be realised; for we shall not be living in the hard world of matter but in those subjective realms wherein a desire finds its instant realisation; because man himself is there a god and a creator.

In dealing with the dicta of psychics and mediums, it must always be remembered that they translate, automatically and unconsciously, their experiences on any plane of consciousness, into the language and experience of our normal physical plane. And this confusion can only be avoided by the

special study training of occultism, which teaches how to trace and guide the passage of impressions from one plane to another and fix them on the memory.

Kama-loca may be compared to the dressing-room of an actor, in which he divests himself of the costume of the last part he played before rebecoming himself properly—the immortal *Ego* or the Pilgrim cycling in his Round of Incarnations. The Eternal Ego being stripped in Kama-loca of its lower terrestrial principles, with their passions and desires, it enters into the state of Devachan. And therefore it is said that only the purely spiritual, the non-material emotions, affections, and aspirations accompany the Ego into that state of Bliss. But the process of stripping off the lower, the fourth and part of the fifth, principles is an unconscious one in all normal human beings. It is only in very exceptional cases that there is a slight return to consciousness in Kama-loka: and this is the case of very materialistic unspiritual personalities, who, devoid of the conditions requisite, cannot enter the state of absolute Rest and Bliss.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

As a very new member of the Theosophical Society I have jotted down a few points which appear to me to be worthy of your notice.

What books do you specially advise to be read in connection with *Esoteric Buddhism?* and any remarks upon them (1.)

Have the Adepts grown or developed to their present state and powers by their own inherent capacities? If so how far can the steps of the process be described? (2.)

What is known of the training of the Yogees? (3.)

What is known of the Root races of man of which we are said to be the fifth? (4.)

What are Elementals?—their nature, powers and communication with man? (5.)

In what light are Theosophists to regard the whole *account* in the late republication of the T. P. S. of the marriage of the Spirit daughter of Colonel Eaton with the Spirit son of Franklin Pearce? ! (6.)

In the Articles on the Esoteric character of the Gospels I observe that as yet no notice has been taken of Prophecy and its alleged fulfilment in Jesus Christ. I have read these with intense interest, and regret that I was unable to obtain the first two numbers of LUCIFER. (7.)

I am, Yours truly,

J. M.

EDITORS' REPLY:—(1.) "Five Years of Theosophy," or better the back numbers of the "*Theosophist*," and the "*Path*," also "Light on the Path."

When the general outlines have been mastered, other books can be recommended; but it must always be borne in mind that with *very* few exceptions *all books on these subjects are the works of students, not of Masters*, and must therefore be studied with caution and a well-balanced mind. All *theories* should be tested by the reason and not accepted *en bloc* as revelation.

(2.) The process and growth of the Adepts is the secret of Occultism. Were adeptship easy of attainment many would achieve it, but it is the hardest task in nature, and volumes would be required even to give an outline of the philosophy of this development. (See "Practical Occultism," in this number.)

(3.) Nothing but what they give out themselves—which is very little. Read Patanjali's "Yoga Philosophy"; but with *caution*, for it is very apt to mislead, being written in symbolical language. Compare the article on "Sankhya and Yoga Philosophy" in the *Theosophist* for March.

(4.) Wait for H. P. Blavatsky's forthcoming work: "The Secret Doctrine."

(5.) See "The Secret Doctrine," also "Isis Unveiled," and various articles in

the *Theosophist*, especially "The Mineral Monad" (also reprinted in "Five Years of Theosophy").

(6.) The account referred to was quoted to show how absurdly materialistic are the common ideas, even among intelligent Spiritualists, of the post-mortem states. It was intended to bring home vividly the unphilosophical character, and the hopeless inadequacy, of such conceptions.

(7.) The subject of "Prophecy" may be dealt with in a future article of the series; but the questions involved are too irritating to the casual Christian reader, too important and need too much bibliographical research, to permit of their continuation from month to month.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

In the last issue of LUCIFER is a paper "Self-Evident Truths and Logical Deductions." The paper is important, but is not, in my opinion, sufficiently clear. "*One is a Unity* and cannot be divided into two Ones. This is so if we understand Unity to be *many* entities, parts, or forms, organised into a body of harmony so forming a Unity.

I would like to ask, If the Universe, the One or All, must not be of a certain size; and if so, is the Original One, the ever produced, not of the same size?

Also, being an organic Whole, what is the form of the All? And is the form, whatever it is, not also the form of the self-existent Cause or God?

Is nature co-eternal with God? or was there a time, or rather state, when God, the self-existent One, was all in all, before nature was produced from himself? I cannot think of anything of nature, spirit, soul, or God, without the ideas of size, form, member, and relation. So there can be no Life, Law, Cause, or Force, formless in itself, yet causative of forms. All evolutions are in, by, and unto orms; the All-evolver is Himself all Form.

The truth of the Universe is the Form of the Universe. The Truth of God is the Form of God. What Form is that? To attain to that is the great attainment for the intelligence at least. In these few lines my aim is mainly an enquiry.

Respectfully yours,

Edinburgh, 29th March, 1888. J. W. HUNTER.

EDITORS' REPLY.—According to the Eastern philosophy a unity composed of "many entities, parts, or forms" is a compound unity on the plane of *Maya*—illusion or ignorance. The One universal divine Unity cannot be a differentiated whole, however much "organized into a body of harmony." Organization implies external work out of materials at hand, and can never be connected with the self-existent, eternal, and unconditioned Absolute Unity.

This ONE SELF, absolute intelligence and existence, therefore *non*-intelligence and non-existence (to the finite and conditioned perception of man), is "*impartite*, beyond the range of speech and thought and is the substract of all" teaches *Vedantasara* in its introductory Stanza.

How, then, can the *Infinite* and the *Boundless*, the unconditioned and the *absolute*, be of any *size?* The question can only apply to a dwarfed reflection of the uncreate ray on the *mayavic* plane, or our phenomenal Universe; *to one of the finite Elohim*, who was most probably in the mind of our correspondent. To the (philosophically) untrained Pantheist, who identifies the objective Kosmos with the abstract Deity, and for whom Kosmos and Deity are synonymous terms, the form of the illusive objectivity must be the form of that Deity. To the (philosophically) trained Pantheist, the abstraction, or the *noumenon*, is the ever to be unknown Deity, the one eternal reality, formless, because homogeneous and *impartite*; boundless, because Omnipresent—as

otherwise it would only be a contradiction in ideas not only in terms; and the concrete phenomenal form—its *vehicle*—no better than an aberration of the ever-deceiving physical senses.

"Is nature co-eternal with God?" It depends on what is meant by "nature." If it is objective phenomenal nature, then the answer is—though ever latent in divine Ideation, but being only periodical as a manifestation, it cannot be co-eternal. But "abstract" nature and Deity, or what our correspondent calls "Self-existent cause or God," are inseparable *and even identical*. Theosophy objects to the masculine pronoun used in connection with the Self-existent Cause, or Deity. It says IT—inasmuch as that "cause" the *rootless root* of all—is neither male, female, nor anything to which an attribute—something always conditioned, finite, and limited—can be applied. The confession made by our esteemed correspondent that he "cannot think of anything of nature, Spirit (!) Soul or God (!!) without the ideas of size, form, number, and relation," is a living example of the sad spirit of anthropomorphism in this age of ours. It is this theological and dogmatic anthropomorphism which has begotten and is the legitimate parent of materialism. If once we realize that form is merely a temporary perception dependent on our physical senses and the idiosyncrasies of our physical brain and has no existence, *per se*, then this illusion that formless cause cannot be *causative of forms* will soon vanish. To think of Space in relation to any limited area, basing oneself on its three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness, is strictly in accordance with mechanical ideas; but it is inapplicable in metaphysics and transcendental philosophy. To say then that "the truth of God is the Form of God," is to ignore even the exotericism of the Old Testament. "The Lord spake unto you *out of the midst of the fire*. Ye heard the voice of the words, *but saw no similitude*." (Deut. iv., 12.) And to think of the All-Evolver as something which has "size, form, number, and relation," *is to think of a finite and conditioned personal God*, a part only of the ALL. And in such case, why should this part be better than its fellow-parts? Why not believe in Gods—the other rays of the All-Light? To say—"Among the gods who is like Thee O Lord" does not make the God so addressed really "the god of gods" or any better than his fellow-gods; it simply shows that every nation made a god of its own, and then, in its great ignorance and superstition, served and flattered and tried to propitiate that god. Polytheism on *such* lines, is more rational and philosophical than anthropomorphous monotheism.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Several questions have of late occurred to me at the entry of the subject of Theosophy. . . . I am quite new to the study, and must perforce express myself crudely. I gather that an early result of entire devotion to and inner contemplative life, and a life also of fine unselfishness, such a life as is calculated to allow of the growth of faculties otherwise dormant, that a result of this life will be a growing recognition of the underlying unity of man and his surroundings, that to such a man truth will make itself known *from within*, and therefore will claim instant acceptance and unquestionable certitude; that in fact the longer that such a life is lived with unfading enthusiasm, the higher will the central spirit rise in self-assertion, the wider will be the survey of creation, and the more immediate the apprehension of truth; also that with these tends to develop a greater physical command of the forces of nature.

Now I submit that such a life as is here spoken of, *is* led by men who attain to none of these results.

Most of us know Christians who seem never to have a selfish thought; who exist in an atmosphere of self-sacrifice for others, and whose leisure is all spent in meditation and in emotional prayer, which surely is seeking after truth. Yet they do not attain it. They fail to rise out of Christianity into Theosophy; they remain for ever limited to, and satisfied with the narrow space they move in. (1.) It may be replied that they do expand slowly. Granted, for some of them. But my point is that there do exist (and one is enough for my purpose) men, and particularly women, leading lives both of spiritual meditation and of unselfishness, to whom nevertheless is not vouchsafed a clearer view of the great universe, a larger apprehension of Theosophic truth, nor any increased physical command of nature. (2.) As regards the last point, take for an example John Stuart Mill. Surely he lived always in the white light of exalted contemplation and in instant readiness of high unselfishness; yet to him came no dawn of Theosophic light, nor any larger hold upon the forces of material nature. (3.) May I ask now for a word of explanation on this point? I apologise for the trouble I give, and for my want of ability in unfolding my difficulty.

H. C.

EDITORS' REPLY.—(1.) Nowhere in the theosophic teachings was it stated that a life of entire devotion to one's duty alone, or "a contemplative life," graced even by "fine unselfishness" was sufficient in itself to awaken dormant faculties and lead man to the apprehension of final truths, let alone spiritual powers. To lead such life is an excellent and meritorious thing, under any circumstances, whether one be a Christian or a Mussulman, a Jew, Buddhist or Brahmin, and according to Eastern philosophy it must and will benefit a person, if not in his present then in his future existence on earth, or what we call *rebirth*. But to expect that leading the best of lives helps one—without the help of philosophy and esoteric wisdom—to perceive "the soul of things" and develops in him "a physical command of the forces of nature," *i.e.*, endows him with abnormal or adept powers—is really too sanguine. Less than by any one else can such results be achieved by a sectarian of whatever exoteric creed. For the path to which his meditation is confined, and upon which his contemplation travels, is too narrow, too thickly covered with the weeds of dogmatic beliefs—the fruits of human fancy and error—to permit the pure ray of any Universal truth to shine upon it. His is a blind faith, and when his eyes open he has to give it up and cease being a "Christian" in the theological sense. The instance is not a good one. It is like pointing to a man immersed in "holy" water in a bath-tub and asking why he has not learnt to swim in it, since he is sitting in such holy fluid. Moreover, "unfading *enthusiasm*" and "*emotional* prayer" are not exactly the conditions required for the achievement of true theosophic and spiritual development. These means can at best help to *psychic* development. If our correspondent is anxious to learn the difference between *Spiritual* and *Psychic* wisdom, between *Sophia* and *Psüche*, let him turn to the Greek text (the English translation is garbled) in the Epistle of James, iii., 15 and 16, and he will know that one is *divine* and the other terrestial, "sensual, devilish."

(2.) The same applies to the second case in hand, and even to the third.

(3.) Both—*i.e.*, persons in general, leading lives of spiritual meditation, and those who like John Stuart Mill live "always in the white light of exalted contemplation," do not pursue truth in the right direction, and therefore they fail; moreover John Stuart Mill set up for himself an arbitrary standard of truth, inasmuch as he made his *physical* consciousness the final court of appeal. His was a case of a wonderful development of the intellectual and terrestrial side of psüche or soul, but Spirit he rejected as all Agnostics do And how can any final truths be apprehended except by the Spirit, which is the only and eternal reality in Heaven as on Earth?

A lady writes from America:—

In the fourth number of LUCIFER on the 328th page are the words:

"Enough has been given out at various times regarding the conditions of post-mortem existence, to furnish a solid block of information on this point."

The writer would be glad to be told where this information may be found. Is it in print? or must one be Occultist enough to find it out in the "Symbology" of the Bible for himself?

"ONE WHO HUNGERS FOR SOME OF THIS KNOWLEDGE."

It is certainly necessary to be an "Occultist" before the post-mortem states of man can be correctly understood and realised, for this can only be accomplished through the actual experience of one who has the faculty of placing his consciousness on the *Kamalokic* and *Devachanic* planes. But a good deal *has* been given out in the "Theosophist." Much also can be learnt from the symbology not only of the Bible but of *all* religions, especially the Egyptian and the Hindu. Only again the key to that symbology is in the keeping of the Occult Sciences and their Custodians.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS: AN ALLEGORY.

STANDING alone at the foot of the Cross, in all the solemn darkness of night; e'en though it was day; a darkness so great that it was like that in Egypt which, we are told, could be felt. Standing alone with Jesus, deserted by all, uplifted on the Cross and crowned, yes! crowned, but with thorns, in bitter contempt and scorn of his asserted divine mission to draw all men unto him; standing thus alone with Jesus, in that awful and solemn presence, the presence of the dead.

"I asked the Heavens, what foe to God hath done this unexampled deed?" "'Twas man," the answer came, "and we in horror snatched the Sun from such a spectacle of grief."

Still standing nigh the Cross, with the wind roaring and a great tempest raging; whilst the rocks were rent, and the earth did quake as though she would open her mouth and swallow all men, as we are told that she swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, because of their rejection of Moses.

"I asked the Earth." "The Earth replied aghast 'Twas man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent, that still, e'en still, I fear and tremble at the past."

Leaving the foot of the Cross, where Jesus was left to die the death of a blasphemer, in the company of thieves, abandoned and deserted of all men and forsaken of God: "To man, gay, smiling man, I went, and asked him next. He turned a scornful eye, shook his proud head and gave me no reply."

And to this day there has been no reply, but only that the rejection and Crucifixion of Jesus are a mystery. And therefore the world is still asking: Why? And what is good and true in Christianity? Because a mystery is not light but darkness, and therefore when the light that is in us is darkness, how great must be that darkness? And is not this darkness felt even now by the world, whilst anxiously waiting for the Church to explain the Mystery of "Christ Crucified"?

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Reviews.

WOMAN: HER GLORY, HER SHAME, AND HER GOD.

BY SALADIN.*

The title of the above work is scarcely suggestive of Anti-Christian polemics, despite the fact that it emanates from the pen of so determined an iconoclast as Mr. Stewart Ross. The casual reader might expect to meet with some eulogy of the fair sex, dissociated from theological considerations. Such, however, is not the case. The neat volume before us contains one of the most powerful attacks on the practical ethics of Christianity which it is has ever been our lot to peruse. Mr. Ross is clearly of the opinion that a tree must be judged by its fruits, and in demolishing the romantic and chivalrous aspect of the history of woman in Christendom by the hard reality of fact and logic, he unhesitatingly condemns the whole fabric of orthodox theology as hopelessly rotten. Taking as his text the well-known, and perhaps reprehensible, statement of Archdeacon Farrar to the effect that Christianity "has elevated the woman; it shrouds as with a halo of innocence the tender years of the child," the author tests its validity by an appeal to Church and secular history, exposing the abominations of priestly vice in the Middle Ages and ruthlessly unmasking the darker aspects of modern life. He rightly scorns to pander to a spurious sentiment of delicacy, and does not hesitate to penetrate into the very arcana of vice when the necessities of his task demand it. The prurience of the Christian Fathers, the debaucheries of Inquisitors, the shameless prostitution of "Religion" to depravity which is noticeable in ancient and even in modern times, the indirect manner in which unfortunate passages in the Bible—interpolations let us hope—have ministered to the lust of bigots and fanatics, the fatal effects of "faith" and emotionalism in worship, all these things, and many more, are dealt with in a most forcible manner. The author's facts are unimpeachable, his criticism scathing, but the general conclusions which he draws from them are not always of a nature to command the acceptance of even the most resolute of liberal thinkers.

For instance, when he states that "the *essential essence* of Christianity is opposed to that deliberate and judicial self-restraint which forms the barrier against licentiousness," (p. 77), he is, in our opinion, carried too far by the vehemence of a just revolt against the moral atrocities which have rendered theology such a mockery in the past. The "faith" to which he alludes as so pernicious to mental stability has its darker side; but it has also illumined, however irrationally, the lives of thousands of noble men and women. Similarly, in his anxiety to shift the whole burden of the sexual depravity of Europe on to the back of Christianity, he extends his generalisation too freely. It has been remarked by many writers that the ghastly immoralities of ecclesiastical history are chargeable *to individuals*, not to the system itself. Vice must have had its outlet somehow, and all it needed was—opportunity. Consequently Mill and others have declined to regard the vices which spring up in the course of

* W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street.

religious history as indicative of anything more than the necessary outcome of human evolution. Nations mould their religion, not *vice versâ*. With the ennobling of human ideas, a gradual metamorphosis of creeds must ensue.

Consequently, instead of holding that the degradation of woman by priests and religionists, is in itself a condemnation of the creed they profess, it would be more correct to put the truth thus: Christianity has done nothing to exalt woman, but has, on the contrary, *retarded her progress*. Mr. Ross' position would be, then, very difficult to assail. If, however, he ascribes her treatment in the earlier centuries to the influence of Christianity, to what does he attribute her gradual promotion in the social scale? To the same cause, or to the slow amelioration of human knowledge and culture since the Renaissance? We question very much whether creeds are responsible for all the horrors usually ascribed to their domination. Practical life and practical belief are rather *mirrors* of a nation's intellectual status than arbitrary facts which represent independent realities. Christianity has delayed human progress, rather than introduced a new noxious agency. It has, moreover, a distinctly fair side, viz:—in largely contributing to render International Law possible by cementing together the peoples of Europe. Impartial Freethinkers, such as Lecky and others, have shown clearly enough that the pros and cons are balanced after all. To-day, of course, the system is out of date; it has served a certain beneficial end in the economy of life, and achieved a reputation like that of Byron's Corsair:—

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

It is this tissue of a "thousand crimes" which, in our author's words, makes his task—

"A hideous one, but I stand in desperate conflict against overwhelming imposture and a worldful of sham and cant and falsehood . . . you may count all the real writers on the fingers of one hand, who are striving to do what I am striving to do. My purpose is too tremendous . . . . for me to bathe myself in perfumes, array myself with ribbons, and with a debonair smile and a light rapier, parry with the dilettante grace of of a fencing master. With both hands I grasp the hilt of a claymore notched with clanging blows upon helmet and hauberk and red with the stains of battle, and thrust straight at the throat of the Old Dragon, fenced around by a hundred thousand pulpits and armed to the teeth with a panoply of lies."

In conclusion we need only say that the student will find much of great value in Mr. Ross' book. It is sparkling, brimful of wit and interest, and interspersed with passages of the most eloquent declamation. Altogether the author has produced a contribution to aggressive free-thought literature well worthy of his great reputation, and still greater talent.

ABSOLUTE RELATIVISM, OR ABSOLUTE IN RELATION.

By William Bell McTaggart (W. Stewart & Co., London).

This volume, by Captain McTaggart, is one of those rare works in which the author forgets his personality and natural predilections, in favour of a plain statement of facts. He asks the reader to approach together with him the task of examining the various creeds and philosophical systems "with minds divested of preference, prejudice, or bias," and carries out the laudable policy to the end. One would vainly seek throughout the volume for any of those too oft-repeated sentences in other essays and disquisitions on philosophy, as "I claim to have discovered"—"I maintain," and so on. "The judgment seat must

know no bias," the thoughtful author tells us. He has rightly "deemed it necessary to represent . . . . the various creeds, not from afar off, or as one apart, but as entering into and being one with each, when under consideration," and he has admirably fulfilled his task.

In the above work Captain McTaggart presents us with the first instalment of a new philosophical system, the aim of the author being to sift the truth from the rubbish of modern thought, and to rear on the bases thus obtained a new edifice. Says the writer:

"Theologies are fading fast; one religion after another slips its hold on the lives of men. Philosophy is chaos; system after system, criticised by the acquired light of acquired knowlege and organised and trained intellect, is abandoned as untrue. Even the torch of science, to which so many minds had eagerly and hopefully turned, burns sadly dim, uncertain, and flickering, crossed and bedarkened with the shades of conflicting theories and unverified hypotheses."

Captain McTaggart is no Materialist, but an Agnostic, with a distinct leaning to one of the many phases of idealistic thought. The present volume does no more, however, than foreshadow the general drift of his conclusions on the subject of Perception, Materialism, and Idealism, without going into those details which are doubtless reserved for the future.

Commencing with an analysis of our ideas of Space and Time, he proceeds to examine the claims of Materialism. The case for the latter is presented with admirable impartiality, and illustrated with a selection of apt quotations which leave no room for confusion of ideas on the part of the reader. Exception may be taken to the apparent inclusion (pp. 30-31) of such men as Clerk, Maxwell, and Leibnitz in the materialistic fold, and a more definite representation of the modern schools of Continental Atheism would have, perhaps, enhanced the value of the discussion. But these are minor points.

To the materialistic doctrine that Matter *plus* Motion constitutes the one basis of the Universe, Captain McTaggart replies (1) that no theories based on the mere phenomena of perception can develop into a pure ontology. We cannot penetrate the veil of appearances, because the nature of our senses bars the way. Matter is not known in any sense except as given in consciousness. Abstract the idea of a percipient, and what remains?—an unknown Noumenon about which it is folly to dogmatise. (2) He rightly points out that:—

"*In the domain of even the phenomenal*—the legitimate sphere of experiment, deduction, and verification—experiments and observations are exceedingly limited by the shortcomings of our faculties. . . . Still, it is constantly found that these provisional and uncertain deductions are exalted to a position of equality with, but of superiority to, the conclusions of reason, based upon other premises, indeed, but of a far higher certainty than the somewhat vague generalities of Matter, Force, and Law." (p. 45.)

The Atomic theory he appears to regard as essentially materialistic, and some considerable portion of space is devoted to a criticism of its validity. We venture to think, however, that a recognition of that hypothesis—cleansed and purified from the contradictions which have grown up around it—is in no way incompatible with a lofty spiritual philosophy of things. Very forcible, on the other hand, is our author's attack on Materialism, on the ground of its hopeless inadequacy to explain the phenomena of our subjective consciousness. In the course of his discussion of this aspect of the problem, he conclusively shows that the customary imputation of Materialism to many of the most eminent scientists, such as Professor Huxley, is totally without justification.

Chapter II. is devoted to a consideration of Idealism, which in its pure form the gallant Captain seeks to show, is absurdly untenable. While Materialism resolves all things into phenomena of Matter, Idealism only admits the reality of the Ego, and regards all apparent "objects" as its mental states. Both these positions are equally open to objection; a transfigured realism being the safe mean. The "Not Self," if not "demonstrably" (?) existing, is at least a practical necessity of thought, without which the thinker is hopelessly at sea in his attempt to account for phenomena. About the nature of this Unknown Reality underlying the Universe, Captain McTaggart agrees with Mr. Spencer that we can know nothing save that it exists.

In conclusion, we need only say that the metaphysical reader will find no more bracing tonic than in the perusal of this eminently suggestive and uniformly impartial work.

VISIONS.

BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

In his *Introduction* to this little pamphlet, M. A. Oxon strikes the key-note of his Visions. They are "teaching" or "instruction" to those whose wants they meet. In saying this, the author has, perhaps unwittingly, expressed a great fact, *i.e.*, that for each one of us *that is truth* which meets our greatest need—whether moral, intellectual or emotional. As the author seems to feel, it matters very little whether these visions were subjective or objective. They conveyed to him certain moral truths with a directness and vividness which no other method of teaching could have attained. And whether we consider that these "Visions" were the thoughts of the intelligence teaching him impressed and objectivised in the recipient's brain; or whether we think that in these visions the seer beheld objective things—does not in any way alter their value as expressions of subtle truth. In many respects they resemble the visions seen by Swedenborg, and they share with the writings of that wonderful man the same curious personal colouring or shaping of the form in which they are cast, in accordance with the intellectual views and beliefs held by the seer.

The "Visions" are instructive from several points of view. They offer a curious study to the student of psychology, who will trace in them the various elements due to the Seer and to the influences acting upon him. To the man in search of moral light, they will express truths of the inner life, known and recorded in many forms during the past ages of man's life-history. They teach most impressively the cardinal doctrine of that inner life, viz., that man is absolutely his own creator. To the student of practical psychic development, they speak of the difficulties which attend the opening of the psychic senses, of the difficulty of distinguishing between the creation of man's own imagination and the more permanent creations of nature.

There is a pathetic touch here and there, bringing out clearly the difficulties just mentioned. The seer longs for the personal contact of earth and is told "to leave the personal." How long will it be before this, the deepest truth of Theosophy, is in any sense realised even by such seers as M. A. Oxon?

The clinging to personality is so strong that it is felt even in another state of consciousness. How then can it fail to colour and distort the pure truth, which

is and must be absolutely impersonal? But this lesson is one hard to learn, so hard that many lives suffice not even for its comprehension.

The statements on page 21 would seem to show that the visions recorded are those of the Devachanic state. For it said that all the scenery and surroundings, the natural world of that plane in short, are the creations of the particular spirit with whose sphere the seer is in contact. This coincides perfectly with the Theosophic view, and when once this truth is really grasped, Spiritualists will realise how mistaken they have been in attacking a doctrine which is in reality what they have so long been seeking for, and which offers them the logical and philosophic system which they need as a basis for their investigations.

The beauty of the thoughts expressed in the pages of this little book is very striking, and although the author expressly disclaims any literary merit, no one can fail to recognise the ability and truthfulness of expressions which characterise the work. All students will assuredly be grateful to M. A. Oxon for rendering these "Visions" easily accessible.

LES MYSTÈRES DE L'HOROSCOPE.

PAR ELY-STAR.

Preface by Camille Flammarion and a Letter from Josephin Peladan. Paris, Dentu, Editeur.

This book is mainly based on a work by P. Christian, "Le petit homme rouge des Tuileries." It is a combination of astronomical astrology with the keys and numerals of the Tarot, the point of departure being the name, surname and date of birth of the individual whose horoscope is to be cast.

It is a great improvement on the work of Christian in point of clearness and lucidity of exposition and in the convenience of its tables. Especially useful, from a practical point of view, is the table of the numerical values of the letters of the alphabet; though it is to be desired that the author should give some authority for these values, a detail which he has unfortunately omitted. He also does away with Christian's practice of translating the names, first of all, into Latin—a great convenience, though how far he is orthodox in so doing, remains a very open question.

The first conclusion to which the student is almost irresistibly impelled is that the "reading" of the horoscope is a matter of intuition and at least semi-clairvoyance. And the second is that a real seer could readily dispense with all such paraphernalia.

Still the book is an interesting and valuable contribution to occult literature, and in particular to the text-books which are of use to students in the training and development of their own faculties.

It is well worth the study of our readers, especially as it relieves one almost entirely from the mathematical calculations demanded by ordinary astrological methods.

"A DREAM OF THE GIRONDE AND OTHER POEMS." *

BY EVELYN PYNE.

The poem by whose name the book before us is christened, is a dramatic rendering of incidents of the "Reign of Terror," grouped around the central heroic figure of Madame Roland. The work is an early effort of Mr. Pyne's, and it is therefore all the more astonishing in its command of poetic thought and musical diction. It is one of those delicate idylls which would lose their reflective charm if represented on the stage; but for all that it has many dramatic incidents in its texture. The scene where the mob bursts into the King's chambers in the Tuileries; the intercession of Raoul with the former victim of his lust, the Amazon Théroigne; the arraignment of the heroine before the Tribunal; and the tender sympathy of Madame Roland for the old man who craves to be permitted to pass before her the ordeal of the guillotine, are all painted in vivid lines. The character of the central figure is instinct with noble, sensitive, liberty-loving life, and some of the finest lines in the drama are put into her mouth; such as, for instance, the following:—

"We seek for happiness instead of truth;
We choose out pleasure, and ignore the right,
Then call life dark: eternity will judge
If darkness be not shadow of ourselves
O'ercasting all—our love—our hope—our life!
Self must be blotted out—a thing of naught—
Forgotten—non-existent, ere we catch
The light which our life holds, but does not hide
From those who truly seek."

And again—

"My faith is sure,
Tho' sav'ring not of dogmas harshly held
By canting priest and persecuting church;
No! the eternal spirit, fetterless,
And boundless in its flight as the wide arch
Of unimaginable space above,
Bearing sun, moon, and stars within our ken
As but an atom in its boundlessness,
Can never be chained down to one alone
Of countless lights in this dark world of ours."

The blank verse in which the body of the drama is written is admirably treated and flowing in its rhythm, and occasionally offers us a dainty little Shakespearian conceit, such as Marie Antoinette's address to Louis:—

"Dear Louis, speak not thus: I would not change
Our danger if I could, so it be 'ours,'
Not 'mine' or 'thine,' but 'ours'—we are alone
When 'mine' or 'thine' comes first, but 'ours' sounds sweet
E'en now—the bitter-sweet they've left to us."

In the shorter poems contained in this book a remarkable ear for music is evinced by the cadence of the varied rhythm. In this respect that entitled "Lost Happiness" is perhaps the most finished, witness:—

"Sweetheart; 'tis the happy spring-time;
Crocus flames are springing bright,
Golden, purple, snowy-chaliced

* Published by Smith, Elder & Co., price 6s. We understand that there remain only a few copies of this volume, and that they are for the most part in the possession of the author, Mr. Evelyn Pyne, The Pines, Bagshot, Surrey, to whom we refer our readers.

In the light
Which the waking sun doth quiver
O'er the throbbing, pulsing earth-veil—
Here with snowdrops and narcissus
Fair and pale,
There with purple glory turning
Violets into lips to kiss us,
And now burning
Into daffodils whose beauty, golden, dewy-eyed and tall,
Seems like shadows of the star-lights gleaming clear thro' heaven's wall;
Ah, my sweetest, like a love-crown thy flower-face peeps thro' them all."

Mr. Pyne's love for nature is written large on every page of this volume; but, more and higher than that, he has thus early shown the poet's intuition which grasps in nature the truths that the philosopher more laboriously unearths. For him all nature is one undivided manifestation of the universal spirit, and we are often forcibly reminded, in reading these lines, of the greatest nature poet, Shelley. The true Theosophic spirit of brotherhood and the earnest purpose which would give up all things in the pursuit of Truth and Wisdom are more visible here than in any of our recent poets. Let us take for example these lines from "Thistle Blossom":—

"'Tis not 'I know;'
But 'I believe;' they *dare* not seek to know;
Alas that this should be! alas! alas!
What hope of happiness when all our life
Is founded on a fancy, not a truth?"

Or again:—

"Oh, true artist, swiftly listen, rise and hear while dewdrops glisten;
Watch the dawning and the waning of each star;
Ope thy fair soul's golden portal, let her hear the song immortal,
Send thy fearless spirit seeking down the far."

And:—

"Heav'n will be realised, and truly known,
When earth is understood—not trodden down,
But raised, and purified, and blossoming!
When human souls have learned the nobleness
Which makes a crime impossible, disease
And misery unknown.

The whole poem, "Thistle-Blossom," is to our mind the finest in this collection, portraying as it does the noble sacrifice of two souls who put behind them selfish thoughts of mutual and exclusive love, and each gives his and her whole life and energies to urging on mankind to higher aims, till kindly death at last unites each with the other in the bosom of Eternity. The last extract for which we have space, and with which we take reluctant leave of these fascinating poems, sums up the purpose of this tale:—

"Not so, oh love; it is not happiness
Which gains life's highest crown; it is not love,
But suffering alone which raises us
Unto the brightness of the mountain peak,
And fair glow of the stars—ah, not in vain
The lesson of thy grand philosophy . . .
. . . . . Oh, love, and can we not
Make our strong faith stand forth in stronger deeds,
And lead the march of triumph on its way?"

On a future occasion we hope to give our readers a few notes upon a later volume of poems by Mr. Pyne, and called "The Poet in May."

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

The THEOSOPHIST for the months of February and March 1888 is above its general average of interest and value. In the February number the continuation of the series of articles on "Nature's Finer Forces" is full of valuable information for psychics and practical students of the occult, which would otherwise cost them much study and labour to obtain.

The clue given by the Indian theory of the "Tatwas," or basic qualities in Nature, to the colours and forms seen by so many psychics is very important, and, combined as it is here with explanations as to the effects of different ways of breathing, will come as welcome instruction to many.

The paper on the "Golden Ratio," translated from a German periodical, deals with a subject which has attracted much attention there, and has been handled with masterly skill by at least one writer in that land of students.

Unfortunately, in England it is considered "unpractical," but this is very far from being the case, and students would find it well worth their time and labour to devote more attention to the laws of super-nature which are exemplified in this and other mathematical relations.

An essay on "Sanskrit Literature" contains some suggestive hints, and some rather far-reaching admissions as to the difficulties involved in arriving at the true esoteric sense of the older portion of these works.

The "*Angel Peacock*," a mystical tale which has been appearing in the last few numbers, grows very interesting. Some of our London readers may remember seeing the famous bird — the Melek Taous, the sacred symbol or image of the Yezidis, the much-maligned "Devil-Worshippers"—on exhibition in a certain Indian Art Gallery in Oxford Street. It was this bird—a marvellous work in graven and inlaid steel—which gave the suggestion for the story here worked out, and those who are sensitive to subtle influences will realise, on seeing the original, the veracity of the impression conveyed in the fiction.

Fourteen pages of this number are occupied with a review of the "Kabbalah Unveiled," which has already been noticed in the pages of LUCIFER. Of the present review it can only be said that it is exceedingly to be regretted that it should have ever been published in a Theosophical magazine.

In the March number the articles on the "Sankhya and Yoga Philosophy" and the "Kaivalyanavanita" especially deserve careful perusal.

The former contains, besides a mass of bibliographical information of value to special students, a brief and admirable summary of this philosophy, as well as some very useful hints for practical work. The latter is one of those translations from Eastern works which are of great use to the student of Hindu philosophy.

Besides these, Dr. Pratt continues his series of papers on "Travestied Teachings," under which name he means the various forms of doctrine taught in the Old Testament. He brings forward some very interesting considerations, which, however, raise issues too wide for discussion here. In Madame Blavatsky's new work, the *Secret Doctrine*, now ready for press, much information is given and many new lights are thrown on these questions, which are of so great an interest to men born and bred up in attachment to the Jewish scriptures.

An article on the "Anatomy of the Tantras" is also very suggestive and throws, thanks to the medical knowledge of one of the staff at Adyar, a good deal of light on some obscure points connected with the relations between the psychic and physical organisations of man.

The PATH for February opens with a continuation of Mr. Brehon's papers on the Bhagavat-Gita, the concluding sentence of which is so important that it must be quoted:—This (the only real) system of initiation "is secret, because founded in nature and having only real Hierophants at its head, its privacy cannot be invaded without the real key. And that key, in each degree, is the *aspirant himself*. . . ."

From the Bhagavat-Gita we pass to the *Seeress* of *Prevorst*, a portrait of whom is contained in the number. This

remarkable woman is an extremely curious example of a natural-born seeress, and her life and experiences are very curious and instructive reading.

Jasper Niemand's "Stray Thoughts" are, like everything he writes, full of deep truth and *knowledge*. To quote one, as an example:

"Pain is an effort of Nature to restore its lost harmonies; therefore pain is joy. Joy is the effort of Nature to disturb the proportions of harmony by the exclusive appropriation of a selected note; therefore joy is pain. These together are the second lesson of life. The first is sex, itself a permitted discord whereby true harmony is better conceived."

Compare these lines with the suggestive words in "Through the Gates of Gold"; remembering how well this truth is exemplified in the history of architecture. Ruskin's works are instinct with it, though nowhere is the principle so clearly and tersely formulated. A perfect architecture becomes extravagant and degenerates, through the undue stress laid on some one particular part of its perfection.

Charles Johnston's article on the "Lessons of Karma" is well thought out; but we need much more elucidation of this most important subject from someone who knows, before clear and true conceptions by which to guide life can be formed.

"The Way of the Wind," by J. C. Ver Plank, is well written and full of ideas, and Zadok's "Answers to Queries" are admirable in their brief pointedness.

"Tea-Table Talk" this month is rather more serious than usual, but Julius is evidently a writer of many moods from all of which much is to be profited.

In the March number, the Editor writes a page or two on the past history of the "PATH." His words are bold and noble, and should inspire courage in the hearts of those whom the difficulty of the arduous struggle of life has cast down.

Mr. Brehon concludes his articles on the Bhagavat-Gita, by showing how life itself, "the daily round, the common task," forms the preliminary stage of the "Path," the first initiation into *Knowledge*.

Two articles are especially remarkable in this number. One, "Give us One Fact," signed by Nilakant, and "East and West" from the pen of Jasper Niemand.

It would be well indeed for the Theosophical Society were all its members to "mark, learn and inwardly digest," as the noble old collect has it, what is written in this article.

And Jasper Niemand also brings home to us what we should do well to ponder till it is realised; for either Theosophy is life, and joy, and light in a man's life, or it is worse than useless, a shibboleth, an empty word, an amusement, a thing to be played with, not *lived*.

Were some of the hunters after phenomena and "experiences" to study the records contained every month in "Tea-Table Talk," they would soon find that each day is a regular mine of such occurrences. They would soon perceive in their own constant experience those tangible proofs for which they *profess* themselves to be waiting, and one would hear less of the parrot-cry: "Show us a sign, and we will believe."

Finally we would ask our readers to note that there are 18 Branches of the Theosophical Society now existing in America and 3 or 4 more in course of formation. Why are we so backward here in England? Are we less earnest or less capable of appreciating truth and doing unselfish work for others? Let each answer to his own conscience.

LE LOTUS for February contains a reply by the Abbé Roca to some observations made by one of the Editors of LUCIFER on an article by him of which a summary was given in a recent number of this Magazine. The gist of the Abbé's reply is that his meaning has been misunderstood, and so he says "*et tu quoque*," to her remarks. The readers of the *Lotus* will be able to judge for themselves on the points at issue; at any rate these articles are certainly interesting reading.

The second article is a translation from the German of Karl zu Leiningen's article on the Kabalistic conception of the soul and of death. This is followed by an ingenious and very learned paper by M. Papus on the Legend of Hiram Abiff—one of the great symbols in Free-Masonry.

As a study it is highly interesting, but M. Papus could assuredly—if he only chose—tell us much more of the *real* esotericism of this and other symbols than he has done.

Astral Perception, an article translated from the *Platonist*—an American Journal—is worth reading, though it is only a compilation containing neither new information nor new thought.

The concluding article in this number is an extract from the rare works of Fabre d'Olivet, who wrote at the beginning of this century, and is still remarkable for his intuitive perception of truths and facts which are now becoming well established.

From the concluding pages the follow-

ing extract is amusing enough to bear translation. The famous scientist Moleschott, in a lecture delivered on December 31st, sang the praises of modern civilisation, but above all the rest he glorified—the POSTAL CARD! Thus:—

"It could never have been foreseen that the pile would become the mother of the Postal Card, another mistress of simple and stirring words. Our younger generations know how to make such good use of it, that for some of them it is still too large. In wonderfully few lines they can assure their friends of their affection, produce in them the illusion that for a few moments they have had the pleasure of their presence, have felt their caresses, the touch of their minds. Even the economy of time leaves one leisure to write these short letters, for which time was lacking in the days of Pliny. And the interchange of ideas, as well as the habit of affectionate feeling, have gained therein inestimably.

"So true is it that every application of Science developes the moral power of man."

Ah! qu'en termes galants ces choses-là sont dites!

My brothers, let us adore materialistic science aureoled with post-cards!—concludes the *Lotus*.

The March number opens with a fragment from a new work on which M. Stanislaus de Guaita is at present engaged, and which is to be called "The Serpent of Genesis." It is to be feared that this work will contain along with very much of permanent value some rather fanciful esotericism—to judge by several of the statements made in these extracts.

But—we shall see.

Another translation from the German, an article this time by Dr. Carl du Prel on the scientific aspect of the post-morten state, very interesting, very learned, but neither quite so luminous nor so convincing as might be.

These two articles fill up the March number entirely, leaving space only for a translation of a short article from the *Path* in reply to the question:—What is the Theosophical Society?—and for the usual poetry and notes at the end.

LIGHT is becoming more philosophical, and, consequently, more interesting. Séance phenomena are apt to grow monotonous from their resemblance to each other, and perpetual columns of such records are a pain and a weariness to the flesh of the reader, whatever the performance of such feats may be to the "spirits," who do them.

Read in this aspect, the comments are instructive which it makes on a séance held by Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan with a medium called Watkins, at which the "spirit" of the late Professor Carpenter is alleged to have communicated with the discoverer of Psychometry. "Says Dr. Buchanan to *Professor Wm. B. Carpenter:* In life you would not tolerate such views as mine; how do you now regard my discoveries?"

"When this paper was taken up the response did not come very promptly, and I remarked that I supposed the person questioned would require to exercise some deliberation, to which the reply promptly came: 'So would you if you were here and had to come back and acknowledge your mistake.' The answer was then written on the slate:—

"*Professor*—One is liable to make mistakes as long as one is in the body. I regard it as the grandest thing yet, and so easily understand your new science of which you are the representative. I also come back willingly and acknowledge that I was wrong. It is a very strange feeling—the coming back here in this manner." "WM. B. CARPENTER."

"Strange feeling indeed! A change has come over the spirit of his dream, since the days when Mr. Crookes demolished him, and held him up to inextinguishable laughter. Strange company, too, he found himself in. Beginning with St. John (who seems to have assured Dr. Buchanan that his (Dr. Buchanan's) intellectual work was "the most important ever done on earth"), we have Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, Dr. Rush and Wm. Denton, and then at the tail the remarkable man with his most remarkable communication. Who shall read us this riddle?"

"*We have not yet got down to the real truth on these matters, and perhaps we never shall.* Meantime it is the matter of the message, not the name at its close, that is of the most importance to us. Mr. Watkins is undoubtedly a very excellent medium, and the writings given to Dr. Buchanan are, no doubt, genuine."

When once such a highly intelligent spiritualist as M. A. Oxon, himself a psychic, admits frankly that the communicating "intelligences" of séance rooms are not always what *they call themselves*, a long step has been taken to the reconciliation of modern spiritualism with the philosophy and knowledge of the ancients and with Theosophy as the inheritor of these traditions.

But if the truth is to be found, it must be sought through reason and logic, and nothing must be taken on the *ipse dixit* of this or that influence or intelligence, but all things must be tried in the fire, and tested by comparison with the recorded experience of past generations of men.

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 5.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Morrison writes (Lilly's *Introduction to Astrology*, Bohn's Edition, p. 100): "The most difficult thing in all questions is to judge of time with accuracy." Yet, when achieved, such a verified calculation is one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of Horary Astrology. To figures which merely declare that an event will or will not happen, the objection is always raised that it may have been a mere coincidence; hence it requires a very large number of such figures to demonstrate to the honest sceptic that the *post hoc* is really also *propter hoc*. But that the time of an event should be accurately predicted considerably prior to the event itself, the circumstances of the case being also such that all ordinary means of calculation were impossible, is surely a proof which cannot rationally be gainsaid. That such should be a mere coincidence would be a greater marvel than that Horary Astrology should be true. Furthermore, a prediction devoid of a date, loses half its value; for whether it is a prediction of good of which we wish to avail ourselves to the fullest extent, or of evil which we desire to avert, or, if that be impossible, to minimise, we need to know the time of its predicted fulfilment with, at least, some degree of certainty, in order to regulate our actions accordingly.

There are two methods of judging time in Horary Astrology.

(1.) By noting in the ephemeris when the significators mutually come to an exact aspect, or when one of them comes to an exact aspect with the cusp of any particular house.

(2.) By calculating so many days, weeks, months, or years, according to the position of the significators, whether in angular, succeedent, or cadent houses, and in moveable, fixed, or common signs.

The first method needs no explanation, except this, that it seems only applicable to certain cases, and what those cases are have not yet been fully determined.

The second method, which is the one generally resorted to, would have also been easy of application, had it not been for the extraordinary confusions and contradictions to which astrologers have committed themselves. If the reader will refer to the above-mentioned work of Lilly, and compare what he has written at pp. 84, 93, 94, 100, 104, 105, 117, 118, 121, 131, 153, 191, 217, 239, 250, 263, 291, he will find proof of this.

C. Heydon, in his *New Astrology*, 1786, second edition, pp. 115-6, gives another mode of calculating by signs and houses, and Guido Bonatus (*Astrologers' Guide*, p. 33) a third method.

Morrison was the first to clear up this confusion, and enunciate the true rule; which has been accepted by Simmonite and Raphael. It is as follows:—

Moveable signs	in angles	denote	days.
,,	succeedents	,,	weeks.
,,	cadents	,,	months.
Common signs	in angles	,,	weeks.
,,	succeedents	,	months.
,,	cadents	,,	years.
Fixed signs	in angles	,,	months.
,,	succeedents	,,	years.
,,	cadents	,,	unknown.

He also tells us to regard only the house and sign which contain the *applying* significator; to which I may add, that if they apply to each other by reason of one being retrograde, the swiftest significator must be taken.

And here let me say that no astrologer has, so far as I know, definitely stated whether by a "month" a lunar or calendar month is meant: indeed Lilly (p. 94) seems to imply that he reckoned a calendar month. But this surely must be an error; if days, weeks, and years are to be reckoned as fixed and practically unvarying epochs of time corresponding to definite astronomical cycles; is it rational to calculate months by a purely arbitrary and varying division of time, out of harmony with the lunar cycle? This alone should be sufficient to prove that *lunar* months are to be reckoned, and my experiments have hitherto shown that it is so.

But there is another and most important point which has not yet been elucidated. We find, as a matter of fact, that the event does not always occur at the *exact* time predicted; and the question at once arises, what is the limit of margin to be allowed? If we can allow a possible margin of a single day, why not of a week, month or year? That some margin should be allowed is only reasonable, but, if Astrology is a real science, that margin must be estimated by rule.

Two suggestions have been made.

(1.) Simmonite says, and others agree with him: "Great south latitude prolongs the time; great north latitude often cuts it shorter; if the significators have no latitude, the exact time is made simply by the aspects. Degrees and minutes of latitude, if it be south, should it is said be added to the time, but if north, subtracted from it, but I have not much opinion of this."

This method of rectification does not agree with my own experiments. In the figure given in No. 3, the calculation was for 4 weeks 1 day, and the event occurred 2 days later. But at the time of the question, ☽ the applying significator was in lat. 3° 58′ S and ♂ the other significator in lat. 0° 50′ S. According to the rule of adding the degrees and minutes for South Latitude, 4° 48′ the sum of the two South Latitudes should have been added; and this, as each degree in this figure signified a week, would have prolonged the time to over 8¾ weeks, or more than 4 weeks beyond the actual event.

Furthermore, if we exclude this idea, and take only a less though indefinite prolongation or shortening of the time; even this mode of calculation (which even if true would be uncertain and imperfect) is not in accordance with facts. In the above figure, with a total of 4° 48′ South Latitude, which should have prolonged the time, the event happened only 2 days after the calculated date. But in the figure given in No. 4, ☿ was in lat. 1° 3′ 40″ N and ♅ in lat. 0° 43′ 25″ N, giving a total of 1° 47′ 5″ North Latitude, which should have shortened the time; nevertheless the commencement of the event was 2 days, and its culmination 6 days, after the date shown by the figure.

Raphael (*Horary Astrology*, p. 49) gives another explanation of the fact. "This is a difficult thing to judge exact, unless the planets be on the cusps of houses; for instance, the ☽ in ♈ on the cusp of the 10th denotes days; but if ☽ were in ♈ in the middle of the 10th, it would be longer time, for the time gradually increases from a day on the cusp [of the 10th] to a week on the cusp of the 11th; and from a week on the cusp of the 11th to a month on the cusp of the 12th, that is for moveable signs; and the other signs and houses are to be dealt with in a similar manner according to the locality of the planet." Were this so, it would be almost impossible to judge the large majority of figures, without a most tedious mathematical calculation.

But my experiments have so far contradicted this rule. Thus, in the first of the above figures, ☽ was 13° 22′ 36″ from the cusp of the house in which she was placed; yet the calculation, which extended over 4 weeks, was exact within 2 days. Again, in the next figure, though ☿ was 11° 51′ 15″ distant from the cusp, the calculation, which extended over 12 weeks, was exact within from 2 to 6 days.

So far as my observations have extended, I have found the rule to be this:—*allow a margin of one degree*, so that if a degree in the figure signifies a day, allow one day; if a month, allow a (lunar) month, &c.; but whether this margin is to be allowed *before*, as well as *after* the exact date shown by the figure, I have not yet made sufficient experiments to determine.

Another problem to be solved is whether the above rule of calculating the value in time of a degree by houses and signs is modified if the applying significator is about to leave the house or sign it is in, and so *within orbs of the next house or sign*. In the figure given in No. 4, though the applying significator ☿ was in 29° 36′ 15″ of ♓, and so decidedly within the orbs of the following sign ♈, it made no difference in the calculation; hence I should conclude, from analogy, that the same applies to the houses also.

NEMO.

LUCIFER

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OCCULTISM VERSUS THE OCCULT ARTS.

"I oft have heard, but ne'er believed till now,
There are, who can by potent magic spells
Bend to their crooked purpose Nature's laws."

—MILTON.

IN this month's "Correspondence" several letters testify to the strong impression produced on some minds by our last month's article "Practical Occultism." Such letters go far to prove and strengthen two logical conclusions.

(a.) There are more well-educated and thoughtful men who believe in the existence of Occultism and Magic (the two differing vastly) than the modern materialist dreams of; and—

(b.) That most of the believers (comprising many theosophists) have no definite idea of the nature of Occultism and confuse it with the Occult sciences in general, the "Black art" included.

Their representations of the powers it confers upon man, and of the means to be used to acquire them are as varied as they are fanciful. Some imagine that a master in the art, to show the way, is all that is needed to become a Zanoni. Others, that one has but to cross the Canal of Suez and go to India to bloom forth as a Roger Bacon or even a Count St. Germain. Many take for their ideal Margrave with his ever-renewing youth, and care little for the soul as the price paid for it. Not a few, mistaking "Witch-of-Endorism" pure and simple, for Occultism—"through the yawning Earth from Stygian gloom, call up the meagre ghost to walks of light," and want, on the strength of this feat, to be regarded as full blown Adepts. "Ceremonial Magic" according to the rules mockingly laid down by Eliphas Levi, is another imagined *alter-ego* of the philosophy of the Arhats of old. In short, the prisms through which Occultism appears, to those innocent of the philosophy, are as multicoloured and varied as human fancy can make them.

Will these candidates to Wisdom and Power feel very indignant if told the plain truth? It is not only useful, but it has now become *necessary* to disabuse most of them and before it is too late. This truth may be said in a few words: There are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves "Occultists," who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the high-way to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man—the reflection of the absolute, causeless and unknowable ALL—differs from the mortal clay—the human body.

In our highly civilized West, where modern languages have been formed, and words coined, in the wake of ideas and thoughts—as happened with every tongue—the more the latter became materialized in the cold atmosphere of Western selfishness and its incessant chase after the goods of this world, the less was there any need felt for the production of new terms to express that which was tacitly regarded as absolute and exploded "superstition." Such words could answer only to ideas which a cultured man was scarcely supposed to harbour in his mind. "Magic," a synonym for jugglery; "Sorcery," an equivalent for crass ignorance; and "Occultism," the sorry relic of crack-brained, mediæval Fire-philosophers, of the Jacob Boëhmes and the St. Martins, are expressions believed more than amply sufficient to cover the whole field of "thimble-rigging." They are terms of contempt, and used generally only in reference to the dross and residues of the dark ages and its preceding aeons of paganism. Therefore have we no terms in the English tongue to define and shade the difference between such abnormal powers, or the sciences that lead to the acquisition of them, with the nicety possible in the Eastern languages—pre-eminently the Sanskrit. What do the words "miracle" and "enchantment" (words identical in meaning after all, as both express the idea of producing wonderful things by *breaking the laws of nature* (*!!*) as explained by the accepted authorities) convey to the minds of those who hear, or who pronounce them? A Christian—*breaking* "of the laws of nature," notwithstanding—while believing firmly in the *miracles*, because said to have been produced by God through Moses, will either scout the enchantments performed by Pharoah's magicians, or attribute them to the devil. It is the latter whom our pious enemies connect with Occultism, while their impious foes, the infidels, laugh at Moses, Magicians, and Occultists, and would blush to give one serious thought to such "superstí-

tions." This, because there is no term in existence to show the difference; no words to express the lights and shadows and draw the line of demarcation between the sublime and the true, the absurd and the ridiculous. The latter are the theological interpretations which teach the "breaking of the laws of Nature" by man, God, or devil; the former—the *scientific* "miracles" and enchantments of Moses and the Magicians *in accordance with natural laws*, both having been learned in all the Wisdom of the Sanctuaries, which were the "Royal Societies" of those days—and in true OCCULTISM. This last word is certainly misleading, translated as it stands from the compound word *Gupta-Vidya*, "Secret Knowledge." But the knowledge of what? Some of the Sanskrit terms may help us.

There are four (out of the many other) names of the various kinds of Esoteric Knowledge or Sciences given, even in the exoteric Purânas. There is (1) *Yajna-Vidya*,* knowledge of the occult powers awakened in Nature by the performance of certain religious ceremonies and rites. (2) *Mahavidya*, the "great knowledge" the magic of the Kabalists and of the *Tantrika* worship, often Sorcery of the worst description. (3.) *Guhya-Vidya*, knowledge of the mystic powers residing in Sound (Ether), hence in the Mantras (chanted prayers or incantations) and depending on the rhythm and melody used; in other words a magical performance based on Knowledge of the Forces of Nature and their correlation; and (4.) ATMA-VIDYA, a term which is translated simply "Knowledge of the Soul," *true Wisdom* by the Orientalists, but which means far more.

This last is the only kind of Occultism that any theosophist who admires "Light on the Path," and who would be wise and unselfish, ought to strive after. All the rest is some branch of the "Occult Sciences," *i.e.*, arts based on the knowledge of the ultimate essence of all things in the Kingdoms of Nature—such as minerals, plants and animals—hence of things pertaining to the realm of *material* nature, however invisible that essence may be, and howsoever much it has hitherto eluded the grasp of Science. Alchemy, Astrology, Occult Physiology, Chiromancy, exist in Nature and the *exact* Sciences—perhaps so called, because they are found in this age of paradoxical philosophies the reverse—have already discovered not a few of the

* "The *Yajna*," say the Brahmans, "exists from eternity, for it proceeded forth from the Supreme One . . . in whom it lay dormant from '*no* beginning.' It is the key to the TRAIVIDYA, the thrice sacred science contained in the Rig verses, which teaches the Yagus or sacrificial mysteries. 'The Yajna' exists as an invisible thing at all times; it is like the latent power of electricity in an electrifying machine, requiring only the operation of a suitable apparatus in order to be elicited. It is supposed to extend from the *Ahavaniya* or sacrificial fire to the heavens, forming a bridge or ladder by means of which the sacrificer can communicate with the world of gods and spirits, and even ascend when alive to their abodes."—Martin Hauge's *Aitareya Brahmana.*

"This *Yajna* is again one of the forms of the Akâsa; and the mystic word calling it into existence and pronounced mentally by the initiated Priest is the *Lost Word* receiving impulse through WILL-POWER."—"Isis Unveiled," Vol. I. Intr. See *Aitareya Brahmana*, Hauge.

secrets of the above *arts*. But clairvoyance, symbolised in India as the "Eye of Siva," called in Japan, "Infinite Vision," is *not* Hypnotism, the illegitimate son of Mesmerism, and is not to be acquired by such arts. All the others may be mastered and results obtained, whether good, bad, or indifferent; but *Atma-Vidya* sets small value on them. It includes them all and may even use them occasionally, but it does so after purifying them of their dross, for beneficent purposes, and taking care to deprive them of every element of selfish motive. Let us explain: Any man or woman can set himself or herself to study one or all of the above specified "Occult Arts" without any great previous preparation, and even without adopting any too restraining mode of life. One could even dispense with any lofty standard of morality. In the last case, of course, ten to one the student would blossom into a very decent kind of sorcerer, and tumble down headlong into black magic. But what can this matter? The *Voodoos* and the *Dugpas* eat, drink and are merry over hecatombs of victims of their infernal arts. And so do the amiable gentlemen vivisectionists and the *diploma-ed* "Hypnotizers" of the Faculties of Medicine; the only difference between the two classes being that the Voodoos and Dugpas are *conscious*, and the Charcot-Richet crew *unconscious*, Sorcerers. Thus, since both have to reap the fruits of their labours and achievements in the black art, the Western practitioners should not have the punishment and reputation without the profits and enjoyments they may get therefrom. For we say it again, *hypnotism* and *vivisection* as practised in such schools, are *Sorcery* pure and simple, *minus* a knowledge that the Voodoos and Dugpas enjoy, and which no Charcot-Richet can procure for himself in fifty years of hard study and experimental observation. Let then those who will dabble in magic, whether they understand its nature or not, but who find the rules imposed upon students too hard, and who, therefore, lay Atma Vidya or Occultism aside—go without it. Let them become magicians by all means, even though they do become *Voodoos* and *Dugpas* for the next ten incarnations.

But the interest of our readers will probably centre on those who are invincibly attracted towards the "Occult," yet who neither realise the true nature of what they aspire towards, nor have they become passion-proof, far less truly unselfish.

How about these unfortunates, we shall be asked, who are thus rent in twain by conflicting forces? For it has been said too often to need repetition, and the fact itself is patent to any observer, that when once the desire for Occultism has really awakened in a man's heart, there remains for him no hope of peace, no place of rest and comfort in all the world. He is driven out into the wild and desolate spaces of life by an ever-gnawing unrest he cannot quell. His heart is too full of passion and selfish desire to permit him to pass the Golden Gate; he cannot find rest or peace in ordinary life. Must he then inevitably fall into

sorcery and black magic, and through many incarnations heap up for himself a terrible Karma? Is there no other road for him?

Indeed there is, we answer. Let him aspire to no higher than he feels able to accomplish. Let him not take a burden upon himself too heavy for him to carry. Without ever becoming a "Mahatma," a Buddha or a Great Saint, let him study the philosophy and the "Science of Soul," and he can become one of the modest benefactors of humanity, without any "superhuman" powers. *Siddhis* (or the Arhat powers) are only for those who are able to "lead the life," to comply with the terrible sacrifices required for such a training, and to comply with them *to the very letter.* Let them know at once and remember always, that *true Occultism or Theosophy* is the "Great Renunciation of SELF," unconditionally and absolutely, in thought as in action. It is ALTRUISM, and it throws him who practises it out of calculation of the ranks of the living altogether. "Not for himself, but for the world, he lives," as soon as he has pledged himself to the work. Much is forgiven during the first years of probation. But, no sooner is he "accepted" than his personality must disappear, and he has to become *a mere beneficent force in Nature.* There are two poles for him after that, two paths, and no midward place of rest. He has either to ascend laboriously, step by step, often through numerous incarnations and *no Devachanic break*, the golden ladder leading to Mahatmaship (the *Arhat* or *Bodhisatva* condition), or—he will let himself slide down the ladder at the first false step, and roll down into *Dugpaship*. . . .

All this is either unknown or left out of sight altogether. Indeed, one who is able to follow the silent evolution of the preliminary aspirations of the candidates, often finds strange ideas quietly taking possession of their minds. There are those whose reasoning powers have been so distorted by foreign influences that they imagine that animal passions can be so sublimated and elevated that their fury, force, and fire can, so to speak, be turned inwards; that they can be stored and shut up in one's breast, until their energy is, not expanded, but turned toward higher and more holy purposes: namely, *until their collective and unexpanded strength enables their possessor to enter the true Sanctuary of the Soul* and stand therein in the presence of the *Master*—the HIGHER SELF! For this purpose they will not struggle with their passions nor slay them. They will simply, by a strong effort of will put down the fierce flames and keep them at bay within their natures, allowing the fire to smoulder under a thin layer of ashes. They submit joyfully to the torture of the Spartan boy who allowed the fox to devour his entrails rather than part with it. Oh, poor blind visionaries!

As well hope that a band of drunken chimney-sweeps, hot and greasy from their work, may be shut up in a Sanctuary hung with pure white linen, and that instead of soiling and turning it by their presence

into a heap of dirty shreds, they will become masters in and of the sacred recess, and finally emerge from it as immaculate as that recess. Why not imagine that a dozen of skunks imprisoned in the pure atmosphere of a *Dgon-pa* (a monastery) can issue out of it impregnated with all the perfumes of the incenses used? . . . . Strange aberration of the human mind. Can it be so? Let us argue.

The "Master" in the Sanctuary of our souls is "the Higher Self"—the divine spirit whose consciousness is based upon and derived solely (at any rate during the mortal life of the man in whom it is captive) from the Mind, which we have agreed to call the *Human Soul* (the "Spiritual Soul" being the vehicle of the Spirit). In its turn the former (the *personal* or human soul) is a compound in its highest form, of spiritual aspirations, volitions, and divine love; and in its lower aspect, of animal desires and terrestrial passions imparted to it by its associations with its vehicle, the seat of all these. It thus stands as a link and a medium between the animal nature of man which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and his divine spiritual nature to which it gravitates, whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the *inner animal*. The latter is the instinctual "animal Soul" and is the hotbed of those passions, which, as just shown, are lulled instead of being killed, and locked up in their breasts by some imprudent enthusiasts. Do they still hope to turn thereby the muddy stream of the animal sewer into the crystalline waters of life? And where, on what neutral ground can they be imprisoned so as not to affect man? The fierce passions of love and lust are still alive and they are allowed to still remain in the place of their birth—*that same animal soul;* for both the higher and the lower portions of the "Human Soul" or Mind reject such inmates, though they cannot avoid being tainted with them as neighbours. The "Higher Self" or Spirit is as unable to assimilate such feelings as water to get mixed with oil or unclean liquid tallow. It is thus the mind alone, the sole link and medium between the man of earth and the Higher Self—that is the only sufferer, and which is in the incessant danger of being dragged down by those passions that may be re-awakened at any moment, and perish in the abyss of matter. And how can it ever attune itself to the divine harmony of the highest Principle, when that harmony is destroyed by the mere presence, within the Sanctuary in preparation, of such animal passions? How can harmony prevail and conquer, when the soul is stained and distracted with the turmoil of passions and the terrestial desires of the bodily senses, or even of the "Astral man"?

For this "Astral"—the shadowy "double" (in the animal as in man) is not the companion of the *divine Ego* but of the *earthly body*. It is the link between the personal SELF, the lower consciousness of *Manas* and the Body, and is the vehicle of *transitory, not of immortal life*. Like the shadow projected by man, it follows his movements and impulses slavishly and mechanically, and leans therefore to matter without ever

ascending to Spirit. It is only when the power of the passions is dead altogether, and when they have been crushed and annihilated in the retort of an unflinching will; when not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also the recognition of the personal Self is killed out and the "astral" has been reduced in consequence to a cipher, that the Union with the "Higher Self" can take place. Then when the "Astral" reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant *Augoeides*, the divine SELF, can vibrate in conscious harmony with both the poles of the human Entity—the man of matter purified, and the ever pure Spiritual Soul—and stand in the presence of the MASTER SELF, the Christos of the mystic Gnostic, blended, merged into, and one with IT for ever.*

How then can it be thought possible for a man to enter the "straight gate" of occultism when his daily and hourly thoughts are bound up with worldly things, desires of possession and power, with lust, ambition and duties, which, however honourable, are still of the earth earthy? Even the love for wife and family—the purest as the most unselfish of human affections—is a barrier to *real* occultism. For whether we take as an example the holy love of a mother for her child, or that of a husband for his wife, even in these feelings, when analyzed to the very bottom, and thoroughly sifted, there is still *selfishness* in the first, and an *égoisme à deux* in the second instance. What mother would not sacrifice without a moment's hesitation hundreds and thousands of lives for that of the child of her heart? and what lover or true husband would not break the happiness of every other man and woman around him to satisfy the desire of one whom he loves? This is but natural, we shall be told. Quite so; in the light of the code of human affections; less so, in that of divine universal love. For, while the heart is full of thoughts for a little group of *selves*, near and dear to us, how shall the rest of mankind fare in our souls? What percentage of love and care will there remain to bestow on the "great orphan"? And how shall the "still small voice" make itself heard in a soul entirely occupied with its own privileged tenants? What room is there left for the needs of Humanity *en bloc* to impress themselves upon, or even receive a speedy response? And yet, he who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through *the whole of Humanity* without distinction of race, complexion, religion or social status. It is *altruism*, not *ego-ism* even in its most legal and noble conception, that can lead the unit to merge its little Self in the Universal Selves. It is to *these* needs and to this work that the true disciple of true Occultism has to devote himself, if he would obtain *theo*-sophy, divine Wisdom and Knowledge.

The aspirant has to choose absolutely between the life of the world

* Those who would feel inclined to see three *Egos* in one man will show themselves unable to perceive the metaphysical meaning. Man is a trinity composed of Body, Soul and Spirit; but *man* is nevertheless *one and* is surely not his body. It is the latter which is the property, the transitory clothing of the man. The three "Egos" are MAN in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual or psychic, and the Spiritual planes, or states.

and the life of Occultism. It is useless and vain to endeavour to unite the two, for no one can serve two masters and satisfy both. No one can serve his body and the higher Soul, and do his family duty and his universal duty, without depriving either one or the other of its rights; for he will either lend his ear to the "still small voice" and fail to hear the cries of his little ones, or, he will listen but to the wants of the latter and remain deaf to the voice of Humanity. It would be a ceaseless, a maddening struggle for almost any married man, who would pursue *true* practical Occultism, instead of its *theoretical* philosophy. For he would find himself ever hesitating between the voice of the impersonal divine love of Humanity, and that of the personal, terrestrial love. And this could only lead him to fail in one or the other, or perhaps in both his duties. Worse than this. For, *whoever indulges after having pledged himself to* OCCULTISM *in the gratification of a terrestrial love or lust*, must feel an almost immediate result; that of being irresistibly dragged from the impersonal divine state down to the lower plane of matter. Sensual, or even mental self-gratification, involves the immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment; the voice of the MASTER can no longer be distinguished from that of one's passions *or even that of a Dugpa;* the right from wrong; sound morality from mere casuistry. The Dead Sea fruit assumes the most glorious mystic appearance, only to turn to ashes on the lips, and to gall in the heart resulting in:—

> "Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still;
> Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence;
> Anguish for rapture, and for hope despair."

And once being mistaken and having acted on their mistakes, most men shrink from realising their error, and thus descend deeper and deeper into the mire. And, although it is the intention that decides primarily whether *white* or *black* magic is exercised, yet the results even of involuntary, unconscious sorcery cannot fail to be productive of bad, Karma. Enough has been said to show that *sorcery is any kind of evil influence exercised upon other persons, who suffer, or make other persons suffer, in consequence.* Karma is a heavy stone splashed in the quiet waters of Life; and it must produce ever widening circles of ripples, carried wider and wider, almost *ad infinitum.* Such causes produced have to call forth effects, and these are evidenced in the just laws of Retribution.

Much of this may be avoided if people will only abstain from rushing into practices neither the nature nor importance of which they understand. No one is expected to carry a burden beyond his strength and powers. There are "natural-born magicians"; Mystics and Occultists by birth, and by right of direct inheritance from a series of incarnations and aeons of suffering and failures. These are passion-proof, so to say. No fires of earthly origin can fan into a flame any of

their senses or desires ; no human voice can find response in their souls, except the great cry of Humanity. These only may be certain of success. But they can be met only far and wide, and they pass through the narrow gates of Occultism because they carry no personal luggage of human transitory sentiments along with them. They have got rid of the feeling of the lower personality, paralyzed thereby the "astral" animal, and the golden, but narrow gate is thrown open before them. Not so with those who have to carry yet for several incarnations the burden of sins committed in previous lives, and even in their present existence. For such, unless they proceed with great caution, the golden gate of Wisdom may get transformed into the wide gate and the broad way "that leadeth unto destruction," and therefore "many be they that enter in thereby." This is the Gate of the Occult arts, practised for selfish motives and in the absence of the restraining and beneficent influence of ATMA-VIDYA. We are in the Kali Yuga and its fatal influence is a thousand-fold more powerful in the West than it is in the East ; hence the easy preys made by the Powers of the Age of Darkness in this cyclic struggle, and the many delusions under which the world is now labouring. One of these is the relative facility with which men fancy they can get at the "Gate" and cross the threshold of Occultism without any great sacrifice. It is the dream of most Theosophists, one inspired by desire for Power and personal selfishness, and it is not such feelings that can ever lead them to the coveted goal. For, as well said by one believed to have sacrificed himself for Humanity—"narrow is the gate and straightened the way that leadeth unto life" eternal, and therefore "few be they that find it." So straight indeed, that at the bare mention of some of the preliminary difficulties the affrighted Western candidates turn back and retreat with a shudder . . . . .

Let them stop here and attempt no more in their great weakness. For if, while turning their backs on the narrow gate, they are dragged by their desire for the Occult one step in the direction of the broad and more inviting Gates of that golden mystery which glitters in the light of illusion, woe to them ! It can lead only to Dugpa-ship, and they will be sure to find themselves very soon landed on that *Via Fatale* of the *Inferno*, over whose portal Dante read the words :—

> "*Per me si va nella citta dolente*
> *Per me si va nell'eterno dolore*
> *Per me si va tra la perduta gente. . . . .*"

Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad.
—FIELDING.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief ; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—RICHTER.

BIRD AND BUTTERFLY.*

A scrap of Theosophical Folk Lore of the Extreme Orient, rendered from the *Sinico-Nihonese* vernacular original of *Itszusaichosan no Inaka Zoshi no Suzumi Cho no Henkwa*, by C. PFOUNDES † (*Omoie Tetzunostzuke*).

A BIRD accosted a butterfly, saying: "Resplendent though your appearance now is, with gorgeous outspread wings, fluttering amongst the bright-hued, perfumed flowers, just consider the fact that, it is not so very many days that have passed away since you were a lowly, creeping thing, aimlessly crawling along, in your tortuous way, amongst the weeds of the field, growing somewhat, but changing a little, powerless to roam afar, as we now do, although in time you were capable of clinging to the stalks of herbs, and then clambering up till you became a chrysalis, and then developed into a beautiful butterfly vain of the brilliant wings that enable you to flit about the blossoms, revelling in their perfumes, enjoying their lovely coloured petals, and regaling yourself on their nectar. Compare the luxuriousness and freedom of your present existence, with the ignoble and miserable past. Meditate well upon this lesson on the vanities and frivolities of this transitory existence.

"As regards myself," continued the bird, "I am but a tiny bird, 'tis true. I have legs and also wings, and, like you, can roam afar at pleasure, or alight at will and rest.

"Alas! though, has it not been said, from time immemorial, that when the winter season approaches, the waters of the ocean will overwhelm such as I, and be destroyed, as a bird, but reincarnated as a humble cockle, heedless of stormy winds and waves. ‡

"Observe a cockle, it is without eyes or nose, hands or feet; it carries a shell to protect its frail body. True that it possesses a tongue that it may protrude, but it cannot taste food with it. It can only roll about in the waters at their mercy, or burrow in the sands of the sea-shore, upon which it may be tossed by the surf, in the chilly winter.

"Alas! to think of this. Oh! had I never been born otherwise than as a cockle, I should ever feel and think only as such, oblivious of a better state, a happier existence. As a cockle, I would have ever been conscious only of the ebb and flow of tides, over the sands in which I

* NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.—This story is a characteristic example of a very numerous class of folk tale, in which natural objects, inanimate and animate, have the faculties of reason and speech attributed to them, forming a vehicle for the illustration of the abstruse teachings of ancient wisdom, and modern adaptations thereof, especially as regards psychological subjects. Oriental-Indian Sanskrit and Pali, &c.), passing further eastward and becoming incorporated with the indigenous (Cultus, have been preserved to us, although obliterated in the land of their origin.

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‡ This is in reference to the Legend about the punishment of birds that devour insects, and are condemned to lowlier existences in expiation of the great sin of destroying any living thing, as such might embody the spirit to be again reincarnated, of some former being of higher existence, perhaps human.

grovelled, growing fat or lean, as the season and the tides affected me, the lowly, grosser, simpler needs of a cockle's life, unconscious of and indifferent to all else. But having been once born a bird, accustomed to soar over hills, and fly amongst the trees of the forest, flit about the trees and gardens, joyous and free, thus condemned to such a future state, what is there for me to do? And why should I be humbled by being transformed into such an abject creature, whilst you, a butterfly, have been exalted from so mean and despicable an origin?

"This contrasted inequality arouses most sad thoughts that move me to weeping beyond all power of restraint."

The butterfly, which had patiently listened to all the bird had said, then replied:

"There is no cause why you should grieve, nor is there any reason in our repining, or reproaching each other. Have not all things a similar origin?—that you should be assigned such a fate, or I transformed to my present state, is not of our own will. Although from a lowly, crawling thing I have become a butterfly, I have no knowledge of the change, nor do I remember anything of my previous life, no reminiscences of the time when I was but a creeping thing. When, however, I reflect upon what you have said about my prior existence, I cannot but perceive now that then I must have felt, and acted, and thought, only as a caterpillar, and not as I do now, as a butterfly.

"It is related of a venerable sage of olden time, that he dreamed of being a butterfly, fluttering about utterly unconscious of his human existence, but when the dream faded away, he returned to the consciousness of his own existence. Now let me ask, did the ancient sage dream he was a butterfly, or did a butterfly dream it was a human being; which was the dreamer? Such, indeed, was the wise one's reasoning.

"When you, little bird, become transformed, in the winter season, from a bird to be a cockle, you will be unconscious of the changes of the elements, of the heavens, clouds, winds, and will have no anxieties; you will be beneath the waters. All former existence will be forgotten to you then; you will be as if wrapt in slumber, or as one who is intoxicated. When a cockle, you will think and feel only as a cockle—the feelings of a sparrow will be unknown, susceptible only to the wintry chill amidst the waters. When the body is transformed, the spirit also is re-incarnated, to suit the changed conditions of the new corporeal state. With a sparrow's form you have a sparrow's soul, with a cockle, you will have a cockle's soul.

"In olden time there was an aged person who lay sick unto death; and a priest approached, and commenced reciting the prayers for the dying, but the aged one opened his eyes, looked surprised, and spoke thus to the priest, who was thereby greatly astonished: 'Myriads of things originated in nothingness, and unto nothingness will all things return. The teachings of an existence prolonged hereafter, were all false doctrine.' (*i.e.* Of transmigration, re-incarnation, and transformation.)

"The priest in reply, said: 'Ten thousand to one though the chances may be that it is so (*i.e.* immortality), therefore would it not be best to prepare for any eventualities, and offer up prayers.'

"The aged one expressed dissent, and said: 'For example, even were I convinced that my spirit would be re-incarnated, yet would I have no anxiety. Can you remember when you yet rested in your mother's womb, or have you any recollection of your birth? And what were your thoughts and feelings then?'

"Now the priest became exasperated at his own inability to adequately reply to the venerable one's arguments, but declared, 'that no one could recall such experiences,' not even the aged person himself.

"The venerable one then retorted that most assuredly he had no such remembrances, therefore, if we cannot recall such very recent experiences of the present existence, how can it be possible to be conscious of long previous existences? Therefore, we must accept as conclusive the fact that transformations of the body, and transmigrations or re-incarnations of the soul occur, be it insect, animal, or human; according to the corporeal conditions of existence, so will be the spiritual embodiment the previous existence a blank in the memory of the succeeding state, will be but as a dream, the others also but as dreams.

"The unknown future should not be so foolishly permitted to disturb the tranquillity of the soul now, when the duty was alone to think of death, and to expire—thus to attain in its entirety, bliss, absorption into the divine essence; spiritual, Karma, Nirvana.

"The priest, incompetent to continue the argument, now departed, leaving the aged one to die in peace unmolested further.

"Besides," continued the butterfly, still addressing the little bird, "are there not herbs that are changed into living things, grasses that decay and become fireflies? and consider whether such things have any consciousness of a former existence. What misdeeds have they been guilty of in former existence, to be still condemned to a continuance thereof in some other form, for what can they be held accountable?

"No, it is not so; for the great principles of nature do but combine giving form and life to all things, speech or silence, rest or movement are all thereby equally attainable. Whenever enduring æthereal spirit departs from its corporeal environment, then there is death to the body, whilst the substance retains the spirit there may be joy, or sorrow, love, or hatred, all the good or evil passions and senses; but with death *all* vanish. There is no reason that aught should remain.

"Fire will burn, if supplied with fuel; but when all the fuel is consumed the fire expires of itself, even the smoke and heat soon cease to exist. The fire is extinguished for lack of fuel; but whence does it go?

"If you take metal and stone, and strike one upon the other, you produce fire, which you may utilise; but is this the self-same fire that has become concealed in the metal and the stone? Meditate deeply upon all this, for no language can elucidate it."

Hereupon the sparrow, angered at the ability of the butterfly, and unequal to the argument, pounced down upon the butterfly and destroyed it; then a hawk, that had been watching, sailed down on the little bird, killed and devoured it. Where are these now? Of the bird, but a few soiled and torn feathers remain; of the butterfly, mutilated wings, their glorious colours obliterated. And their souls, to where have they betaken themselves? Where, indeed!!

THE SRADDHA.*

THIS ceremony belongs to no one race or creed, for it is the link between the races, and the common matrix of their creeds; it transcends all other branches in importance, and exceeds them in difficulty. It cannot be dealt with as history, or as metaphysics, for both are born from it; in the mysteries of life and love its spring is hidden, and is not to be found unless sought for there. As on entering a sacred grove, here also we must deposit the profane vestment of opinion, nor would this (if practicable) be all, we must surrender for a time our judgment as well, and give up our wisdom, as our folly; for a clear eye will not give you to know man as if he were a crystal or a plant; the eye to see him by is the soul. Seek to know as a child seeks to know, and you will be able to judge as a man ought to judge; for this, speculativeness must give place to reverence, knowledge to ignorance, science to superstition.

That this appeal is not misplaced, nor the awe with which I approach the subject groundless, appears in this, that no writer in any age or country has handled it. Connected as it is, no less with the actual government of India than with the interpretation of the monuments of Egypt—interwoven as it is with the institutes and laws of all the great states of antiquity, and followed by one half of the present human family—this neglect is only to be attributed to an incompatibility of assimilation between its nature and our ideas. A splendid task remains yet to be undertaken; when accomplished, the world of letters and of laws will learn that it itself had once an ancestry of heart. I presume not to handle such weighty matters, but yet from the field may pluck some ears of grain for present use.

The duty of the primitive child to the parent extended to every service that could be rendered, to every sacrifice that could be made The most menial offices had to be fulfilled, and life itself had to be surrendered, if necessary, for the parent's well-being, or, as we see in the cases of Abraham and Jephtha, at his desire. This relationship did not close with life; it was the part of the son to "serve his parents dead as he had served them living," a service accomplished through their notion of death, which enabled him still to perform

* "Sraddha" is a Brahmanical rite, of which there are several kinds. Gautama describes seven kinds of each of the three sorts of Sraddha, generally translated as "devotional rites to the *manes* of one's progenitors. Manu speaks of four varieties—the offering of food to the Viswadharas (gods, collectively, *mystic* deities), to spirits, to departed ancestors and to guests II., 86. But Gautama specifies them as offerings to progenitors, on certain eight days of the fortnight, at the full and change of the moon, to Sraddhas generally, and to the *manes* on the full moon of four different months. It is a very occult rite involving various mystic results.—[ED.]

equally his twofold duty of doing reverence and providing food. A touching scene is related by some African traveller of an Abyssinian woman placing a morsel of bread in the mouth of her dead child, the most artless expression of grief and desire, in presence of the mystery of death while startling and new. The spirit had fled naked and helpless, into cold space; it was not dead—it could not die; reasoning was not wanted, it returned nightly in visions and in dreams. Like despotism, materialism is modern; like liberty, spiritualism is ancient; not that of the metaphysician, but of the child. The ghost must want sustenance, it must require clothing; who but its kin on earth could furnish it? but by what way could it be reached? Where was the messenger?

This longing is universal, the methods employed to gratify it are dissimilar. In the grosser mythologies, death itself was used as a vehicle, and animals, attendants, or wives were entombed with the corpse, or poisoned, or left to perish by hunger; but here another process was employed. A reversed flame has always been the symbol of death; but the to us the production of flame is not less a mystery than death itself. It suggests imagery for life, for soul, for faith, for genius.

Light springing from darkness—flame flowing out of cold matter, incessantly flying from earth to heaven, ascending, as it were, to its native sky, and seeming to carry up with it the substance upon which it feeds—of the nature of the stars assigned as the abode of the departed, to whose flight, as to that of the ancestors, the pathless air was no obstacle; this was the vehicle. To flame, then offerings were consigned as the messenger of the Gods.

The Rig Veda opens with this passage, which, as containing the elementary part of faith, is recited before reading the Sacred Books.

"I praise divine fire, primevally consecrated, the efficient performer of a solemn ceremony, the chief agent of a sacrifice."

The Hindus have a ritual which may have been, like our own, subjected to interpolation, but of which the frame-work is older than any writings or institutes. There we find fire personified thus:

"Fire, approach to taste (my offering), thou, who art praised for the *gift of oblations*. Sit down on this grass, thou, who art the *complete performer* of the solemn sacrifice."

Why it is praised and invoked, this passage shows:

"Accept these offerings; carry them to the ancestors. Thou knowest thy office," or "thy way."

It was not ordinary fire that was employed, but a flame obtained in that manner which philosophers have imagined to have first conferred on man the knowledge and possession of this wonderful element—the friction of the branches of trees.* This is the "*Primevally* consecrated

* The *Svastika*, by means of which *celestial* fire was obtained. A stick used for this purpose and called *mathu* and *pramatha* (suggestive of Prometheus, indeed!) from the prefix *pra* giving the idea of *forcing* the fire to descend, added to that contained in the verb *mathami*—"to produce by friction." The oldest rite in India, much speculated upon, but very little understood.—[ED.]

fire." Such are the words of the Vedas. What is implied in "Primevally," save that the process was used by all before their dispersion or their schisms? and so we find it amongst Buddhists or Brahmins, Arians or Chinese, Romans or Mexicans. Humboldt, describing the process employed by the latter people to relight the sacred fire, when at the close of every 52nd year they had extinguished it, employs the very terms of the Puranas in prescribing to the Hindus the form of the same ceremony. A block of wood, five inches cube, hollowed into a cup, is drilled with a spindle of itself till it flames; a consecrated tree is used for this purpose—the Sami or Soma (moon-plant), thence entitled *Arani*, or "mother of fire." Here was surely no idea of fire as an element, but solely as a sacrificer; and, whether as to the primitiveness of the process, or object, or universality and uniformity of the practice, it is impossible to ascend higher; here we have reached the fountain-head, not of this rite, but of ritual.

The Romans had but one fire for the whole state continually burning, and whence sacrificial flame was distributed; but the Brahmin or Alhan, and, indeed, all the "twice born" who kept "consecrated hearths," had the sacred fire produced for each. It was made on his investment with the sacrificial cord, it supplied the fire for all sacred offices during life, lit his funeral pyre, with which it became extinct.

As actually practised, the Sraddha has, in the first instance, to restore to the spirit the organs destroyed by cremation. The ceremonies used for this end occupy the period of mourning; the spirit has then to be elevated to the sphere and placed in the rank of the former ancestors. This operation is not concluded till the end of a year, and in and by the performance of multiplied solemn acts, but always consisting in the offering of sustenance. But it did not suffice to commit the offering to the flame; the assurance was required that it had been received; besides the ancestors were to be no less honoured than fed; they needed a banqueting hall, no less than a banquet. There was then no temple, no grave or tomb; a place had still to be fixed upon, and to it they had to be *brought down*. In this great dexterity and profound science were required; for the ancestors, needy and dependent, were also haughty and punctilious. If the scenes, circumstances, thoughts, words, motions of the sacrificers and attendants were satisfactory and pleasing, then, on being invited by "race and name," they came and took their places according to their rank, on small cushions made of folded blades of grass. It was a scene of grave, solemn, and of affectionate family meeting, not one of grief and tumult. "Unwillingly do the manes taste the tears and rheum shed by their kinsmen; then do not wail, but diligently perform the obsequies of the dead!"

"By the Hindu ritual," says Macpherson, "six ancestors only were called upon by name, but amongst the hill tribes, all the ancestors are called upon. The worship of deceased ancestors is a striking and

important feature of the Khond religion. The more distinguished fathers of the tribe, of its branches, or of its sub-divisions, are all remembered by the priests, their sanctity growing with the remoteness of the period of their deaths, and they are invoked in endless array after the gods. . . . They are propitiated upon every occasion of public worship whatever; and it is said that a perfectly accomplished priest takes between three and four hours to recite his roll of beads."

The Institutes of Manu and the Vedas limit the "calling by name" to the three ancestors. These gradations mark the relative antiquity of the Vedas, the ritual, and the practices of the hill tribes. The knowledge of these names thus became a mystery, affording to the Sacerdotal class material for the establishment of power and influence. Here is the explanation of the calling on the *names* of gods, etc.; of the potency attributed in the Greek mysteries to the utterance of certain names, some of which could stop the moon in her course, some the sun, some disturb the order of nature, and shake the universe. These names were not Greek, but Barbarian; and the knowledge of them constituted the mystery. Now for the scene of this festival. We stand in an age when nothing of what is ancient had as yet existence; when nothing had become consecrated by time; when the tide of tradition had not yet commenced to roll; when each process, if new, had reference to its purpose, and had its key either in extant ideas or prevailing circumstances; how, then, consecrate a spot, when all earth was alike? How choose a direction? Yet they did consecrate a spot, and it was by drawing geometrical lines, derived from the motions of the earth and the heavenly bodies; on these lines, first used to place altars, were temples subsequently raised, so uniformly in all succeeding time, and throughout every region of the earth, that it has not entered into the mind of man to inquire into the motive, or to think even of the fact. The process may be seen practised to-day as originally devised, by every Brahmin who prepares the scene for a Sraddha; he commences by drawing the figure of the cross.*

The ancestors having attended and taken their seats, they are furnished with water to drink, with water for purification, with water for bathing. They are also clothed. The food is then presented (through the fire), and they are thus addressed:—

"Ancestors rejoice! take your respective shares, and be strong as bulls."

Nor was it from any portion of the hand that they would accept their food; it had to be presented by the part between the thumb and the forefinger, which afterwards, in Chiromancy, was known as "the line of life," and which, consequently, was designated *Pitriya*.

After they have fed, the performer of the sacrifices dismisses them

* Spirit and Matter, also the symbols of the male and female lines, or the vertical and the horizontal.—[Ed.]

with the same honours with which they had been received, and thus addresses them :—

"Fathers, to whom food belongs, guard our food, and the other things offered by us ; venerable and immortal as ye are, and conversant with holy truths ; quaff the sweet essence, be cheerful, and depart contented by the paths which the gods travel."

According to the Institutes of Manu, the first offerings specified are "grains, the *natural product of the earth*." If this be the commonest of things, it is the first fruits of human toil, and consequently the first of human offerings.

Next to these come "vegetables, rice, clarified butter, the milk of cows, and food made from it ; but flesh is particularly agreeable to them, especially that of the long-eared white goat." *

The cow is not mentioned by the Hindu lawgiver, but that it had been anciently sacrificed, the name of the yearly Sraddha shows ; and still a cow, after having been consecrated as a victim, is liberated in their honour.

Honey and milk are specified as their food of predilection ; but, "whatever suitable food is presented with pure faith, and with the enunciation of *name or race* to ancestors, at an obsequial oblation becomes food to them."

These different aliments supplied to the ancestors satisfaction of various degrees of intensity and duration ; their gratification depended, however, not only on the quality of the offering, but also on the appositeness of the occasion. The malignant spirits being always at war among the stars with the beneficent ones, seeking to disturb the order of nature and thereby to destroy the progeny of men, the successful accomplishment of the various phases of the Heavenly Host had to be celebrated as triumphs, on which the ancestors, as parties concerned, had to be congratulated : such as the new moon, the 15th of the moon's wane, the new year, solar and lunar eclipses, certain lunations of the dark fortnights, the solstices, and when the sun is in Aries.

The following is the song of the Pitris, heard by Ikshwaku, the son of Manu, in the groves of Kalápa (skirts of the Himalaya) :—

"Those of our descendants shall follow a righteous path, who shall reverently present us with cakes at Gaya. May he be born in our race who shall give us, on the thirteenth of Bhádrapada and Mágda, milk, honey, and clarified butter. There are two classes of rites ; those performed by the offering of the cake, and those by the libation of water. The last class in the failure of males could be performed by females ; the others by daughters' sons, and their sons, and also by the 'prince who inherits the deceased's property.'"

The ceremony, however, did not solely consist in feeding the

* Now animals are not often sacrificed in India ; only occasionally the goat, to *Kali*, the blood-thirsty consort of Siva—and in a very few temples.—[ED.]

ancestors; their honour required the distribution of food to the living, and chiefly to the indigent and destitute; it was equally furnished to animals and men. Thus the connection of the living child with the dead parent was used to inculcate practices of charity.

This support could only be received from those who were bound by affinity to offer it. Deprived of it, they were emaciated with want, and disturbed with sorrow. Some wild, indefinite, and supernatural torments—some incomprehensible fate—fell upon them and awaited, them; and they "blasted with their sighs" the mansions of those who refused them their rites. Whoever was guilty of this dereliction was exposed to the most terrible punishments on earth, being, *ipso facto*, excommunicated, and so cut off from his fellow-men that his touch polluted, and the very sight of him defiled the eye.

The Pitris had, however, effectual means of control over their descendants. If they could blast and curse, they could also bless and cause to fructify. To them entreaty was made for success in every enterprise, and acknowledgments offered in return for good fortune. Vows were paid to them for fame, wealth, power, length of days, or increase of happiness. They are applied to as *intercessors*, both for men on earth and for departed spirits, and they stood in the relation to men of saints and of gods, linked to them by the ties of blood, so that each race of mortals on earth, became part of a dynasty in heaven; the gods were not brought down to the level of the Pitris; but these were raised to the rank of divinities. As fire was worshipped as their messenger, so was the moon as their abode.*

"May this oblation to fire, which conveys offerings to the manes, be efficacious."

"May this oblation to the moon, wherein the progenitors of mankind abide, be efficacious."

The gods are introduced into the ceremonies of the Pitris, not these into those of the gods. "Two cushions are placed, one on each side of the altar, for the gods, and six for the ancestors before it."

Of the twelve species of Sraddha,† one (the tenth) is "Sraddha, in honour of deities." Another (the ninth) is preparatory to any solemn rite, and considered a part of it. The two last are as *propitiatory for a journey*, or to *sanctify a meal of flesh*. In fact, the Sraddha serves all the purposes of religion; and the rites to the gods and the ancestors were so assimilated as to be performed in common. But the line between duty to the ancestors, consisting in the furnishing of food, and

* This has a very occult meaning, however. There are seven classes of Pitris enumerated in the Purânas—but only three classes are composed of the progenitors (from *pitar* father) of primeval man; one class creates the *form* of man—nay, is, or rather becomes, that form (or physical man) itself; the other two are the creators of our souls and minds. It is a very complicated tenet—but the Pitris are surely not the "Spirits" of the dead, as believed by some spiritualists.—[ED.]

† See foot-note 1 on the first page. Manu speaks of four only, and Gautama of seven. Twelve species are enumerated only in Nirnaya Sindhu, by Kamalakara (see *Asiat. Researches*, Vol. VII. §), a work on religious ceremonies. But all these are exoteric and later rites.

duty to the gods by a virtuous life, is altogether effaced by a remarkable notion that the Pitris were fed by the moon's light, which accounted for the changes in that luminary ; and when the reservoir was exhausted it had to be replenished by the good deeds of men ; so that the nightly changes of the sky, in connection with their ancestral reverence, became an unceasing incitement to a good life ; and the sustenance of the manes depended no less on obedience than on sacrifice.

Unless by this transition, how, indeed, could the notion of sustaining the gods by sacrifice have ever arisen ? * The original conception of the Divinity must, by universal consent, have been that of an incorporeal and all-powerful Creator ; that it was so in Brahminism there is no doubt. If then we have the Maker of the Universe suffering from emaciation, attenuated by hunger, and begging for the minutest portion of sacrificial butter, even if no bigger than a pistachio nut (the afflicting condition of Indra, at the time of that Buddhistic reform), it was that the distinction between gods and ancestors had been lost.†

There were thus originally two thoughts in the breast of man ; the one an incorporeal faith, directed to the Creator, the other a ceremonial love, devoted to the ancestors. As the one lost its distinctness, the other acquired intensity, and when, if I may so say, an external religion arose, the spirit of the former invested itself in the mantle of the latter. The beatitude of the manes in Heaven being dependent on their descendants on earth, the latter were bound, above all things, to take care that their line should not be interrupted. Three duties were imposed ; the one in respect to the wise, the second in respect to the gods, the third in respect to the ancestors. The first was performed by the study of the Vedas the second by sacrifice, the third by begetting a male child. The first could only have been imposed after the composition of the Vedas, and consisted in the knowledge of duties ; the second was performed at once to the gods and the ancestors, and had been performed to the ancestors before the gods ; so that, in fact, the whole duty of the Hindu was summed up in service to the ancestors, which insured that first object of primeval legislation—the peopling of the earth. Hence, that inordinate desire still maintained in all eastern countries for offspring ; hence also the female infanticide so prevalent amongst the hill tribes, as they imagine that their chances of male offspring are thereby increased. The same practice, though otherwise explained, existed in Sparta.

* Because esoteric teaching maintains that the Pitris are the "primeval human race, the fathers and progenitors of later men, who developed into the present physical man."

† It was lost indeed, and long before the day of Gautama Buddha, who tried to restore Brahmanism to its original purity but—failed, and had to separate the two religious systems. The "Pitris" is a generic and collective name, and man has other progenitors more exalted and spiritual. Manu says (iii. 284), "The *wise* (the Initiated Adepts) call our fathers Vasus, our paternal grandfathers, Rudras; our paternal great grandfathers, Adityas ; agreeably to a text of the Vedas," these three classes have a direct reference in Esotericism (*a*) to the creators of man in his three chief aspects (or principles), and (*b*) to the three primeval and serial races of men who preceded the first physical and perfect Race, which the Eastern Occultists call the Atlanteans.

The childless condition carrying such consequences, provision was made for supplying the deficiencies of nature by a legal process, which we translate "adoption." It will, however, be seen at a glance that this relationship had in their system nothing in common with our word.

The purpose was to engraft on the old stock a new shoot, which had, therefore, not only to be completely united to the one, but entirely dissevered from the other. As in the same operation with trees, the main branch could not be taken, and the sprout to be available required to be young.

The eldest son of a house could not become an adopted child, whatever the poverty or distress of the natural father, whatever the wealth and the power of the adopting one, because his duty was that of the continuation of his own line. The younger son—the object of adoption—could not be taken after his habits were formed, or his affections fixed; as an old branch will not serve for a graft. He had to be taken before his fifth year. The ceremony was a sacrament, named *Hom*, or Joy, and apparently connected with the Tree of Life (Hom). From that hour the child knows no father but his adopted one; *passes the barrier of Caste;* and succeeds of right to his property. This is required to confirm the adoption, for otherwise he cannot offer to him the Sraddha after his death.

Amongst us, the childless possessor of wealth is incapacitated from disposing of it in a manner which would secure to him even that amount of respect and affection which we still associate with parental and filial ties; and consequently we would imagine that by rendering final the disposal of the property, he would lose those services and that consideration which we look to obtain by uncertainty of expectation. By this process, as well as by the concurrent habits and feelings, all these ends are attained, and fortune enables man to supply the niggardliness of nature, securing at once a son to himself and a line of succession to his house.

Shall we treat such a system as rude? Shall we brand it as superstitious? Shall we hold it to have its origin in accident and caprice? Here there may be superstition, but it has been handled with wisdom, and applied with art. In the earliest of laws are anticipated the last conclusions of science; in the first of societies are excluded the principal causes of the breaking up of states. Instituted prior to caste, it has overruled even its authority. Other legislations have *reckoned* the family the unit of the state; this *establishes* it. Other systems have looked to preventing public crimes; this to the nurturing of domestic affections. It may well be imagined how incomprehensible was such a system to Western conquerors—what difficulties it occasioned them when they sought to do right—what facilities it afforded them when they intended to do wrong! It may well be imagined how, in the one case and in the other, the whole of a people could be sickened with disgust, or

aroused to indignation, by acts which presented to the dispassionate or conscientious observer or judge at home no character of offence.

Of this we have an instance in the case of the late Raja of Sattara, the deprivation of whose property vitiated his adoption and consequently according to his belief and that of his fellow-countrymen, consigned his soul to eternal damnation. The adopted son was placed in the same predicament, being cut off from both stocks. This was the great wrong which he suffered; which all India felt, which no man in England could comprehend, and which, from the incompatibility of ideas, no one belonging to the one country could render intelligible to the people of the other.

Had it happened under a Hindu government, the case would have been provided for; in the event of succession by the prince, for confiscation is wholly prohibited by their law, he was bound to appoint the proper officer to perform in his name the Sraddha, and could only hold the property on that condition. No doubt under the Mussulman system, as it always conformed to existing usages, provision had been made for similar contingencies; an Eastern people could not be ignorant of usage, far less contemptuous of it; and though Islam has put an end to the ancestral oblation, the professors of that creed retained its impress in all their ideas, and in many of their customs.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(To be continued.)

AT SUNSET.

OH hills empurpled 'neath the sunset's gold
What marvellous chord of colour greets to-night
The echoing music of yon star-strewn height!
And thrills my soul as tho' mine own love told
Some tear-sweet story of days weird and old,
When life's dim path grew fair with jubilant light
From the clear eyes of gods, who in men's sight
Ope'd heaven's great gates to soaring hearts and bold!

Surely this eve my yearning spirit hath trod
The unseen steps of that soul-wroughten stair
Whereon sense dies like some wind-scattered rose,
For thro' life's passionate wailings swift there grows
The dominant music of an answered prayer,
And my strest heart falls at the feet of God!

EVELYN PYNE.

PREVISIONS OF LATER LIFE.

I.

I MUST begin by saying that I left Scotland when 11 years old and went to live in Morocco. I had been in Spain, but never in Switzerland or any other European country. Having outgrown my strength, I was delicate and suffered from pains in the head and the eyes. I therefore could not read, but used to lie in my room alone for long hours during the day, as well as awake during night. I generally lay with closed eyes and used to see visions when awake, and vision-dreams in sleep.

Here is one.

I fancied myself in front of an old abbey house with church attached. In front of one wing was a fountain unlike any I had ever seen before, and so in my dream I looked and wondered. It was in a garden, and to the left there was an avenue of poplar trees going down to a sheet of water, which I thought was the sea. With me, by my side, was a tall, fair, handsome boy of 17. I did not know who he was but thought it quite natural that he should be with me.

Presently there came out of the other wing of the house, an oldish lady, with a handsome face, smiling, bowing, and talking French to us. She was a dwarf, her figure crooked and distorted, and her arms frightfully long. She came and unlocked the door opposite the fountain and led us into and over the apartments. Behind one of the doors of the dining-room stood an old harpsichord, a key of which I happened to touch in passing. It made a jangle, upon which the old lady in a very excited manner begged me to desist and not do so again.

In my dream I felt as though this was *my* house.

Presently, a long hay-cart came rattling down the slope which led to the Abbey on the inland side, and in it were children of various ages, and with them an elderly man with a gentle, nice face. I had the feeling that they *all belonged to me*, but in what relation we stood to each other, I was puzzled to know. We were very busy arranging and fussing about, when suddenly I awoke. . . . .

I was 16 years old when I had this dream.

I had long ceased to remember this vision of my girlhood, when it so happened that I had to take my children to the South of France. I was then 43 years old. After passing a year in France we thought of going to Switzerland, and I took my fair, tall son of 17 with me to look for a suitable house. I was told of the Abbey of St. Sulpice on the Lake, and went there. The moment I saw the fountain in the garden

the tall poplars, and the house, the dream of my youth flashed back upon my memory, and I said to my son:

"I will take this house, for I saw it years ago in a vision, and know it."

Of course the boy thought it all "imagination." So, to convince him, I told him that if it was *the house of my dream*, the lady to whom it belonged would come out of the other wing (as described in the first part of my narrative), and that I would take him through a dark stone entrance and up some stone stairs to a long ante-room. There we would turn to the left and go into a room, behind the door of which we would find an old harpsichord, that I would touch a key, and what would be the result. All this happpened exactly as I knew it would, and as I had seen twenty-seven years before.

Shortly after this, we all came to live at Morges. The only conveyance we could find to hold us all, children and bundles, was a long hay-cart in which some straw was thrown to sit upon. Away we drove to St. Sulpice, and down we came in the rattling cart along the hill slope from the village to the Abbey, just as, so many years before, I had seen my husband and children arrive.

II.

Again when I left Switzerland, I was looking out for a country house in Herefordshire, and I came to one I knew at once, as one of my "Homes" in dreamland, when between 16 and 17. I knew the dark oak staircase, &c., and my way about the house. In this vision I had seen the same people as in the Switzerland vision, only they were rather older, and I had seen in the garden my mother and a sister. All this happened exactly as I had seen it.

Whilst young, about the same age, I saw another "Home." *It* has been my last home, the family country house of my husband's father, to which he afterwards succeeded.

I saw in my dream a likeness of myself, but quite grown up, standing on the first landing of the oak staircase dressed in soft India white muslin, watching a baby boy in white frock crawling up the stairs. I also saw an old high clock in the hall below the stairs. *I was looking on* at this picture, and wondered who this girl was, so like me, and yet too much like a mother, so I concluded it was my own mother I saw (who at 40 looked like a girl of 25). When I came to my father-in-law's house with my little boy I was about 23, and I wore soft muslins in the hot summer days—the house I saw was exact.

And now that I am seventy years of age, those dreams are as fresh in my memory as a scene of yesterday.

E. C. H. C.

ACQUIRED HABITS.

IN attempting to deal with problems which, only find their solution worked out to the full on planes and in terms incomprehensible to our ordinary senses, it would seem possible that illustrations drawn from the science of physiology should serve to explain these problems somewhat more fully than those illustrations which are drawn from physical science alone. Physiology is at least the science of life, and though, when pressed, we must admit that we know very little indeed of the main factors which lie behind the phenomena of life ; and that, with all the means of research which we possess, we know nothing of even the physical forces *in themselves*, but only study their manifestations and correlations, yet we may, at all events, argue from the little we do know, and attempt to correct our conclusions by comparison with the analogies which we can draw from every science. The principle involved in the "as above, so below," is shown to be true in all departments of science, and has formed a most valuable means of verifying the results obtained by pushing a theory to its legitimate conclusion. Thus by correcting the phenomena of vital force by those of physical, we may arrive at many more or less just conclusions. Therefore, it is probable that by proceeding a step further, and drawing analogies from physiology, we may form an idea of what, for want of a better term, may be called the life of morality, and the forces whereby it is governed. By the term moral, I do not mean to convey any idea of that which underlies what is ordinarily known as morality, but a very much wider idea than that, namely, the force which really lies at the base of and inspires all our *motives* of action. Of course these are indirectly also at the root of our physical and what may be called our animate life, in which we men are in contact with the life of animals ; but at present we need not endeavour to make a distinction between man and the animals, which are endowed with the physical and animate life force, but in whom the moral life is entirely latent, save in the case of a very few of the higher species, such as dogs and elephants. Though, even in these cases, it may be argued with good show of reason that this "moral life" of the higher animals is the result of education.

Now in man and animal alike there are great nervous centres which govern the vital phenomena, and hence, as a consequence, the physical phenomena of life. These centres, as they are called, are formed by collections of nerve cells, which occupy a very fairly defined area. They are found in the brain and the spinal cord for the most part, and to a lesser degree in the great vital organs themselves. Further, there is

what is known as the sympathetic system of nerves, with its closely meshed network of nerves and ganglia, which lies outside, but in front of, the vertebral column, the whole length of the body; this system is closely connected in its whole extent with the brain and spinal cord, and the branches therefrom, which are known as the cerebro-spinal system of nerves. Again to some extent the control of the nerves lies with the Will of any man, and the actions which result are termed "voluntary," but a very large majority of the processes and functions of the animal body are what are called "Reflex." These "Reflex" processes for the most part take place thus:—An impression is made on what are called the nerves of sensation; these conduct a stimulus to one of the nerve centres above mentioned, and from this centre the stimulus is reflected along a motor nerve, and the action or function ensues. Thus the sensation is "reflected" into motion independently of the consciousness of the individual. Perhaps the best example of a limited reflection is in the case of the eye, when, in response to the stimulus of light, the iris alone, of all the muscles in the body, moves. Now all reflex actions are essentially involuntary, although they in great part admit of being controlled, modified, and prevented by the will. They, most of them, are directed for the preservation of the well-being of the body, and markedly show how the nerve centres combine and arrange in order the action of the muscles, so that they may unite for this common end. Among "Reflex" actions there is a large class called "Secondary," which require for their first performance, and for many subsequent performances, an effort of the will more or less intense, but which, by constant repetition, are habitually and almost mechanically performed, and in many cases almost without the intervention of consciousness and volition: such are reading, writing, and walking. This capacity of the nervous system, which consists in "organising conscious actions into more or less unconscious ones," is that which makes education and training possible. It is by "association" of the reflex actions frequently repeated in a definite order that these actions come to take on a species of "automatism." To such an extent is this carried that we are all familiar with instances of persons, when in the somnambulic condition, writing and playing the piano in a state of complete unconsciousness to physical surroundings.

In fact "automatism" is a very important point in the argument. It is employed by physiologists to indicate the origination in nervous centres of impulses and their conduction from those centres independently of the reception of a stimulus from another part. And in this sense it is not possible in the present state of physiological knowledge to say what actions are "automatic." But the nearest examples are certainly the functions of respiration and the rhythmic action of the heart, which will be considered later on. Suffice it at present that it is a very important point that actions, which are distinctly reflex at the beginning, may be

organised into unconscious actions which have a very strong character about them of automatism, and that the two above-mentioned functions are those which are at the foundation of all vital phenomena, and hence, by the passage of time and by education, would necessarily most nearly approach to being automatic.

We may now consider the sympathetic system of nerves. This system of nerves at first sight appears to be anatomically too complex to be understood. In reality, however, it is much more simple in arrangement than the cerebro-spinal, and its complexity is due to the manner in which each part is linked to the neighbouring and distant parts and to the cerebro-spinal system as well. When dissected out it is found that the essential parts of this system consist of a ganglion, or nerve centre, and two nerves—afferent and efferent—leading to this centre, and from it to one of the organs. Thus the sympathetic system is made up of an enormous number of small systems, and the whole are united into the greatest complexity. But there is one essential difference between the two systems. In the case of the cerebro-spinal system, the majority of the actions taking place under its guidance are voluntary actions ; in the case of the sympathetic system not only do the majority of actions take place without a voluntary effort, but they are never controlled by the mind save under the strong excitement or depressing influence of some passion ; or secondarily, through some "voluntary movement" with which the involuntary region of the body is "associated." But in this latter case the action is really involuntary. Thus, in exceptional instances only does the mind control the action of the sympathetic nerves, and then only under undue excitement or depression ; while for the most part the various centres of the sympathetic system, and also of the spinal cord, are reflex centres, which, subject to the "inhibiting action" of the brain, or more highly-organised centre, possess an independent action of their own that, aided by custom, habit, and frequency of use, almost amounts to automatism.

In the consideration of automatism we find that there is a nervous region of very great importance situated at the top of the spinal cord and immediately below the brain, and which, roughly speaking, is just within the skull about an inch behind a line drawn horizontally through the lobe of the ear. This region is so important that it has been experimentally found that the entire brain and spinal cord with this sole exception may be removed and still the heart will continue to beat and the animal will go on breathing. But when this region is injured, death ensues at once. Now the most important of the functions of the Medulla Oblongata, as the region in question is called, is that of respiration, and this one function may serve as the type of automatic actions, although there is some dispute about it. Like all the functions which are necessary to life it is essentially involuntary, but its action is also, to some extent, under the control of the will, for other-

wise man would be unable to speak or to sing. It is argued that the act is a reflex one owing to the stimulation of nervous fibres which are distributed to the lungs; on the other hand it is stated that respiration takes place by direct stimulation of the Medulla Oblongata by the increasingly venous condition of the blood. Probably both functions exist, but the nerves leading from the lungs to the "respiratory centre" may be cut or may be paralysed by chloroform, and still the complicated muscular movements which constitute respiration take place in an orderly manner. As said above, respiration can to some extent be controlled by the will, and the breath can be "held" for a varying length of time which increases with practice. But the need of breath eventually overcomes the strongest opposition, and even the most determined attempts to commit suicide in this manner have failed. Still there is no doubt that by practice persons have increased the time during which they can hold their breath, as in certain well-authenticated cases of suspended animation, which have occurred in various parts of the world and especially in India, and thus there is shown to be a power which may be exercised in control of the natural automatism of the body and which, so far as the bodily frame is concerned, is independent of it. Were this not he case the instances of sudden death which occur through shock, and without injury to any part of the body, would be impossible, for there is no reason why the functions of respiration and of the heart should be interfered with, and the body would go on breathing and the heart beating under the stimulus of the Medulla Oblongata.

Thus, then, it is this "organizing conscious actions into more or less unconscious ones," but which may still be under the control of some force that we may call the will, which is of the highest importance to the occultist, as will be seen later on. Speaking in terms of planes it enables a man to do two or perhaps more things at the same time. Starting an original impulse to walk from point to point, a man may take the necessary steps with no other guidance than the reflected sensations of one step to make another, and during the time occupied his mind may be engaged on matters of a totally different character. But waiving these considerations and the assumption that the brain is physically a registering "organ of mind" it is evident that to a considerable extent the brain has the control of the body.

To those who have studied metaphysics the term "personality" is a very familiar one. In reference to the present subject it would seem to stand to the "higher self" in very much the same relation as the body does to the brain—or rather to the brain only as the organ of mind; that is to say that the personality is, on the moral plane referred to previously, the outer covering, more or less gross, of the real man within—the higher self. This latter is the gradually increasing product of ages and is added to by the "personality" only when it carries out the spiritual aspirations which arise beyond, but which are communicated to the

personality by the higher self. Consequently we may compare the actions dictated by the personality to those physical ones which are governed by the lower reflex centres and which have no concern whatever with the brain.

And this brings into prominence a curious fact in physiology and pathology that if either a nerve centre or nerve leading from that centre be stimulated without the impulse passing *to and through* that centre, the actions which result are tumultuous and disordered. This fact has a very important bearing by analogy on those actions which are dictated, reflexly or not, by the "personality" only, for, as regards the higher self or brain, they are found tumultuous and disorderly and are, as a rule, not "directed with a view to the welfare of the organism," and more especially of other organisms. It would be impossible to enter on an elaborate analysis of what the personality really is—and as tedious as if one were in these pages to enter on a detailed description of the minute anatomy of the brain and spinal cord. Man is a compound, in his personality, of "desires, passions, interests, modes of thinking and feeling, opinions, prejudices, judgments of others, likings and dislikings, affections, and ambitions, public and private." For the most part this personality constitutes the horizon of man, and identifies him with this narrowed circle of interests. In other words he becomes exceedingly "Selfish." Of course the circle is very frequently enlarged, as in the case of family, of a society, of a church, or a state, and other individuals esteem men in proportion as their circle enlarges. Now the enlargement of the circle to and beyond these limits is a process of extreme difficulty, and especially when the circle is enlarged beyond these limits. But there is also another element which has to be eliminated—the thought of Self must not enter into the consideration at all. That is to say that the personality as a source of motive must be entirely eliminated and destroyed; and this is the process which occupies ages and is accompanied by such pain and suffering that it can only be faced by the aid of a consciousness of the higher self, and that this work is the only work worth doing. It is not very difficult to understand why this should be so difficult, and why it should take ages to accomplish, for we have to remember that it is the accentuation of personality against personality—the competition to live—which is at the base of all our modern education. In every age the strong man has kept his citadel against all comers until a stronger than he came, and the question is whether he can find a deeper and greater source of strength. To some extent that has been found, for "union is strength"; and the only problem has been amidst the clashing of personalities to make union possible. The parallel in physiology is seen in the difficulty, only obviated by long practice, experienced by divers in holding their breath. Murder will out, respiration will recommence and the educated personality reasserts itself, as

the body insists upon the breath it is accustomed to have. But again it is possible for man to lay aside the limitations of his personality and merge his living interests with those of the world in which other personalities have an equal right and share. He can force himself to no longer feel separate from them, and to live in companionship with that which in them is beyond their personalities—their individualities, their Higher Selves. But this is a process which needs an enormous strength of will and an application to which most men are unequal. The ordinary senses have to be stilled and quieted before—if one may misapply a term—the sense of the higher self comes into play, and the divine companionship of the higher self is felt and realised. Thus then the analogy of physiology is maintained: the bodily functions are reflexly fulfilled, and by long education, in some cases, automatically, but are subject, in proportion as another education has trained the mind and will, to the brain. Equally so on the moral plane, the desires and tendencies of the personality act more or less reflexly and automatically without other control. But in proportion as the limitations of Self have been transcended, so also is the extent of the power increased which controls the personality. The brain in one case, the higher self in the other, being trained and educated to send down impulses sufficient to control the physiological needs of the animal mechanism, or the desires of the personality.

But a further and yet more interesting problem now presents itself for discussion. We have seen that it is rational to conclude that conscious acts are by education organized into unconscious, and that the two functions most important to the physiological health of the body, viz.: respiration and the action of the heart, have been rendered automatic and independent almost of any voluntary conscious effort, although this control may be, in some instances, recovered. Consequently, by analogy, the control on the moral plane may be vested in the higher self as against the personality, by an effort to unite the consciousness with that higher self. That is, the higher self, or brain, will be able to control the physiological personality, or a higher centre dominate a lower. But a still further point would seem to consist in this. Why should it not be possible to make of the higher self a reflex centre, and finally an automatic one, which shall control the personality absolutely. On the physiological analogy it would certainly seem reasonable that this should be so. Let the personality send up a suggestion for action to the reflex centre, which may be in or below the level of the higher self, as is the case in the relative positions of the cerebral hemispheres and the Medulla Oblongata. Supposing that the motor point be in the higher self, it would only seem natural that the corresponding motion excited by the suggestion of the personality will either be in accord with the higher self, and be accomplished, or will be nullified. If, however, the motor point be below the higher self, then the communication must be handed on

in order that the higher self shall have the control, and the personality not allowed to exercise sway.

Finally, however, the real importance of the argument does not rest with the higher self, but with the spiritual life beyond; or, as "Light on the Path" states it, "the life beyond individuality."

Let us grant for the moment that it is possible for the consciousness to be identified with the higher self, and that the personality as militating against that better part of man, and consequently interfering with "the life beyond individuality," is entirely subjected and controlled by a centre of force, certainly reflex, and, if possible, automatic, which is vested in the higher self. What, then, is the consequence? The personality as a source of separateness is done away with, and only used as an instrument in the same way that the physical body uses a finger. The real life is centred in the higher self, which maintains an automatic action over the personality, and prevents it from becoming a source of mischief. The force which is vested in the higher self or individuality, is derived from that united Spirit of Life which is beyond individuality, and the man is left free to concentrate his attention and aspirations on that Spirit of Life, and draw more and more of its influence through his higher self into the world around him. Just as the physiological needs of the body are controlled by an unconscious, involuntary mechanism, so the personality becomes a conquered instrument, used for ends greater than it knows of. Man, as man, is no longer swayed by his changing and temporary desires, and has reached the happy "Waters of Oblivion."

A. I. R.

SOUND WAVES.

Oft in the middle night
The soul attuned can hear
A sound as of singing voices
Seeming now far, now near.

Then, when with roused attention
Their nature he tries to seize,
Gone are the sounds celestial
Which his inner ear did please.

Those are the songs sidereal
Which ever are ringing bright,
Blending with waves of colour
In the Pitris' Astral light;

And the sounds heard on Earth
are but echoes
Of the wondrous waves of song
That roll through the Kali Yuga
Perennial, sweet and strong.

And blest are the ears that hear them,
They at last begin to ope
The hidden gateway to Heaven
That leads to Eternal Hope.

Which again shall lead the true Chela
To fruition for ever and aye,
Emancipation from Karma
In Nirvana's endless day!

Roger Hall.

MARY MERIVALE'S FIRST WORDS TO HER DISCIPLES.

MARY MERIVALE having become convinced that in renunciance of personal joy by the happy few, lies alone the possibility of redemption for the miserable many, has left her husband and home to follow in the old way, lightened by the new science, the footsteps of Buddha and Christ.

I.

SHE ADDRESSES A BODY OF SOCIALISTS.

"The present 'tis we strive for, and to-day
Work, wrestle, vanquish, triumph, preach, and pray!
The deed that lieth nearest do it well,
From small mean seed behold, can any tell
The glory of the flower that shall spring?
Lo heaven lies hidden in the smallest thing
That gladdens earth, and makes hard life more fair
To some forgotten brother toiling there!
Go forth undoubting, each in his own way,
Tell the new Gospel of the grand To-day,
That never soul however low or mean
Shall sigh again, 'perchance it might have been
Had my path lain like his adown the vale,
'Mid the red roses, where the nightingale
Makes life step to sweet music, while mine ran
Across sharp rocks, where the stern hills began
To darken and to dream, and where the sea
Hurled all her salt waves scornfully at me!'
Tell the glad tidings that the starting-place,
Where souls must stand to run life's myriad race,
Shall be for all the same, the very same,
Tho' this a king's, and that a pauper's name
Bear scornful or downcast—twin-brethren they
To whom the Master shall at even pay
Due guerdon for due work, nor yield as now
To one a crown, to one shame-branded brow,
Tho' both be equal in the slothful sin
Of eating bread their vile hands would not win!
Lift up your voices, hide not any more
The glad new truth ye treasure, let your store
Fill all the circuit of the world to-day!"

Then spake one quickly, "tell me this I pray
How shall we men, poor, nameless, powerless
Win might to lift the burden that doth press
Our brothers to the earth? Will not the gold
Heaped up thro' years by treasons manifold,
The gold that gives so little, yet hath might
To blind men's eyes, and darken God's fair light,
Will it not conjure million fettered hands
To slay the preachers, for who understands
The good we strive for?" "God!" she answered low
"The mighty spirit of life, whose rede ye know
Hath sought you out against your heart's desire,
And set your faces toward that intense fire
Where all of *self* lies dead! We count not cost;
Who ever wrought aught worthy save he lost
All care but for his quest? Dream not that we
Shall march on softly to Equality!
No! we must suffer, yea, perchance to death,
And yet some spirit within my being saith,
Tho' gold were piled up high as Himalay
To bar our path, yet would God carve a way!
And tho' all principalities and powers
Stand 'gainst our gospel, triumph shall be ours!"
"Yet who will listen? Mad the world will call
The love that burns on steadfastly for all;
And if they prison us, what profit then
Of our fair tidings win those blinded men?"
"Shall not your very fetters testify
The truth for which ye suffer? Tho' ye die,
Yea, tho' all human tongues grow still and mute
Some slim bird-sister, or some brother-brute,
From out their faithful hearts would win a way
To preach the message that ye bear to-day! . .
Have faith, my brother, love and sacrifice
Are greater than aught else, and they suffice
To break all barriers, to cast down all pride:
Have ye forgotten how the dear Christ died?
Our leader, and our love, the Socialist
Whose steps we follow thro' no incense-mist
Of creed, or church, or dogma, deftly wove,
But in the fresh air of mere human love!
Go forth! Behold he leads you, calm and fair
Where brave hearts cluster he is ever there,
Immortal in sweet thought, and sweeter deed
Even as poem from a mere thought seed."

And while we marvelled, on our heads she laid
Her slim white hands, and said, "be not afraid ;
Your path is hard, yet is mine harder still,
Be strong to-day, that future days may fill
Life's cup with sweet new wine, and now farewell,
When we shall meet again I scarce can tell,
But if ye need me your strest thought will guide
Me servant of God's servants to your side."

HOW THAT DISCIPLE BEGAN TO FOLLOW MARY MERIVALE.

II.

ONE OF THE SOCIALISTS AFTER HER ADDRESS BECOMES HER FAITHFUL DISCIPLE.

THEN passed she from us, but I followed still
Thro' the dim woodland, till across the hill
Her soft eyes sought the sea : some Might had riven
My very soul atwain. . . . ah, unforgiven,
Scorned, loathed, spurned, hated, I had done the same!
The dog-love mine, heedless of sin or shame,
That follows till it falls, and as it dies
Seeks solace only from its master's eyes. . . . .
There lay the ocean at her very feet
All ruddy in the sunset, and with sweet
Low voice that thrilled the silence, and afar
'Mid the flushed sky-field rose one cold white star ;
And lo her steadfast glimmering face was wet
With bitter falling tears (they haunt me yet!)
I knew not then her story, I but knew
A leader had arisen strong, and true,
A woman sweet and brave, whose sex was set
But as a higher star than men reached yet.
A woman in all gentleness, a man
In all high daring, since the world began
The second Christ to show what life might be
Laid on the altar of eternity!
Such tidings had gone forth, ere her clear face
Lightened the darkness of our dwelling place ;
That she had yielded home, and peace, and rest,
And love that dreams on lover's loving breast,
And quiet happiness, and peaceful days,
And sheltered path amid the world's hot ways,
We well might guess : a Socialist I wis

Knows little of love's lore save only this. . . . .
'Twas just that mystic time 'twixt day and night
When life stands still and dreams, and fingers light
Of dim thought-spirits rising, touch the brow,
And stir the hair, and half unknowing how
We lay our burden down, and sink beside,
And drift away to lands dream-glorified. . . . .
'Twas just that mystic time when with some thrill
Of imminent parting hearts draw nearer still,
And yearning eyes seek answer, and stretched hands
Grasp hands more closely, and the invisible strands
Of life that sunlight severed, night hath strained
A-close for deeper music . . . . . the light waned
Swifter and swifter, till I half could see
The little golden feet that flit and flee,
And as the stars sprang after them, athwart
The shadowy sky, my halting tongue had caught
Their speechless language, and my heart grew hot
And swift I spake, "Dear lady scorn me not;
Let me be as a dog that follows still
Carest or chidden; bend me to your will
As 'twere some garment that the wind can stay,
Yet when the sun comes you fling swift away:
Let me be as a staff you lean upon
When roads are rough, and love's soft hands are gone.
Perchance your crown is thorn-wove, and it sears
The tender brow beneath; perchance the years
Have sudden reached gaunt hands and left you bare
Yet sweet my lady, heed, for everywhere
Love heals all wounds, makes fair all barrenness,
And tho' life's husk be bitter, none the less
It holds sweet fruit beneath an evil rind,
Tho' oft we miss it when our eyes are blind
With scalding tears: oh, honoured one, and dear,
Let me be as your shadow always near."
Then turned she, and the radiance of her look
Read my thrilled soul, as 'twere an open book;
And her soft voice, brimful of half-shed tears,
Spake slowly: "Dare you follow thro' all years
My path thro' fire and torture, or the stress
To set gold corn in the untilled wilderness?
Dare you resign all pleasure, yea, all strife,
For personal joy, to make fair other's life?
Dare you, indeed, be as a dog to me?
Perchance, you scarcely grasp the sanctity

Of the dog-nature, proud man oft is fain
To scoff at what his ignorant disdain
Hath called the 'lower creatures,' tho' they be
Higher and holier far . . . . humanity
The crowned humanity we strive for, sets
No carven rules, no arrogant alphabets,
No arbitrary sway of word or speech
Between the heaven its highest souls can reach
And that its lower creatures climb to still
By true heart-culture, and by steadfast will!
Low, if you choose, lower or higher all
Make up the chain that circles what we call
Humanity, God, Heaven, Eternity. . . . .
Think not these words bear sense alone to ye;
Difference, perchance, what two souls are at one?
But brothers are we all beneath the sun!
The tiny ant speaks in its chosen way;
Perchance, the very thoughts we hold to-day
The swift bee ponders as he leans above
The clover blossoms, and the tender dove" . . . .
A sob caught her soft voice, I marvelled why;
"Cooes of the brotherhood that by-and-bye
Will fill the world: while the dog *lives* our creed
To love and serve, to follow with no heed
Of weary feet, or panting, painful breath,
Where his Lord leads, he follows unto death!
Yea, looking with no prejudice or pride,
We well might judge our Master Christ had died
And lived for these same creatures, and not man;
So true they are and tender, thro' the span
Of narrowed life their tyrant stern allows. . . . .
Ah sisters, brothers, horses, dogs, and cows,
The time is coming when you too shall be
Part of a purified humanity!
Too high to scorn, too mighty to oppress,
Where none is greater, and where none is less,
But all fulfil their tasks of head, or hand,
And all are happy, for all understand
No toil is mean, no labour maketh low,
And *gentleman* means one who liveth so!
When the true servant, horse, or dog, or cow,
His labour ended, shall not be as now
Slaughtered! . . . Ah God, that man can be so base,
And yet stand boldly with his arrogant face
Beneath the scornful shining of thy sun,

Nor fear to live where such foul deeds are done!
The torrent of her speech swept over me
Even as the tide sweeps where the pebbles be,
And lights with glamour of its liquid fire
A ruby here, and there a proud sapphire,
Till the dull strand that seemed so cold and brown
Burns with fair jewels that would shame a crown;
So, in my mind, 'mid the poor commonplace
That level life had writ, sprang forth a grace
Of tender knowledge all unguessed 'till then,
And myriad loving deeds rushed to my ken
Of horse, or dog, or little singing-bird,
That sweeten our sad hearts without a word:
"I spake too hastily, yet will I strain
To reach the dog-heart!" "Brother, not in vain
The weakest struggle, once the soul hath seen
The glory of the truth; no 'might have been'
Shall dim our day, think only what may be;
Sighing o'er *time* we lose eternity!
You saw my tears but now, think not they fell
Because I doubted, no, my soul knows well
I could not choose; when God calls, who dare stay
Even to seek our own heart's heart, or pray
Beside our dying soul? . . . Yet will thought run
When falls the night, and the day's deeds are done,
To a small homestead set beside the sea,
Where one is waiting whose heart calls to me,
Yet whom I may not serve, because my task
Is set amid the crowd, and he would ask
The silent hermitage where we twain past
Those happy childish days that may not last:
Dream not that I repent me of the vow
My childish lips unknowing swore; allow
Scant space in your thrilled heart for pity of me,
I need it not; to-morrow I shall be
Far hence across the hills, in yonder town
Where yester-morn the great church tottered down,
And many lives were wrecked, when dynamite
Sprang thro' the darkness of the evil night."
"And where you go I follow," answered I.
"'Tis well," she said, "the first gleam in the sky
Must see our feet set in that dusty road
That leads all life at last to home and God."

EVELYN PYNE.

(To be continued.)

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was broad daylight when they had again reached the gateway of the cottage. Amyot had not been able to drive rapidly, for the movement of the rough cart was not easy, and he was afraid of Fleta's being too weak to bear it. She fainted several times during the journey, and at last fell into a deep swoon, from which she could not be awakened. Father Amyot lifted her from the cart when at last they had reached their temporary shelter, and carried her in his arms up the path and between the yew trees. He placed her very gently on some rugs upon the ground, and put a cushion beneath her head. Then hastily he took the horse and cart into the rough shed which served for stables, gave the horse a feed, and then hurried back to the house. He applied no restoratives to Fleta, as another person would have done. He knelt down beside her, after a long and earnest look at her face, and took her hands in his. Almost immediately he rose again, with an abrupt, heavy sigh.

"She will be very ill," he said aloud. "I wonder if she is to live? It seems hardly possible now. But what is to be, is to be."

He went into the inner room and opened one of the hidden cupboards, from which Fleta had taken her materials for the rite which she had gone through there. Slowly, and with much thought, Amyot took out certain phials, from each of which he dropped a few drops into a curious square glass. When the mixture was made a very faint smoke and a scarcely perceptible perfume rose from it. He held it in his hand and looked at it, as if in doubt, for some minutes.

"Dare I give it her?" he said, speaking aloud to himself. He had acquired this habit in his monastic life in the city, where he dwelled in a far more isolated manner than he did when in the remote monasteries, or indeed under any other circumstances.

"Dare I give it her? Is it my province to decide whether she is to live and face this terrible fate she has brought on herself? I cannot do it. This is a decision she alone may make. May she make it rightly."

He poured the precious drops from the glass upon the ashes of the

hearth. A bright light, almost a flame, vividly blue, leaped up for an instant and was gone. Amyot replaced the glass, closed the door of its keeping-place, and went slowly back to where Fleta lay.

Certainly she appeared now like one dead. No faintest tinge of colour was on her face or lips, no faintest sign of breathing showed. He put his hand on her pulse. It was still.

"She alone must decide," he said in a low tone, in a voice of intense pain. It was if he found himself compelled to face the fact that she might choose to die, and as if that thought were agony.

"And yet," he said suddenly, "why should I doubt that she will live? She, who is always ready for action and never stays for rest or for pleasure? Of course she will wish to live—fool that I am! Why do I not help her?"

And after turning to look at the white, statuesque face, he moved quickly again into the further room, evidently with the intention of once more mixing the medicine which he had flung on the ashes.

But before he had time to move more than a step or two across the floor he heard a sound at the doorway of the cottage. He paused and looked back. A figure stood there—tall, wrapped in a long travelling cloak, and with a wide hat on which almost concealed the face. But Amyot recognised the outline of the form, and immediately made a profound obeisance.

"I have already mixed the potion once and then threw it away, thinking it too great a task for me to take upon me, to deal with her for life or death. Yet now I have thought that she is certainly determined to live, and I was about to mix it again and give it her. Shall I do so, Ivan?"

"No," was the answer, "not now. Come, and we will watch beside her. She has enemies we may save her from."

Ivan put off his hat and cloak, and showed himself in a plain monk's dress. His face bore marks of illness, of pain and anxiety, which were not on it when Hilary saw him at the monastery in the forest. They were new, too, since Amyot had seen him last.

"You are tired, my master," said Amyot. "Let me get you food."

"Not now," repeated Ivan. "We must guard her. I have come a great distance in order to be by her side."

All through the long morning they sat beside Fleta's body, with gaze fixed intently on her, without moving, without speaking. Probably neither of them was conscious of time, whether it passed quickly or slowly. It was just noon when Ivan moved. He rose suddenly and yet very quietly, and touched Amyot. Together they went slowly out through the sheltered doorway into the sunshine.

"She will live," said Ivan. "I know that now. Do not you?"

"Yes," said Amyot. "But I have never doubted it since I thought seriously for a moment. At first I was blinded by my distress."

"Let us break our fast out here in the air," said Ivan. "We commenced our watch at nine this morning; we will begin it at nine to-night. Before midnight her soul must have passed on, or returned."

He began to walk to and fro up and down the pathway to the cottage. Amyot seemed to take the post of servitor as a matter of course. He accomplished his tasks with the same austere earnestness with which he undertook anything he had to do. Nothing trivial seemed to be any trouble to him, or subject for thought or discussion. While he moved to and fro his soul appeared to be as remote and as buried in ecstacy as when he lay on the altar steps of the city cathedral. In a very short time a table stood on the grass and a white cloth was spread on it; and coffee and bread and fruits were placed ready. A passer-by who might have looked into the cottage garden would only have seen two poor monks, and would have guessed that they were being hospitably entertained by the cottager. The meal did not take long; neither spoke, for it seemed as if each had too much thought within his mind to have time to spare for expressing any of it. And yet perhaps this silence was only a return to monastic habits which came naturally when these two found themselves sitting at table together. For they had been reared side by side; and when Amyot called Ivan "my master" it sounded very beautifully from his lips. It had in it all the profound reverence due to a superior; but the expressive "mine" added an affectionateness which could only be shown from an elder to a younger man.

All through the long bright day Fleta lay like a corpse, just as Amyot had first placed her. She was never left alone for more than a few minutes; either Ivan or Amyot came and sat beside her. At last the evening came. At nine o'clock the two took their places one on each side of her. It was a strange vigil, for all was so perfectly still and silent that it seemed only like watching beside the dead; and yet there was a purpose in it which religious watchers beside the dead know not of. Whether Fleta had lived or died this watch would have been observed. When the body has only just loosed hold of the spirit it is in these hours that danger is at hand.

Until eleven o'clock there was no sound or movement; the group might have been cut in marble. But then Ivan stirred slightly, and placed one hand on Amyot's arm. The priest looked up quickly, and was about to speak; but instantly his gaze became rivetted and he gazed in silence.

Behind Fleta's head hung a deep, dark shadow, which from moment to moment seemed more clearly to take some form upon it. There were different figures shaping themselves out of its vague substance. At last three outlines were clearly seen. Fleta herself, pale, grey, ghost-like; and beside her Otto—strong, dark, powerful. Amyot started when he recognised the other face; it was Hilary's. He stood there, dark, and

strong as Otto; and Fleta's pale shape rose like a dim flame between them, wavering a little to and fro, as if from want of strength.

"Why is she so weak?" asked Amyot in a piteous whisper.

"Do you not know?" said Ivan. "Because this is her shade, her animal soul. She is compelled to rouse that into life in order to speak to these two so that they will understand. For they live in the world of shades, while she lives in the world of light."

At this moment the form of Fleta became suddenly stronger and more clear; and Amyot heard her voice, quite clearly, yet with a peculiar remoteness and distance about the sound. The words came slowly too as if she were not sure of her strength.

"I summoned you," she said, "I summoned you both, that you should speak to me face to face before we go on into a new chapter of life. Can you remember, you two, that long ago when first you loved me as men love on earth? When first this soul, this human life, awoke to consciousness? Do you remember, beneath those wild apricot trees, how passion and desire and selfish purposes over-mastered us each and all? Yes, even I; for though in me the animal soul was even then dominated by the growing power of the divine spirit in me, yet selfishness, a love of myself before all created things, prompted me when I killed the man who first desired to win my love for himself. I have expiated that sin; and by its force I won the power by which I work now. The chains that unite us were forged then, in those old savage days; they unite us even now. But now they must change and alter, or be broken for ever. I have suffered through ages for you both; suffered until this very hour But now I have a right to be free. I have a right to be free, not from you, because your companionship is precious to me, but from your love, your human love, which kills and destroys the divine life in you and fetters it in me. Otto, you know that in my last effort for you I called upon myself the anger of this animal soul which now represents you here and assumes your shape; I drove it from you and left you free to pass on purified into other lives. Is this thing to follow me through my life and madden me by memories of your cruel love? Otto, from your place of quiet I call you; come, kill this thing and free me! Let me remember you as one who had gentleness for me, not that devouring thing which men call love."

A profound silence followed this speech, and the two who watched saw the figure of Otto waver and grow fainter. At last it flung itself on Fleta, as if to catch her in an embrace; but the movement was only like that of a flickering flame, and as Fleta stood motionless, gazing intently on the quivering form, an unutterably sad and terrible cry sounded on the air, and the thing had vanished. Ivan drew a long, deep breath as of intense relief. Fleta stood as statue-like in her shadow form as in that unconscious body which lay upon the floor, until Hilary approached nearer and touched her.

She immediately turned to him, and again her voice was audible, now with a sweet tone in it which had not been there before, and a strangely mournful tone also.

"Hilary!" she said, "listen to me. I ask of you, as I have asked of Otto, death in your present shape. I have been asking it of you all this lifetime, since I have known you as Hilary. Do you not know that your love is a burden to me, and that it scorches your own spirit, and makes it blind and helpless? Free yourself from it, Hilary! Know me for what I am, no longer a woman to be loved, as of old, but a disciple of the light—one who is striving to pass on to a larger life. It is time you came and stood beside me; you are ready for it, but for this blind passion which still makes your eyes dim. Come, Hilary, let this savage self of yours die, and pass back into the nature from which it rose. You have used it, learned from it, experienced it to the full. You lie asleep now, in your bed at home; I see your body much more clearly than this shade which stands before me. Be as courageous as Otto, who has conquered. His spirit is in a place of quiet, till the swift moment comes when he will wake to a new life of work, unhampered by that shade just now destroyed. Your spirit stands back and lets the shade be king. Come to me in your divine self and be my friend and companion; do this now, and banish for ever this shade with hungering eyes. Then, when you wake in the dawn, the disorder of your mind and the fever of your soul will have passed away. You will love me no less, Hilary; but it will be a love that will help instead of paralysing you. We have used the blossom, Hilary; it has come to its full flower; its petals are ready to fall. It is time now to see the fruit! Come, Hilary, I must pass on! Come with me——"

The shadows changed and melted suddenly away. In their place came new and confused forms, which by degrees shaped themselves into a room. Then Amyot saw that the figure of Hilary Estanol lay in it, locked in sleep. But suddenly he started from that sleep, and Amyot heard his voice, as if from an immense distance, cry out: "Fleta, did you call me? I am coming—I am coming!"

And Hilary sprang from his bed and hastily began to dress.

"She has failed," said Ivan mournfully. "Poor child, she must carry her burden yet further." The darkness closed in round them; the lights and shadows all had died away.

A faint, fluttering sigh reminded them of the dead Fleta, who lay so helplessly. Was life returning to her? Ivan rose and struck a light, and bearing a taper in his hand came and stooped over her. Yes, she was stirring a little; a faint flickering of her eyelids ended suddenly in their opening wide, and her glorious eyes looked straight into Ivan's. The vacant, dim glance changed instantly into one of rapt adoration and deep delight. Stooping over her he could hear the faint whisper that came from the white lips.

"Ivan! Ivan! You will help me!"

He rose, gave the light into Amyot's hand, and passed out through the porch into the darkness of the night. Here, he stood still, in the cool air, deeply thinking.

"This then is why she failed just now with Hilary! This then is why she failed in her initiation! Not pride, not self-consciousness, not anything a mask would hide, but simply because she leans on me because she looks on me as a god. Poor child, how bitter must her failure have been! The fearless, resolute soul, to face the awful White Brotherhood before the time! What can I do? Her suffering must yet be bitter; for she spoke truth when she said that with her the time for the blossom-life of pleasure is over. It is the hour for the divine fruit to shape itself. And neither nature nor super-nature can be stayed by any man's hand, nor any spirit's prayer or command."

His head bowed, his thoughts deeply at work, he went away in the darkness and wandered far into the forest. And Fleta, the frail, broken, worn-out body of Fleta, lay, after that first moment of joy, in such pain and weakness that delirium soon came and blotted out all knowledge and all thought.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FLETA awoke to consciousness again to find herself lying on the cottage floor; her head had slipped from the pillow placed for it and was upon the flags. Probably the extreme discomfort of her position had helped to rouse her. She tried to lift herself, but found she was too weak. With great difficulty she raised her head to the cushion. Then she looked round the room, in a dim wonder. Brilliant sunshine came in through the small window and the half-open door. The air that reached her was soft and pleasant. In a feeble contentment she looked at the sunlight playing on the floor. A profound, child-like happiness filled her soul. She desired nothing, knew nothing, thought of nothing. But the brain refused to remain inactive; the first stir of its machinery brought to her recollection the horrors of the battle-field—dim, confused, unintelligible, but horrible. She cried aloud in a strange shrill voice—at first incoherently, making no definite sound. Then she called Amyot's name, over and over again. But there was no answer; no one came; she was alone. She ceased to cry out, and shut her eyes from sheer weakness.

But memory proved too strong for her. The recollection of the last awful episode came back to her mind, and instantly she opened her eyes to learn the truth. Had it all been a nightmare, that fire, that blood? No; it had all been real, for her right arm lay beside her, scorched, maimed, blasted, hideous to look on; and the stain of blood was on it and on her dress. This last fact seemed to fill her with horror more

than anything else; staring with fixed eyes at the blood, she tried to raise herself. It was a long time before she could succeed, and when at last she was on her feet it was only to totter to a chair and sink down again. The change of position at first brought the fierce overwhelming consciousness of weakness, and nothing more. But afterwards it seemed to restore her more to herself; in a few moments she had begun to realise her position.

She sat there on a straight wooden cottage chair, against the wall; her figure was half in the sunshine and half in the shade. Who would have recognised in this broken, wan-faced, maimed woman the splendid young queen?—she who had been so royal in the consciousness of her own inner power.

She looked down at her disfigured arm.

"This could not have happened had I not failed in my trial," she murmured.

"Ah! Fleta, poor soul," she murmured, a moment later; "how sick and weak thou art. Have you lost the secret of power, of youth, of immortality? Is it gone? Is all gone because of that failure?"

She sat more upright, and seemed as if summoning her own strength; the fierce determination on her face took from it all softness, all delicacy. No one had ever seen her look like this, even in her most resolute moments. It was the face of a soul struggling for life, of a strangled thing striving for breath. Then, quickly, the look altered; softened and grew stronger, both. She raised herself from her chair and stood upright, as if vigour had begun to return to her body. And so it was. She moved across the room, slowly, but resolutely, and without wavering. She went into the inner room and approached the secret cupboard. And now she herself proceeded to mix that draught which Amyot had prepared for her and cast away after it was ready. She had no hesitation or doubt; she drank it after a long look into it, and some words murmured faintly under her breath.

Courage, fire, vitality came to her from that draught. She stood still, letting the blood surge up and colour her cheeks and fire her brain.

"I am alive again," she said to herself; "now I must act. I must accomplish the purification."

She looked about her for her peasant's cloak, and presently found it thrown upon a chair in the outer room. It was unstained, and when put on covered the disorder of her dress. She drew it about her as well as she could, not yet being used to have but one arm and hand. There was a hood attached to it, and this she drew over her head. As she did so something fell out and fluttered to the floor; a paper, folded. She stooped to pick it up, and opened it. There was nothing inscribed on it but a star; no writing of any sort. Fleta trembled a little as she looked at it.

"They watch me, then!" she said to herself; "the awful brotherhood

watch me. Who has been here? Who has left this? It was not Amyot, for he does not know the sign that burns in its midst. The White Brotherhood! Cold abstractions, men no longer!" She began to walk to and fro in the narrow cottage-room while she spoke, holding the paper before her. "Human no longer! It withers my soul to think of them. Yet to become one of them, to be like them, is my only hope. Passion, life, humanity, these are the fires of death for me. I have no home but in the White Brotherhood."

She stopped abruptly; folded the paper again and placed it within her dress, and seemed to immediately become rapt again in the object she had had in view before finding it. She stepped towards the porch and out beneath the yew-trees. Here she paused a moment, closely scrutinising the trunks of the trees one after the other. On one she found some marks cut in the bark which appeared to be what she was in search of; for after studying them very carefully and murmuring to herself as she did so, she hastily walked down the path, into the road, and then left it again as soon as possible by striking across some wild land. Evidently she knew what direction to follow quite clearly; but as evidently she had never trodden the way before. For sometimes she was much perplexed to find the crossing over swollen streams, though always after much search she reached a place where it was easy to pass over. Sometimes she found herself near houses, apparently to her great annoyance, for she would make a circuit round to avoid them, and then return to her direct path. At last she entered the forest, following the track of a stream which struck straight into it. It was not easy to follow the water-course for the brushwood which grew along its side, and overhung it; but she persevered in keeping close to it, even in its windings, so that now it was evidently her guide.

The afternoon wore away while her long walk lasted. The sun had set, and it was grey twilight outside the forest; within its shadow it was dark as night. Fleta followed the gleam of the water as it caught rays of light here and there. At last something shone darkly before her like a black pearl. She uttered a cry of delight and thankfulness. It was a wide deep pool, surrounded closely by forest trees which grew to the very edge. But it was large enough to have room to reflect the sky. And it was still, as if it were a pool of death. But to Fleta it seemed to mean life. She pressed eagerly on till she reached its very brink. Then she threw her cloak aside, and after that her dress. Her dress she washed in the water wherever it was stained, rubbing it as well as she could with her one hand. The effort was useless; and finding it so she rolled up the dress and flung it away among the brushwood. She stood now like a ghost, in a fine white linen robe which she had worn under her riding habit; it was richly bordered at all its edges with needlework. The peasant's dress cast off, the figure was that of the young queen again, clothed in purple and fine linen. This dress was unstained, as she

found to her great pleasure; she took it off and laid it with her cloak, and then completely undressed. A moment later, and a gleaming shape flung itself into the deep waters. Her long hair lay spread on the surface. Fleta was a remarkable swimmer, one who loved the water; and often when living in the Garden House which had been her home she spent hours of the summer nights swimming in a lake which was in its grounds. But now she had but one arm to use. Yet she was so well practised, and so accustomed to the water, that she was able to keep herself afloat and guide herself hither and thither; though she could not strike out boldly for the midst of the pond nor dive as she would have done otherwise. A long time she remained in; when at last she returned to the shore there was a smile of strange contentment on her face. She wrung out her dripping hair, and dressed herself quickly. Drawing her long cloak over the white linen dress she instantly set out on her return journey. She walked easily and lightly now, seeming impervious to cold, and insensible to the clinging damp of her hair.

It was nearly midnight when she regained the cottage.

She looked anxiously at the moon a moment before she entered.

"It is not too late!" she said.

Quickly entering, she closed and barred the door behind her. The moonlight shed a long direct ray across the room through the small window. Fleta threw aside her cloak, and knelt down directly within this ray.

"Come!" she said aloud. "Come, thou that art myself, I myself, my own supreme being. Come, I demand to speak with you that are myself, to know the meaning of my life, to know what path to take!"

The moon-ray appeared to shape itself; Fleta looked up. A form no more materialised than the moonlight, stood over her. It was herself —yes, her own face, her own dark hair. Who that has once achieved this terrible moment can again be as other men? Fleta looked—yes; it was her own face, but how cold, how white, how implacable! Her own dark hair, but bright with gleaming roses. Words came.

"Ask me not to speak with you, for you are still in the mud of earth while I am crowned with flowers."

Fleta uttered a strange cry, hardly articulate, and then fell forward, insensible. She lay a long while like this, directly in the moon-ray, its white gleam on her face. Then consciousness came back to her, and she began at once to speak, talking with herself.

"How dare I summon that starry spirit which I degraded and dragged back from the very door of initiation? No wonder that my own shame has prostrated me like this. But I have learned much in this dark hour of unconsciousness—yes, Fleta, you have learned, now profit. Chain that lofty, flower-crowned part of yourself to the maimed and ignorant Fleta of earth! How? By doing her will. She is more heroic, more terrible, more severe, than any other master could be. I have seen my

master's face soften with pity—but this one is implacable. I am bound to her from now—I obey her.

"What was it she showed me? What was it I saw, and heard, and learned? That I, Fleta, the Fleta of earth, am not free, and cannot enter the gate of the initiates. And till I can do so, she stands at the gate waiting for me, waiting to become one with me—and then her crown will be mine.

"Her crown! At what a cost! To tear the last human feeling from my soul.

"Yes, my master, the scales are fallen from my eyes. I know why I am desolate, why you have left me utterly alone. I have loved you, I have worshipped you, only as a disciple may love his master, still it has been love, longing, leaning, hunger for your grand presence and your fine and spirit-stirring thought. Life had no savour and no meaning without the superb and delicate perfume of your presence to gladden it. All this is over. I will yield to it no longer, for I desire it not, neither do you desire it. That it burns in my veins still—yes—burns—makes it the more necessary that it shall be conquered. I will be alone henceforward, and look for no help or comfort save in myself."

She rose to her feet as she uttered the last words, and drew herself up to her full height. Her bearing was erect, as though no weariness or sickness had ever befallen her; yet she looked very sadly at the arm which hung withered at her side.

"How weak I was to fear that thing! How is it that I did not have more confidence in my own power? Well, be it so; I must bear the mark of my cowardice."

The cottage was still utterly deserted save for herself. It was very lonely; she had tasted no food for a long time. Yet she seemed indifferent to the discomfort and solitude of her position. She walked across the room, and in doing so, recognised that she had exhausted all her strength in the strange struggles and efforts she had gone through. She went to the cupboard and again mixed a vitalizing draught. That taken, her power returned; a faint colour came into her face; she looked like the Fleta of the palace, the young queen full of strength; only that there was a new intensity in her face, something which greatly altered its expression. She returned to the larger room and began to pace up and down, thinking very earnestly as she did so.

"Your Master Ivan—if you must go saving souls save his—you'll have to go to hell's door to find him!" She murmured these words of Etrenella's over and over again to herself. Presently she stood quite still, looking through the narrow window at the quiet scene without, but not seeing it. She was absorbed in internal questioning.

"How could I be so blinded as to believe her, that witch, that traitress?" she exclaimed aloud at last. "What made me wish to go to her? Was I actually blinded by love? O! how ready I was to

brave the terrors of hell's door. Fool! to be so readily deceived. Insane pride that could prompt me to believe such folly. Of my master there is no need to ask pardon, for my mad thoughts could not injure him; but I ask pardon of the Divine humanity, the White Brotherhood, that I could have dreamed that one who is a part of its divinity could fall from that noble place——

"How is it that I have purified my thoughts and heart, so that now I see my folly? What have I done to get this light?

"I understand. I have begun my work. I have saved Otto from himself. But there were two for me to bring with me to the gateway. Who is the other? Hilary! He with whom I have failed so many times? He whose touch is like death to me from the memories of dead loves it brings? Ah! Fleta! Yes, you are still in the mud of earth. Come, be brave and go to work! The blossom has fallen and is decaying; its over-sweet scent sickens and disgusts me. I must look for the fruit."

Her whole manner suddenly changed now. She busied herself in coiling up her long hair, and finding her cloak to wrap herself in. Then, for the first time during the ordeals she had been passing through, she thought of food. She found bread and fruit in the little pantry, and of this ate almost hungrily. Then she drew her cloak round her, and leaving the cottage, closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT a long and terrible journey was that on which Fleta entered! The horse and cart had gone from the stable; she had no money with which to obtain any sort of conveyance. But she had a number of valuable rings on her fingers, and round her neck was a string of uncut jewels of all kinds, a favourite necklace of hers from its barbaric simplicity. She wore it always under her dress in order to carry about with her a little locket which held in it some treasured possession of hers. When she reached a large village she succeeded in disposing of one of her rings for a twentieth of its value, and with the money she purchased a complete peasant's costume. Thus dressed, and wrapped in her cloak with its hood drawn close over her face, she could walk along the roads without exciting much comment. She bought food as she went, for she found her strength very insufficient for the task before her; but she could not bring herself to sleep or rest beneath any roof, and walked on by night as well as by day. She went a long distance out of her course in order to avoid the battle field, the scene of her great fault, when her longing to find Ivan and the rapt thought of saving him from some great danger, had caused her to forget the task she was then engaged in and so sacrifice the army and the king. It seemed as if she dared not tax her strength by passing through the scene of such associations. At last she

reached a large town where there were jewellers to whom she could offer the stones of her necklace for sale. They were of great value, being part of the crown jewels of her own country. She sold three of these for a mere nothing, considering what the jewels were; but it was a fortune to her, for it was enough money for her to travel all the rest of the way in coach or carriage. She professed to have found the stones on the battle-field, for the jeweller, looking at her peasant's dress and her carefully concealed face, seemed very suspicious of her. Lest his curiosity should prompt him to have her watched, she hastily engaged a carriage at the nearest inn, and left the town, scarcely pausing to taste food.

That evening she drove through the city where for one day she had reigned as queen, and which she had left triumphantly at the head of her army. It was desolated; the shops closed, the streets empty, signs of mourning everywhere. Fleta shrank back into her carriage white and horror-stricken. This was her work! For a moment it seemed as if remorse would sweep over her and prostrate her utterly. But she fought the feeling with a fierce courage.

"I will not regret the past," she cried aloud. "I have to redeem it."

And now she passed over the road which she had last driven over when with Hilary and the young Duchess and that other nameless thing she had entered the city. Her blood grew cold at the memory. Why had she let Hilary kill that creature of the devil? Surely she could have kept it far from her, by her own strength, had she not already begun to fall. It must have been so. Her atmosphere must have lost its purity before that thing could have approached her so closely; her soul had not cognisance of its strength when she could let Hilary be her defender. She sat thinking of these strange things and striving to learn the meaning of the past. They were heavy lessons that she learned in these memories, and her face blanched to a more deadly white as she thought of them.

At last she saw the towers and gleaming roofs of her own city, her native home. She dismissed her carriage some distance before the gates. She wished to enter altogether unobserved. It was dusk, and by drawing her hood close over her face she succeeded in passing through the streets without attracting any attention, though here she was so well known that she feared even her walk and bearing would be recognised. She soon reached the long and wide main street, close to the cathedral. Here all was bright; it was as gay as ever, perhaps gayer, for all who feared war and its terrors and preferred the pleasures of life had hurried here from Otto's city at the first note of disaster. It was thronged with carriages; evidently there was some great excitement on hand. Many of the ladies were still shopping; coming from flower shops with bouquets, from milliners and jewellers, on all kinds of business intent. Fleta knew them nearly all by sight; a faint amusement rose within her as she passed on through the crowd, a mere unnoticed peasant. How

different it used to be when she walked down this street. As she wandered on, looking hither and thither for the face she wanted, she drew near her father's palace and saw at once what was the event of the night. The whole palace was illuminated and *en fête;* evidently there was to be a state dinner and a ball afterwards. A thought came quickly into Fleta's mind. Hilary would certainly be at the ball; she too would be there. Without thought of fatigue, or of distance, she immediately turned her steps on to the road leading out of the city to her own dear garden house. She had rested so far in the carriage that she could walk this distance without any trouble. She found the house, as she expected, quite deserted. Oh, how sweet was the familiar fragrant scent of the garden! It seemed as though she had passed through a lifetime of experience since she had last been here. And so, indeed, she had. It made no difference to her that the house was shuttered and barred, for she had a secret mode of entrance to her laboratory which she could always use. In a few moments she stood within it, and paused awhile in the darkness to enjoy the faint lingering perfume of the incense. A sense of power came upon her as she stood here.

"O, if I am recovering my lost place!" she exclaimed to herself. "If my powers return to me! But I must not think of this; I must go on with my work."

She easily found her way in the dark, for the place was so perfectly familiar. In a few moments she had struck a light, and then she lit the large hanging lamp which made the whole room brilliant. The empty incense-vessel stood beneath it. She looked at this a moment longingly, then turned away with a sigh. "I may not," she murmured. She quickly set herself to the task she had in hand. A large deep cupboard, almost as big as a room, was in one of the thick walls. She opened this and carried in a light. It was all hung with dresses; not ordinary dresses, but more such as one sees in the property-room of a theatre, only that all of them were of the most rich character except in cases where this was contrary to their style. She took out first a white robe, one that she had worn when Hilary had come to her at the garden house, and when, finding her in the garden, he had thought how like a priestess she looked, blinded though he was by love. It was in fact the dress of a priestess of an ancient order long since supposed to be dead.

Before the great mirror in the laboratory she performed a careful toilette. All travel stains disappeared, she restored to her skin, by perfumed waters, a delicate freshness, she brushed out her hair, and coiled it round her head like a crown. She dressed herself in the white robe, and fastened it at the throat with a very old clasp, which she took from a locked casket. As she did so a flame leaped into her eyes, a light came into her face. "Yes, I am that one again, I have her fire and her courage; I am the priestess of the desolate woods, looking to the first dawn-ray for my guidance, not to any human intelligence. So be it. I

am as strong in that personality as in the Princess Fleta's; let me take and use the strong courage of that pure nature worship. Let me dedicate myself to it anew, but also with a new intelligence. I cannot again be taught by the spirits of the air and water, but I can be as indifferent to man as I was then. Come, with your strength, my past self of the solitary woodland altar!"

So saying, she moved away from the mirror, and, as she went, broke into a low, monotonous chant. Monotonous—yes! But how full of magic. It made the blood in her own veins grow fiery.

From the great cupboard she took out another dress; that of the old fortune-teller, which she had worn when she first met Hilary. With the large cloak and hood she completely concealed her white dress; and she masked her face so as only to show her eyes, which looked the more marvellously brilliant when thus isolated.

CHAPTER XXV.

Two hours later she presented herself at the door of the palace. The dinner was over, and guests were crowding in to the ball. It was not a masque, as on the occasion when she wore this dress before, so that she had to resort to a more complicated plan of obtaining entrance.

She knew all the servants who stood at the wide doorway and on the great oaken staircase. She chose one out and walked straight up to him.

"Tell the king," she said, "that I wish to speak to him."

The man looked at the crooked figure of the old gipsy, and laughed. "Not to-night," he answered.

"Yes, to-night," she said, and she looked straight at him with her wonderful eyes. The smile faded off his face, and he answered seriously:

"It is impossible, indeed," he said. "Come in the morning."

"I wish to go into the ball-room," said Fleta. "I will amuse the guests if his Majesty pleases."

The servant shook his head.

"Not to-night," he repeated; "the people are too grand."

"I'll tell them tales of themselves that will make them stare!" said Fleta, with a curious laugh that made the servant look wonderingly at her.

"You mustn't stand here," he said, as a new group of guests arrived at the door. The old gipsy's red cloak made her a conspicuous figure. She curtsied deeply as a tall, handsome lady passed her.

"You will have your wish, Duchesse," she said in a low voice; "but not as you would like it. Your husband will lose all he has at the cards to-night, and stab himself before he leaves the tables."

The lady stopped, stared at her with wide-open, horror-struck eyes, and then hurried away, speechless and white.

"Come, you must go," said the servant, rather roughly. "This will never do."

Fleta quickly hurried after the lady she had spoken to, and put her hand on her dress.

"If you will help me," she said, "I can help you. You play to-night and let me sit near you; and you shall win more than your husband loses."

"Impossible!" said the Duchess. "How can I do it?"

"Tell the king I would speak with him. I have news of his daughter. She is found."

The Duchess looked at her for a moment; then the terror left her face and she burst out laughing.

"A bad shot, my good woman," she said. "I think I will manage without your help to-night."

Fleta stood back against the wall, silent and amazed. The servant again came and said she must go. She drew a ring from her finger and held it out to him.

"Take this to the king," she said, "and tell him its bearer wishes to enter the ball-room."

The servant hesitated, looked at the ring, and was evidently struck by its value and beauty. He turned and went up the wide stairway. It was quite a quarter of an hour before he returned. Fleta remained motionless, where he had left her.

"Come," he said, "the king says you are to enter."

The bent figure of the old, red-cloaked woman went up the flower-decked staircase and entered among the throng of courtiers and splendidly-dressed women. Everybody stared at her; immediately they supposed it was some surprise of the king's, to give an added amusement to the night. A lady who was standing by him said so, as she saw the quaint figure approaching. The king turned hastily. He was troubled and anxious to know who it was carried this ring, which was his daughter's and had belonged to her mother.

"I understood this was a masque to-night, your Majesty," said Fleta, in a very low voice, as she approached him. "That is why I wear this dress. Let me pass as a fortune-teller and amuse some of your guests. Presently I will tell you my errand."

"As you please," said the King, seeing no better way out of the situation. "You shall have the little gold boudoir and hold your reception there."

"Give me back the ring," said Fleta, in the same low voice. He hesitated, evidently uncertain what to do. She put out her left hand from under the cloak, and held it towards him as if to take the ring. He started violently, and uttered a sort of suppressed cry. It was a

hand that no one could mistake, having once seen it; and he knew the rings on the fingers. He dropped the ring he held into the open palm of this hand at which he gazed so strangely. Fleta hastily drew it under her cloak; she could not understand his manner, and it was time to put an end to the situation, which was beginning to attract attention.

In the same moment everything was explained to her. For there, on the other side of the King, just approaching him, she saw herself, beautiful, triumphant, radiant, dressed with the greatest splendour and shining with diamonds. Instantly she saw it all, realised everything, and marvelled at her recent blindness. This was Adine.

And the man beside her, the handsomest man in the whole room young, tall, with his face alight with love and pride; the man on whom Adine leaned, resting the tip of her gloved fingers on his arm? It was Hilary Estanol.

The group of which the king was the centre was standing just at the entrance to the ball-room. At this moment some exquisite waltz music began, and Fleta saw these two figures pass away down the room, the first, and for some moments the only, couple dancing. Together they moved marvellously, like shapes in a vision of rythmic movement. Fleta looked after them, and then turned quickly away.

"Myself, and not myself," she thought. But her thoughts were quickly stayed by the words she heard around her.

"What a sight!" said some one close by her. "The Princess always seemed to me mad, but I never thought she could do this. Imagine her refusing to wear a widow's dress, or even to stay quietly in her rooms, just because the king Otto's body has not been found, though there are two or three officers here to-night who saw him fall. It is disgraceful; I cannot understand how the king allows it."

"Oh, he never had any influence over her," said some one else. "She is a witch, and he is obliged to let her do as she chooses. But to flaunt her love affair with Hilary Estanol before everyone's eyes at such a time as this is in execrable taste."

A great deal more was said, but she could not stay to hear it. Someone was showing her the way into the little gold boudoir. Here she sat down alone, thankful for even a moment's peace. She took off her mask, and, leaning her head on her hand, tried to think. But in a moment there was a sound at the door. She hastily put on her mask. Two or three court ladies came, one after the other, and then some of the courtiers. Everyone went out startled and white. Each had not only been alarmed by the gipsy's knowledge, but had received some severe words. Presently there was a little pause, some laughter; then the doorway opened wide, to show Hilary and Adine standing together there. Fleta fixed her eyes on the image of herself, never even glancing at Hilary. The door closed, and Adine advanced into the room alone.

She seemed disinclined to do so, and the smile died away from her lips. Fleta threw off the mask and cloak and rose to her feet, a terrible look on her face. Thus they stood opposite each other for a moment of silence. Then Fleta spoke, in a cold, stern voice:

"You have betrayed my trust, and this masquerade must come to an end. I do not need you any longer."

Adine shivered and turned very pale.

"I thought you were dead," she said stupidly, as if she could think of no other words to say. Fleta flung a look of scorn at her.

"As if I should die while you live!" she said. "It is enough that you have had these days and nights to use my power and name and make both dark with. Go, now; it is full time. And you go for ever. You will never take my place again. You cannot return to the convent; you have no claim there now. Go back to your home with the peasants."

Adine uttered a sharp cry of pain, and staggered back as if struck. But she said nothing. All power appeared to have left her.

"There is no time to lose," said Fleta after a moment's silence. "You have done wrong and I have to make it right. Come, throw aside my likeness, throw off that dress, put away the mad follies which have been turning your brain and making your soul too great for you!"

As she spoke Adine stepped back and sank into a chair. A kind of stupor seemed upon her, a helplessness. Yet she obeyed Fleta in a mechanical way that was piteous, she drew the jewels out of her hair, unclasped the diamonds from her neck; with slow fingers began to unfasten the gorgeous dress she wore. Fleta watched her steadily, without relaxing her gaze. The strangest thing in the whole scene, could there have been any on-looker to appreciate it, was that the likeness between the two grew momently less. As Adine obeyed she seemed to alter visibly. She stooped forward so that her stature appeared to be lessened; her eyes narrowed and contracted; her mouth lost its firmness, and the lower lip took on a droop that changed her whole face. No one could have mistaken her now for Fleta, though the shape and colouring of the two women was still the same. But from one the spirit had gone, while in the other it was stronger. Fleta had never looked so powerful, so completely herself, as at this moment. All her courage and confidence had returned to her in the moment she discovered the urgent need of action.

She approached Adine and stood close to her. "What are you doing?" cried out Adine at last, in a voice choked by distress and fear.

"I am reading your sins," said Fleta. "I see very plainly that unless I can blot those sins out you will have the death of a struggling soul to answer for. You!—that are not strong enough to answer for yourself. How dared you play with Hilary Estanol? Do you not know that he

is a chosen one, not like the other men you meet? Could you not have been content with making my name a shame to me and a thing for men to laugh at, without tampering with one chosen by the great Brotherhood? You knew he was chosen—you saw him there in the forest. Traitor! Ingrate! You are capable of nothing but to be a tool—you cannot grow a spirit within your vicious body. Go—it is not I who condemn you, but the Brotherhood. You have betrayed the trust placed in you—you must suffer for it."

Fleta ceased speaking, and the room was quite still. Adine leaned back in her chair and uttered no word. Fleta herself was buried in profound thought; she stood like a statue, her eyes fixed on some terrible thing which was in reality visible only to her mind.

Again she saw her own crime acting through the folly of someone weaker than herself. "For these wild hours of infatuation," she murmured at last, in a kind of whisper, "how much have I to pay! Fool! Because the actual image of my master had come before my eyes and blinded them to all else—because I had let that witch pour maddeningly sweet poison into my soul, and make me dream my master needed me—only for a little while—only a little while was I mad enough to let the dream darken my sight—yet in that time an army is crushed, a king is sacrificed, and now it is I myself, that part of me which I had impressed on this poor ignorant girl that has forgotten all that is good and remembered pleasure only. I have much to do!—and I have to do it alone. I have no master now. How is it possible I should have, I that have thus sacrificed his confidence? Oh, Fleta, Fleta, be quick to learn the horrid lesson, the first that must be conquered. Learn that there can never again be for you man or woman to love or lean on Quick! not even yourself—only your aspiration!"

She spoke out loud now, and vehemently. As she uttered the last word she went to the door, opened it but an inch, and said to the person nearest it that the Princess wished for the king to come to her at once. In two or three minutes her father pushed open the door and entered. Fleta quickly closed and locked it. The king stood amazed, looking in silence from one figure to the other. Both were transformed, and the situation was inexplicable.

(To be continued.)

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SOCIALISM.

BY A SOCIALIST STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

(*Conclusion.*)

BUT if it is true that the Socialist movement, in its practical effects, is confined for the present to the material domain, that its first victories would be in that domain, and that its present supporters for the most part do not look beyond it, I cannot concede that there is nothing in Socialism to command the attention of Theosophists from higher points of view. The movement to my mind is simply part of the great evolutionary current which is bringing back the true Golden Age, the age in which Humanity and Divinity, Love and Wisdom, will once more be united as they have never been within historical times. Economic Socialism I look upon simply as the necessary form which precedes, and foreshadows, the substance. The man cannot become a complete man until he has first become a complete human animal; the divine spark has no temple yet to occupy. Neither can society at large in any nation or world become a true spiritualised organism until it has first evolved the form necessary for the development of something like what Mr. Bax has termed a corporate consciousness. If the present capitalistic *regime*, with its seething warrens of human misery, will come to be regarded by posterity as Laurence Grönlund describes it, as the teething period of society, the next, or collectivist *régime*, will doubtless correspond with the school. Its individual members having been run for a generation or two into the same educational mould, and class distinctions and antipathies having died a natural death (their social and economic roots being destroyed), society will acquire the cohesion of a well-ordered family, and the next step, under communism, to complete fraternity and solidarity, will be a comparatively easy one. It will be for society the zenith of sensual, æsthetic, and other purely human pleasures, as youth is for the individual. But the potentialities of the higher life will already have been realised by many, and *all* will be growing ripe for self-revelation of the higher truths.* I look forward to a time when it will be just as exceptional to find an individual destitute of that *auto-gnōsis* which may become the instrument of psychic regeneration and development, as it is now to find one born both deaf and blind, and thus incapable of intellectual development by educational processes. The social commonwealths of the future will act first as physical and intellectual, then

* To prevent all misapprehension, the writer wishes to say that he has not himself embraced the higher life, and lays no claim to any higher intuition than is possible for those to have who like himself are living both in the world and of it.

as psychical and spiritual, forcing-houses for humanity. I do not mean to say that any evolution or revolution of the social structure will change the sum total of experiences, painful and pleasurable, for each individual, but that in the existence or existences which he passes under the coming *régime*, the liberties and opportunities for experience of all kinds being enormously multiplied, he will be *ripened* at a much faster rate; also that the difference between the average and the extremes of individual conditions will be very much reduced. If I am right in this forecast I may truly maintain that Socialism, although itself but part of the evolutionary current now prevailing, does and will act as the precursor of *supra*-evolutionary progress, and is calculated to "raise the intellectual and instinctive moral standard of the whole community to such an extent that all will, in the next generation after the Social Revolution, be amenable to the truths of Theosophy."

Roughly my idea as to materialistic and utilitarian tendencies, is that these will, under the social commonwealth, *burn themselves out*. The grosser forms of luxury, which have flourished so easily under modern capitalistic and ancient slave-owning communities, will be almost impossible in a state of society in which idle and parasitical classes are abolished. Industry and social equality will not be fruitful soil for such vices. On the other hand free scope will be given to the development of the more social luxuries, and especially to the arts. Great reforms will, no doubt, be introduced at an early period in the physical education of children, and in the ordinary personal habits of all the citizens. These reforms, partly individual, partly collective, in their initiation, will of themselves tend to extinguish many of the vicious (that is to say anti-natural) impulses of the present generation. But vice and sin are, in many respects, merely relative terms to knowledge. To whom much is given, from him much will be expected; and there may be quite as much evil in one age, in relation to its opportunities, as in another.

I do not assert that the above represents the general view taken by Socialist thinkers of the future evolution of Society and its individual components. Few care to look so far ahead; nor, indeed, would it be profitable or advisable for those who do to utter their ideas broadcast among mixed audiences, or to publish them in the militant Socialist organs. As Socialists, they address themselves to the mass of their average-thinking fellow-citizens, and find it a sufficiently hard task to impress the latter with these fundamental economic truths upon the acceptation of which the most necessary, immediate, work of the movement depends. But I do assert that the chief writers and expounders of the different schools of Modern Socialism agree in looking forward to future results far transcending the economic domain. No student of the question who has attended lectures of the educational class delivered by the leaders of the English Socialist groups, or who has acquainted

himself with the higher views and aspirations published in the text books, and in English, French, or German papers and magazines,* will deny this. The economic revolution is, to the more serious thinkers in the movement, merely a stepping-stone to the physical, intellectual and moral regeneration of man and society.

An ideal of "Brotherhood" which "begins and ends in physical existence," is certainly not a fair description of the Socialists' ideal. Indeed, the very words employed carry the refutation of their intended application. When we are speaking of persons allied for some purely material and either bad or indifferently-moral object, such as the construction of a road, the consumption of a dinner, stock exchange "operations," house-breaking, robbery, and swindling, political party victories, and the spoils of office, we may call them "bands," "gangs," "syndicates," "groups," or "parties," &c., but we should not think of calling them "brotherhoods," unless in the jocular and ironical sense. Socialism, on the contrary, like Theosophy and the higher religions, creates such bonds of spiritual intimacy between its disciples as demand warmer and closer terms, like "brotherhood," "comradeship," and "solidarity." Socialism, when completely grasped, rises in the hearts of its disciples to the rank of a religion, and thus justifies the half-mystic naturalism of some of its poetry and oratory. Socialists may already be said to constitute a great Universal Church, *minus* dogmas and priestcraft—undesirable appendages which, let us hope, we may never be cursed with!

I cannot refrain from quoting here a few sentences from the end of the twelfth chapter of Grönlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth," which shows how near to the Theosophic knowledge even an agnostic

* Let me take this opportunity of naming a few short works, pamphlets, and periodicals, treating the Socialist question from other aspects besides that of simple economic justice.

Text-Books, &c. :—

Hyndman and Morris's "Summary of the Principles of Socialism." (Modern Press, 13, Paternoster Row.)

Grönlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth." English Edition, by G. Bernard Shaw. (Modern Press.)

Edward Carpenter's "England's Ideal." (Swan, Sönnenschein &Co.)

Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy."

Maurice Adams's "Ethics of Social Reform."

Krapotkin's "Appeal to the Young." (Modern Press.)

W. Morris's "Art and Socialism." (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

Periodicals :—

"The Commonweal." Weekly. Revolutionary Collectivism and Communism. (Socialist League Offices, 13, Farringdon Road.)

"Freedom." Monthly. Communistic-Anarchism. (Leaflet Press, 19, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane.)

"To-Day." Monthly. Socialism in general. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.)

"The Christian Socialist." Monthly. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

"Brotherhood." Monthly. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

"La Revue Socialiste." Monthly. Socialism in general. (B. Malon, 8, Rue des Martyrs, Paris.)

The above are all short and low-priced.

Socialist can be carried in his speculations. Discussing the religion of the New Order, he says, "The thought of being alive somewhere a thousand years hence is so pleasant, and life—bounded by the cradle and the grave—so futile, that mankind will probably cling to their belief in immortality, possibly reconciling it with their intelligence by setting up some distinction between personal identity and the memory of the transitory circumstances of our physical life, and holding that the former persists with alternate consciousness and oblivion, as in this life, whilst the latter vanishes. The religion of the future is likely, in our opinion, to be a form of belief in a Will of the Universe. Our own nature suggests this; evolution illustrates it; and all existing forms of thought have in common the conception of a Supreme Will as Providence for humanity, though not for the individual, entering into vital relations with the individual only through humanity as the mediator, and commanding the interdependence of mankind. Religion may thus be elevated from a narrow personal relation between the individual and his maker into a social relation between humanity and its destiny."

The attitude of Socialism towards the various religions existing in different countries, whether orthodox "State" religions, or unorthodox or "Dissenting," is one of supreme tolerance. State subvention and protection to any form of religion would of course be withdrawn by the Social Commonwealth, but religious persecution of any kind would be equally conspicuous by its absence. Ecclesiastical corporations would probably not be allowed to occupy land or to pursue industries under any different conditions than those which were permitted to other corporations; but this would be the only form of restriction to which religious sects would be subjected. Thus Mormonism and unpopular and even charlatanesque creeds might be allowed greater liberty than in America or any other "civilized" State under the Old Order. The influence of the State under the New Order would be positive rather than negative or restrictive. "The Eternal No," would not be heard so incessantly as it is now. The sphere of the State would be confined, so far as possible, to the administration (or rather regulation *) of the business of the country, and the education of the young. The latter would, no doubt, include a great deal more than it does at present; the physical, æsthetic and moral (in the sense of *social*) education of the children, would be provided for quite as carefully as the purely intellectual. At the same time, as the object of such education would be to produce, or rather assist Nature in producing, healthy, helpful and self-respecting men and women—good citizens of this world—and not to instil any doctrines as to past or future existences, or duties

* The direct administration of the various departments of production, distribution, exchange (except with foreign countries), locomotion &c., would probably be left, in a populous country like Great Britain, partly in the hands of democratically constituted trade corporations, partly in those of provincial, county, and communal administrations.

having special reference thereto, it would be purely secular in its character. The *basis* of morality would not be defined either as religious or as utilitarian. Morality itself, or, as some would prefer to term it, *sociality*, would be instilled into the minds and hearts of the children very much as in the "well-bred" families of to-day notions of honour and "gentlemanly" or "lady-like" conduct are instilled; notions and sentiments which probably exercise quite as important influences for good or evil on the morals of the present generation, among the "upper" or privileged classes, as any religious principles. Social honour, social solidarity, and finally human solidarity, would replace family honour, "clannishness," and patriotism. Social life would replace in importance, without necessarily destroying, family life.

This social life of the co-operative commonwealth of the future will by no means entail the dull uniformity of habits and character which some, who have been frightened by the bugbear of *equality*, imagine. Artificial equality is, of course, neither possible nor desirable. The constituent elements of the new society, ethnological, religious, intellectual, and otherwise, will necessarily remain as varied and unequal—for a generation or so, at any rate—as they are now; but they will be better assorted, better synthesized and harmonized. Imperfect types, intellectual or psychical, and crude beliefs, will not be crushed out under the New Order; but they will simply die a natural death like bed-sores on a convalescent patient. The object of Socialists, as distinguished from Absolutists and pseudo-Socialists, like Bismarck and some of our legislators at home, is to give Nature a free hand, or rather, having studied her tendencies, to assist and co-operate with her; that of the Absolutists and Authoritarians is either to imprison and "suppress" her, or, by way of variety, to put her in harness and lash her forward along a road which she had no intention of taking. Some of these Absolutists call themselves Revolutionists, but the revolution which they would prepare is one which Nature would resent and revenge herself upon by kicking over the traces in a bloody reaction. Such revolutionists are far from numerous in the ranks of modern Socialism; when found, they generally turn out to be *agents provocateurs*.

The genuine Social Revolutionist leaves the dangerous and immoral weapons of compulsion, provocation and suppression to the enemy—the weapons he advocates are political and economic liberty and education. Compulsion and suppression he would only apply to the idlers, the thieves, the violent, and the dissolute—those ill-favoured products of a chaotic and corrupt civilization. These he would coerce only so far as necessary for the safety and welfare of the rest. If the Social Revolution cannot be effected without violence, that will be, not because Socialists try to force the changes they wish to realize upon Society before it is ripe for them, but because the class or party in power, in its own selfish determination to suppress them, takes the initiative in violence

This leads me to say a few words about Mr. Harbottle's objection that we Socialists have such "an innate hatred of domination," coupled with the astounding assertion that "we are prepared to substitute for the *existing* domination of *intelligence* (the italics are mine), that of mere numbers." The latter assertion I hardly care to reply seriously to. Anyone who knows how, even in the most democratic countries of the present *régime*, like France and America, the poor candidate is handicapped, however intelligent, will agree with me that the field of popular selection is virtually limited to such intelligence as is coupled with wealth. Now such intelligence is not necessarily of the highest order—often quite the contrary. Socialists, at any rate, mistrust it very much as a "dominating" force in politics. Moreover, Mr. Harbottle is perfectly correct in the first part of his statement—Socialists *have* "an innate hatred" of "domination" of *any* kind. The only authority which they agree to recognise is that of the freely-elected official or administrator during his term of office, or until dismissed. The present direct electoral methods, by which one man may be chosen by ten or twenty thousand to "represent" them in an assembly several hundred miles off, would not be followed. Bourgeois Parliamentarism will die with the transitional civilisation which has produced it. The Social Commonwealth will be both an aristocracy and a democracy in the best sense of those words—the people will select the best men and women for the time being, and according to their own collective judgment, to administer their business, and will pay them fairly for their work; but will take good care that they do not become their masters. Domination, indeed strictly speaking, will be impossible under any ideal Socialist *régime*, whether Collectivist or Anarchist. But when from this premise, viz., our hatred of domination, Mr. Harbottle argues that no Socialist could accept a "spiritual hierarchy," he is quite beside the mark. A spiritual hierarchy, so long as it remains that, and becomes nothing less, cannot possibly become a domination, for it is only submitted to *voluntarily*, by persons who have made up their minds to the divine character of its authority; nor is this submission enforced by physical or spiritual threats. A papacy is, of course, quite a different thing, but I presume Mr. Harbottle does not suggest that Theosophists must subject themselves to such an institution. If so, I fear I am still far from becoming a perfect Theosophist. For the rest, as I have said already, citizens of the Social Commonwealth will be every bit as free to submit themselves to whatever spiritual control their consciences dictate, as in the freest of the "free countries" of capitalism.

Of all the movements of the present day to which thinking minds are being attracted in large numbers, Socialism is probably that which exercises the most educative and expansive effect on the character, both moral and intellectual. Of course I am placing Theosophy outside the reckoning; it is a study for which very few minds are at present

matured. But Socialism, in breaking down the barriers of prejudice and of class or intellectual conventionalisms will, in this way, if in no other, prepare many for that further revolution in thought, and in the aspirations of the soul, which is implied by the term Theosophy. I maintain as I have suggested—without attempting to argue it out—that Socialism will be found by those who study it impartially to be part, if not the most important part *for the present*, of the general pantheistic movement, which will culminate in the regeneration (in the highest sense of the word) of humanity at large on this planet. I do not read "Light on the Path" in the exclusive and dogmatic sense in which Mr. Harbottle construes (as it seems to me) a certain passage in it, although there is no book that I have ever read which brings conviction of *so much* truth to me in so small a material compass. After all no faith can be higher than the truth, and if I have succeeded in this very imperfect and I fear ill-connected and correlated series of articles, in putting others in the way of getting at more of it than they would have done otherwise, regarding the relation of Modern Socialism to Theosophy, and in dispelling some errors regarding the former, I shall not have written them in vain. J. BRAILSFORD BRIGHT.

MISSIONARY FABLES.

(From the *Ceylon "Sarasavisandaresa."*)

THE annexed is an extract from a letter from an esteemed friend of mine in America, and I shall be glad if you will give it a corner in your journal, and thus show its readers the gross falsehoods which the missionaries publish in their country.—Yours fraternally, AGMADP.

"Last evening Miss D. went to hear a missionary, G. W. Leitch, from Ceylon. She came home quite indignant at some statements made—*e. g.*, that high caste people were eager to sell their daughters for wives to white missionaries—that high caste people alone become converts (or mostly so)—that no serpent was killed because women were supposed to inhabit the lower animals when they died, unless they were docile and obedient wives (when they might be fortunate enough to be men in the next birth), so if a serpent was killed the murderer might be killing his mother. It is nonsensical; the 'poor heathen' are held up to us in all the horrors of every conceivable degradation *ad nauseam.*

"Leitch also made a statement that in the east cocoanuts grow plentifully and they would kill any one in falling on them. So God in his great goodness had arranged matters so that the cocoanuts would fall in the night in order that the lives of the people might be safe. Query—If God was so careful of the lives of his poor heathen could he not have given them a knowledge which would save them from all the darkness the missionaries pretend to rescue them from? Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel."

[This is not at all an exaggerated instance of the absurd romancing in which returned missionaries are perpetually indulging in Europe and America. The truth would be much too tame a story to tell, so they are compelled to embellish it profusely to make it suit the taste of their patrons. If the real state of affairs in "heathen" countries were more widely known, and if the miserable failure of the foreign missions were once thoroughly realised in Europe, the guineas of the pious old women would not flow quite so rapidly into the missionary coffers. The missionaries call their deity a god of truth, though the history which they put before us does not always show him exactly in that light; but apparently his followers are allowed a good deal of latitude in the way of "travellers' tales," when the falsehood is told for a holy object!—ED. *Sarasavisandaresa.*]

DETACHMENT.

THE Buddhist doctrine of detachment from all earthly desires as a necessary means to the attainment of the eternal state, is to many otherwise right-thinking minds, a great stumbling block. "What!" they argue with what seems to them incontrovertible force, "must all the kindly feelings and sweet relationship of life be left behind? Is the equanimity of the Yogi an advance on the Christian's devoted attachment to his family and friends—the Yogi, who is described as regarding 'with equal eyes, friends and enemies, kinsmen and aliens, yea good and evil men'? If the higher life you speak of with such awe-struck admiration, is only to be reached by such a path, it does not appeal to our feelings as a higher life at all! And looking at it even from a lower point of view, why were we placed in this world at all, and surrounded by all the good things we possess, if we were not to accept and enjoy them with loving and thankful hearts?"

The last question, it must be admitted, could not be put by anyone who had studied, even in a partial manner, the elementary truths put forward by the Occult Philosophy. It represents a blameless "religious" attitude of mind, but so restricted—if only in failing to recognise that there are millions to whom the postulated "possession of good things" is not applicable—that until the questioner attains a wider horizon, and realizes as a "burning question" the necessity of recognition of the homogeneity of life, and the really deep though doubtless unconscious selfishness of *his* "loving and thankful heart for the good things *he* possesses," no words addressed to him would be likely to "carry home."

But in this paper it is proposed to deal with those higher attractions which are truly recognised as the humanizing influences in life If it can be shewn that the major premiss is false, the disproof of the minor will follow as a logical necessity.

Humanizing influences they certainly are—the love which the child begins by feeling for his kin—the attractions towards responsive souls which come to us through life as the solitary drops of nectar in an alternately tasteless and bitter cup. It is these things which lift us above the mere life of the senses which we share with the animals, and which make us truly human. But if these things were destined for ever to satisfy the heart of man, he might rightly think that he had reached the limit of his tether. Doubtless, there are some to whom the earthly loves offer more or less perfect satisfaction—so far they have reached their goal—for them the trumpet has not sounded the advance—let them enjoy the earthly bliss by all means—they are the dwellers

in the plains of content, and they may dwell there for many life-times, but some day they will feel impelled to scale the mountains, meantime there is no need to darken their lives by anticipation of the deep draughts of misery awaiting them in some future life, when their illusive bliss has worn itself out, and their souls have begun to develope eyes to see.

Nature is an infinitely slow teacher—if denied satisfaction on one side we turn to it on another—the man who has made a total wreck of himself so far as the world is concerned, may still find consolation in the sympathy of a loved one. It is the old story of trying to satisfy the eternal hunger "on the husks that the swine do eat," and many a time do we return to the well-known food, before we finally recognise its unsatisfying nature. But the deep draughts of misery in the continued failure to achieve satisfaction, even from the sweet human love which is certainly the highest embodiment of earthly things, must eventually bear its fruit, and the soul will develope eyes to see.

So far we have only followed the progress of the advancing soul, we would now show that such progress must necessarily lead to the detachment from all earthly desires. This will best be done by the analysis of the process along the ray of one particular quality or virtue. While Perfection is a unity in which all noble qualities or virtues are merged in one, it must be admitted that the aspirant who attains cannot be deficient in any. Let us then take—say courage.

What man and still less what woman could say with truth that no earthly catastrophe could shake the firm equilibrium of their soul? that neither bodily torture, nor the evocation of the awful beings of the unseen universe, could ever assail their spirit with fear? But courage "in excelsis" will have to be attained by all who tread the upward path —by women who, rightly or wrongly, are generally considered to be of a more timorous nature—as well as by men.

Courage is supposed to find its type among the kingdoms of animal life, in the Lion. And the men who in these days bear off the palm, as being the brave ones of the race, are very closely allied by nature to this king of the beasts. But surely the more admirable courage is that from which the brutal element, which has a natural love of strife, is more or less eliminated—say the Philosopher of studious habits, to whom all strife is an abhorrence, but who has the will-power so developed that he can nerve himself to do his duty in the face of danger. It only requires a further extension of this thought, and we have the martyr who for an idea will embrace death In his case, not only is the love of strife and its concomitant hatred of his enemies entirely eliminated, but in their place has arisen a Godlike beneficence towards all mankind—his enemies included—witness the crippled Epictetus speaking well of his master who had tortured and maimed him. Witness the martyred Stephen, who saw not the figures of his stoners but only the heavens opening

above him, and whose dying words were "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

But can it be imagined that lives so lit with the flame of divine fire could be dominated by any of the attractions which we know under the name of earthly desires? Could they have reached the heights they did had not such desires and the satisfactions they lead to been laid aside as valueless?

Epictetus, with godlike fortitude, suffering neither good nor evil fortune to disturb the perfect serenity of his soul, and obtaining touch thereby of the one Eternal life which lies behind the senses and the brain-evolved thoughts of man, and Stephen in glowing language uttering his death-earning speech before the Jewish Synagogue, are alike examples of the power that comes when the things of this world—aye the sweetest loves in it—have failed to satisfy, and the soul has developed eyes to see the hidden glories of the unseen universe.

And it must be remembered that these lights of saintship (with the martyrdom which comes as episode to a few) are but steps in the progress. Steps not so very far removed from us because we can understand and appreciate the thoughts that lead there and the results that are the outcome; but the steps beyond are hidden from our view where the last shreds of the tattered Humanity are cast off, and the glorified soul blossoms with the attributes of Deity.

In following the soul's advance it must always be borne in mind that no single mode of stating the question will formulate the whole truth, for in the interaction of the qualities of man's nature, causes are effects and effects are causes. It has been shown above that in the development of true courage the earthly desires must have ceased to operate, but it may be stated with still greater force, and with equal truth, that until the man has begun to fix his thought on the Eternal, or in other words to detach himself from earthly desires, no spark of this true courage can shew itself. The brute instincts of man, whose natural field is physical strife, may produce prodigies of valour on the mundane plane which, however, one glimmer of consciousness on the psychic plane might convert into abject fear. But in the sinking of the self, and in the steadfast straining towards the Eternal Thought, we have a true basis for the construction of a true courage which shall go on conquering and to conquer, and which can forge a key to unlock the very gates of Hell.

When stated in this way it would indeed seem that this higher courage is different, not merely in degree but in kind, from the courage which man shares with the beasts, and that these combative instincts of the animal, which are at least noteworthy characteristics of the lower courage, are included in the earthly desires and passions, which must, at all events, be begun to be put aside, before the Path can be entered upon or even recognised.

This view of courage will probably not meet with ready acceptance by numbers who worship the energetic animal courage of man. It is only a minority who have developed the capacity to think a subject out, and such is the hurry and superficiality of our life that few even of these take the trouble to do so. The majority accept with easy thoughtlessness, and repeat with glad familiarity, the prejudiced utterances of those around them. But truth lives not by the number of her votaries!

If we now turn to Love—that much abused word on this material earth—it must be acknowledged that our earthly loves only shine with the bright lustre they do, because they obtain some faint reflex of the heavenly glory, for it is in the development of our sympathetic nature that we reach the highest of the purely human characteristics, and are ready to take the next leap upwards towards the divine, and this leap must surely be in the direction of more diffused sympathy, until all are embraced within its fold.

It is a fallacy to suppose that love achieves greater concentration by being confined in its operation to one nation, or one family, or one individual. It is the exclusion of other nations, other families, and other individuals, which gives the apparent intensity, and this is accentuated in proportion as *hate of those excluded* enters the arena. True love is a ray of the Divine which *must* be all embracing in its attributes. Any curtailment of its sphere is not a concentration but a degradation—a ceasing to be what it ought to be in reality, until when the nadir is reached in the sordid likings and lusts of the ordinary man—the animal, human creature—the Divine ray is almost extinguished, and yet, strange to say, the same word love is used to designate these feelings!

The love and sympathy in which all shall be embraced is often represented under the term Universal Brotherhood. It has been the object aimed at by all high religions, but the term is liable to misinterpretations. Equality of physical or mental conditions is an impossibility in a world governed by the law of Karma, with its far reaching ramifications. This Brotherhood *can* only exist on the highest plane—the plane of pure spirit. Put in religious language it is union *in God* that has to be aimed at—the love and pity of the God within us that has to be achieved.

But it is a degradation of thought for one moment to associate the love here spoken of with any of the limited and selfish human loves we know. Family affection, friendship, patriotism, all must have been left below with the human physical heart and brain of the terrestrial man. On these serene heights no ties can be recognised save the tie that binds the one to the All.

Under the symbol of islands separated by the sea, Matthew Arnold pictures the isolation of the embodied soul—the following verses of the poem breath out the sigh for union.

"But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour."

"Oh! then a longing like despair.
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a simple continent;
Now round us spreads the watery plain,
Oh might our marges meet again!"

The words addressed to the mixed multitude who thronged round the great moral teacher in Judea nearly nineteen centuries ago, "If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen?" may with advantage still be used as a text in addressing the bigoted sectarians, and the sordid self-seekers of to-day; but other words are wanted for the hungerers after the spiritual manna, for the seekers of the hidden light. Let us take them from the same inspired lips. "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." With reservations as to the true interpretation of the word "hate" being what modern custom has made it, here is the key note struck again. Sacrifice must culminate in renunciation. Until the whole man, with his affections and desires has been crucified and laid in the tomb, the resurrection of the perfected man—the Christ—cannot take place. Then the island's cry of isolation will be stilled, then the soul's deep longing for union will be satisfied.

In this paper it has been attempted to shew from an ordinary worldly point of view, the reasonableness of the necessity for "detachment," but to many minds, the terse statement of irreconcilable difference between the path of Karma, and the path of Liberation, given in the "Discourse of Buddha," with which I propose to conclude, will appear to deal with the matter in a truer, and therefore a more convincing, way. The discourse is rendered in English verse by Edwin Arnold. It was an answer to a question put by a priest. "Master, which is life's chief good?" It is a long quotation, but no short extract would give the full meaning. The following is the poem almost "in extenso."

"Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,
From wheresoe'er they fall;
Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,
Some by the prison-wall.

"The King's gilt palace-roof shuts out the sunshine,
So doth the dyer's shed!
Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?"
"They are alike!" one said.

"So is it," quoth he, "with all shows of living;
As shadows fall, they fall!
Rest under, if ye must, but question not
Which is the best of all.

"Yet, some trees in the forest wave with fragrance
Of fruit and bloom o'erhead;
And some are evil, bearing fruitless branches,
Whence poisonous air is spread.

"Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must,
Right shelter from life's heat.
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child
Threading the burning street!

"Good is it helping kindred! good to dwell
Blameless and just to all;
Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,
Albeit the store be small!

"Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be
Merciful, patient, mild;
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days
Innocent, undefiled.

"These be chief goods—for evil by its like
Ends not, nor hate by hate;
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;
By knowledge life's sad state.

"But see where soars an eagle! mark those wings
Which cleave the blue, cool skies!
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air
To shield his fearless eyes?

"Rise from this life; lift upon pinions bold
Hearts free and great as his;
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise
Greater or lesser bliss!"

PILGRIM

Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it.—SOUTH

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
—MILTON

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination to search for it.—GILPIN.

FINGER-POSTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

There is but ONE *final Truth, and this Truth is—Eternal. There leads therefore but one way to it, and this way was, is, and ever will be, the same.*

THIS way has in all ages stood free and open to him, who sought it earnestly—and in all ages the unerring guide has stood ready! This is a fact well-known to the "True Theosophist." In the Yajur Veda it is said :—

"... And whoever in this wise understands the parshi * *which is in the sun*, becometh great and shining as the sun ; having crossed the ocean of ignorance he reaches the shore and becomes happy ; and beside this way there is none other by which that shore can be reached." (Ouphek 'hat Bark'heh Saukt.)

And in the same Veda it is further written :—

"This *parshi* which fills the whole world remains thus :—*Within the heart* which lies in the breast, it has its abode."

Of the units of time which lie between the origin of the Vedas and the XVIIth Century, our "waking consciousness" (the illusionary product of our reminiscences drawn from the outer world of appearances —*Sthula Sarira*) can form no conception—it can feel of it only the dread of the incomprehensible.

And yet, from that time the Way has ever been shown in the same manner—and I could fill volumes with quotations proving this. But it may well be of great interest for enquirers in this domain, to learn how the Brothers of the Rosy Cross taught the finding of this Way.

I will recapitulate their *Instructions* word for word, because they treat of the individual phases and appearances through which the "Seeker" has to pass—which "He who knows" among my readers will at once recognise in spite of their allegorical garb and mediæval modes of expression—and further, because this detailed exposition may give some "Light." to the "initiated" Freemason.

The *Instructions* date from the year 1675, and begin with a letter of warning against the effort to obtain wealth and power by easy ways. This letter states that the Brothers R. C. "impelled by the Spirit of God" have already in various languages pointed out the Way—that, however, they had been misunderstood by "the Masses," who had fancied that they "desired to teach the art of making gold by alchemical means," while the secret must be attained in quite another manner and thro' the efforts of each individual," and so on.

Then begins the practical teaching, the "Showing of the Way" :—

* *Parshi*—the image in the pupil of the eye—that ONE Being which appears under the mask of innumerable forms.

"*In medio terrae*—or in the centre of the world—lies a mountain which is great and small, it is mild and soft and also excessively stony and hard, it is near to each one, but by the council of God it becomes invisible ; in that mountain lie hidden the greatest treasures such as the whole world could not purchase.

"It is, however (through the Devil's envy, who allway hindereth God's honour and Man's happiness), surrounded and guarded by many fierce animals and plundering birds, which make the Way dangerous—which already is very difficult. Therefore, and also because the time is not yet come, this Way could be neither sought nor found, which yet must be found by those who are worthy, but only through each man's own labour and diligence.

"To this mountain ye shall go on a night when it is longest and darkest and ye shall make yourselves fit and ready thereto by heartfelt prayer—and ye shall ask of no man concerning the Way wherein the mountain is to be found or met with, but ye shall follow with confidence the Ductor (guide) who will be found with ye and will join himself to ye by the way, though ye shall not know him ; he will bring you to the mountain when all is still and dark.

"But ye must be prepared with a manly and heroic spirit, so that ye recoil not in terror from before that which meets you : yet have ye no need therefore of a bodily sword or other weapons—pray only ever and earnestly—and repeat after Him the words which He will say unto you.

"Lions also, Dragons and other frightful creatures will arise furiously against ye, but have no fear, neither look ye back nor desire to return, for your leader (guide) who hath led ye thither will not suffer any harm to come to ye.

"But the treasure is not yet discovered, though of a truth it is near unto ye.

"Soon a great earthquake will follow the wind which will level utterly all that the wind had left over.

"But stand ye not back!

"After the earthquake will follow a fierce fire, which will utterly consume all earthly matter and lay bare the treasure, but ye will not yet be able to see it—but after all this and towards morning it will become right still and lovely, and soon ye will see the *morning star* arise and the red dawn break, and ye will perceive the great treasure."

. . . . . .

"Be ye joyful and comforted, and aye careful—rely not on yourselves, but upon your guide . . . . . doing nothing without him and without his knowledge ; for he will be your guide, if ye desire it of him, and he will truly tell ye where our assembly is to be found and will teach you concerning our ordering, and will accompany ye until time shall

fully reveal all things, and shall take away the kingdom from the Lion and alter the course of the world—

"O happy worthy Brothers in our united Unity——God preserve ye!'

E. D. F. O. C. R. senior.

Thus ran the Instructions:—

The reader will have found the connection with the quotation from the Veda; but if not, I will point out that the "Sun" therein referred to, as also the "Centro in medio terrae" of the Instructions, is to be understood in the sense of the microcosmos.

The "Theosophical Society" has taken up the thread again* at its original source, behind the summits covered with eternal snow and the moon-lit steppes of Thibet.

The "Seeker" who seizes this thread finds therewith the same Way to Eternal Truth—for "other than this there is no way."! (Veda.)

The efforts after true Light begin to concentrate themselves in a new focus;† Work will unite with Knowledge, whose offspring will be Wisdom from the Source of the Ages, might from the eternal Power—Theosophy.

But I, too, must lay the tribute of my veneration before that being who, glowing with lofty endeavour, holds high the torch and forms the Pharos for the trembling barks which, from out of the darkest night, steer towards the Light.

To her I give the greeting of the old Brothers R. C.

"God preserve thee in our united Unity!"

KARL * * *.

According to Professor Lauteo "History of the Rosicrucians," the Rosicrucians departed to India at the beginning of the XVIII. century.

The "Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society."

FROM A LAMRIM COMPENDIUM, by TZON-KHA-PA.

Arguments, from the consideration why Buddha's teachings should be explained on three planes; i.e., intended alike for the lowest, the mean or middle, and the highest capacities, since each man must believe according to his mental qualifications.

1. Men of vulgar capacities must believe, that there is a (personal) God, and a future life, and that they shall earn therein the fruits of their work in this, their earthly life.,

2. Those who have an average intellectual capacity, besides admitting the former position, must know, that every compound thing is perishable, that there is no reality in things; that every sin is pain, and that deliverance from pain or bodily existence is bliss.

3. Those of the highest capacities must know, in addition to the above-enumerated dogmas, that from the lowest form to the Supreme Soul, nothing is existent by itself. Neither can it be said that it will continue always (eternally) or cease absolutely, but that everything exists by a dependent or casual concatenation.

With respect to practice, those of vulgar capacity are content with the exercise of belief (blind faith) and the practice of the ten virtues (Ten Commandments). Those of average intellectuality, besides believing, by reason endeavour to excel in morality and wisdom. Those of the highest capacities, besides the former virtues, will exercise the six transcendental virtues (practical Occultism).

THE CRUCIFIXION OF MAN.

"Prometheus is the impersonated representative of Idea, or of the same power as Jove, but contemplated as independent, and not immersed in the product, — as law minus the productive energy." —S. T. COLERIDGE.

"In abstracten wie im konkreten Monismus ist es Gott selbst, der als absolutes Subject in den eingeschränkten Subjecten das Weltleid trägt, wobei er sich dann auf den Satz berufen kann: Volenti non fit injuria." —VON HARTMANN.

"I know that I hung on a wind-rocked tree, nine whole nights with a spear wounded, and to Odin offered,—myself to myself,—on that tree of which no one knows from what root it springs."
—Odin's Rune-Song, "EDDA."

Like Odin, the High One, I, Man—
Am offered up on the tree—
Sacrificed—
Myself to Myself,
An Ideal to Myself that Ideal,
And there hang I yet, windswept
in the forest of Time;
And shall hang long æons
in agony—
Sorrow unspeakable!

Like Prometheus
Chained to the rock,
Sun-pierced on Kavkas,
The Vulture feeds on my heart,
Myself gnawing myself
With sorrow unspeakable.

I am Jesus the gentle and lowly
Hanging high on Calvary hill,
Pierced by the spear and the thorn,
Pierced in the heart and the brain,
For three long days—three nights—
three æons
In sorrow unspeakable.

And Odin gazing sun-like
O'er earth and o'er sea
said
"it will pass":
and
Prometheus shrieked to the Vulture
"Ai! Ai! lo! I am free,
What art thou?
The evil Gods they shall pass
With their deeds,
And with Zeus the tyrant
be hurled down the Abyss,
Stricken by Fate
Master of Gods and of Men.
Ai! Ai!

And Jesus the last and the best
said
"Forgive them, they know not their deeds,
"Lo! Knowledge shall come
and
"The Comforter."

But all three are one,
I myself offered a sacrifice even to myself
Mystery unspeakable;
Ah! when shall the end come!
Ah, When?

And the Spirit—the Comforter
said
"True! all these three are one
But I, God, am that
One;
I bear the World—Sorrow—
Self conscious in it,
Woe is me!
Suffering until the end
When the World shall return
Whence it came—
down the abyss,
And I shall be all in all,
And ye in me
Where Time and Space are not,
but
Where Love is.

Lucerne, 1885. A. J. C.

Prometheus, the grandest "Idea" in Grecian Mythology, represents the "Nous Agonistes"—the divine part of the human soul—that firespark brought down by Prometheus from Heaven—and breathed into man—individualized in Man, which slowly—gradually—but surely, through and by means of agonizing conflicts with the lower Titanic earth nature, raises itself out of the lower material world into the ideal—invisible. The lower nature is represented by the tyrannic—arbitrary Zeus, the "Nomos" or law of the phenomenal world perceived by the senses, (*Jupiter est quodcunque vides*). Prometheus, the New or re-born Soul, baptized in fire = spirit, is that which is the opposite of Zeus—the invisible—the unseen—the noumenal—working in the ideal world, the delights of which it is not given to the mere animal human mind to conceive.

This promethean-soul of man come down from heaven can only be freed from the earth-chains and the Time-Vulture by the destruction of Zeus, (that is, his transformation—transfiguration into the higher form) the phenomenal world, and by its elevation to a higher power, that of the ideal, the only real.

Prometheus is moreover the revolt of the enlightened Soul against all false—popular—sacerdotal—established—hierarchical forms of religion, those religions which seek for personal salvation, founded on egoism, instead of general universal good and the salvation of all sentient beings.

Prometheus is the Grecian form of the Atman of the Vedanta—the true ego, set free from incarnations in the masks (personæ) of personality and the torture wheel of Necessity and Fate, and admitted into its rest and home in the universal—immanent Cosmic Spirit, escaped from the sorrows of the world of Creation. Prometheus is the ideal "Nomos" or Law in the soul itself, the "Conscious law—the King of Kings," the God "seated in the heaven of the heart."

In the Agonies of this "Nous Agonistes"—the birth agonies of the race and of each individual there must ever be that Crucifixion of the ideal man represented by Odin—Prometheus—Christ; but after the Cross comes the transfiguration, in which these words of Prometheus are fulfilled,

> "By myriad pangs and woes
> Bound down, *thus* shall I 'scape these bonds."

Schelling (1st Vol. p. 81) has a fine passage as to the myths of Prometheus and Pandora.

"Here (the myth of Pandora) the aspirations of Mankind for higher things are represented as the actual cause of human misery. In the words of Hesiod, 'Epimetheus, befooled by the charms of Pandora, accepted her destructive gifts—gifts of the Immortals—and thereby brought misery and destruction to the human race.' And Prometheus, who desired to raise the race, formed by himself to a resemblance to the Gods, suffers, chained to the rock, all the sufferings of man since

he cherished in his bosom the desire of a higher freedom and knowledge. Here, on his rock, he represents, in his own person, the whole human race. The Vulture who gnaws his liver, which ever grows again, is an image of that eternal uneasiness and restless desire for higher things, which so tortures all mortals.'"

In the account of the Crucifixion of Jesus, he is represented as receiving five wounds; may not these wounds have an esoteric-symbolical meaning? Man's senses by which he perceives the phenomenal world are five, and may not these wounds on the cross ending in the death of the person (mask of the higher man), signify the death of all low, earthly desires having their origin in these five senses, and the consequent coming to life in a purer and higher sphere now totally inconceivable to us, all our concepts being derived from those earth senses? Nailing the feet takes away the power of moving towards any object of earth desire, as that of the hands, the organs of acquisition—now, too, generally of greed—derives us of the power of seizing the objects of our acquisitiveness; the wound in the side kills the heart, that is all the desires of earth, and wakens us into the Nirvana of Buddhism.

The cross itself, to which the whole man was attached, is a well-known phallic emblem, representing the strongest form of human-earth sensuality; and that is a very symbol on which to crucify the man to death. (*Vide* Editors' Note 1, at the end of this article.)

It is remarkable that in this legend Prometheus is represented as crowned with the Agnus-Castus plant (lugos), the leaves of which formed the Crown of the Victors in the "Agonia" of the Olympic games; Christ in his Victorious Agony was crowned with the thorny akanthus. This Agnus-Castus plant was used also in the fête of the Thesmophoria, in honour of Demeter—the law—"nomos"—bringer, whose priestesses slept on its leaves as encouraging chaste desires. In Christian times this custom survived among Nuns, who used to drink a water distilled from its leaves, and Monks used knives with handles made of its wood with the same intention of encouraging chastity.

Chaucer, in his beautiful poem, "The Flower and the Leaf," makes the Queen of the ladies of the leaf—those consecrated to spiritual love—carry branches of Agnus-Castus in her hand, and singing:

"Suse le foyle, devers moi—
Mon joly cuer est endormy."
Her heart was asleep to earth, but entranced in Heaven.

If it should be thought impious to attribute the expression of sorrow to the divine Being, it may be remarked that the Kabbala records an old tradition relating to the Schechinah (the female—mother—brooding element in God) in which she utters the following complaint for the evil in the world, and for the separation of the primal united dual elements in humanity.

"Woe to me, I have driven away my children, and woe unto the children that they have been driven from the table of their Father." —See "*Sympneumata.*"

And did not Jesus, the Christ—the divine Man—an incarnation of the Spirit and type of the next phase of human evolution, cry out in the bitterness of his agony, "Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" (*Vide* Editors' Notes that follow, Note 2.)

Inspired Mr. Pulsford, in his work "Morgenröthe," which contains so many intimations of the new epoch of the coming Golden Age, says :—

"God having clothed Himself with the sorrows of creation, it must come to pass that the whole creation shall be filled and clothed with His glory. None of the present anomalies of creation will survive under this glory. It is not enough to say He suffers with us ; we are taught rather to say that 'we suffer with Him.'* He is suffering at any rate, so long as any creature suffers. To bear the sufferings of all that suffer is a Love-necessity with Him. He cannot deliver Himself from bearing griefs and carrying sorrows, so long as there are any to be borne or carried by his sons and daughters. The First Cause must be present in all effects ; not as one looking on, but as One within, bearing all." —"*Morgenröthe*," p. 110.

"The vanity, strife and misery of disordered nature have long afflicted us ; but the glory of God's perfect goodness is about to be revealed in the New order of Man, and of Nature." —"*Morgenröthe*," p. 111.

"Like Prometheus bound to a rock the impersonal Spirit is chained to a personality until the consciousness of his herculean power awakes in him, and bursting his chain he becomes again free." —"*Magic*," by DR. HARTMANN.

"Der ætherische Hauch der Götter, der Funk des Prometheus ist, nach den ältesten Mythen, Princip des höhern Lebens im Menschen." —SCHELLING, 1st Band, p. 78.

That is :—

"The ethereal breath of the Gods—the promethean fire spark is, according to the most ancient myths, the principle of the higher life in men."

EDITORS' NOTES.

1. This is one of the many semi-esoteric or mystical interpretations *of the symbolical and allegorical drama*, which has been grafted and grown upon Christendom in its dead letter sense only—the "dead letter that killeth."

One of the *seven esoteric meanings* implied in the mystery of Crucifixion by the mystic inventors of the system—the original elaboration and adoption of which dates back into the night of time and the establishment of the MYSTERIES—is discovered in the geometrical symbols containing the history of the evolution of man. The Hebrews, whose prophet Moses was learned in the Wisdom of Egypt, and who adopted their numerical system from the Phœnicians, and later from the Gentiles from whom they borrowed most of their Kabalistic Mysticism, adapted most ingeniously the Cosmic and anthropological symbols of the "heathen" nations to their peculiar *secret* records. If

* And why "He" and not IT? Has Deity a sex? Most extraordinary custom even in monotheists—Conceit of Men, who mirror their male element in their Deity when they do not degrade the Unknown to the ridiculous and the absurd by seeking to address and speak of it as "Woman" in some cases, as "male-female," or "Father-Mother," in others, thus making of an impersonal absolute PRINCIPLE—a huge HERMAPHRODITE!—[ED.]

Christian sacerdotalism has lost the key of it to-day, the early compilers of the Christian Mysteries were well versed in Esoteric philosophy, and used it dexterously. Thus they took the word *aish* (one of the Hebrew word forms for MAN) and used it in conjunction with that of *Shânâh* "lunar year" so mystically connected with the name of Jehovah, the supposed "father" of Jesus, and embosomed the mystic idea in an astronomical value and formula.

The original idea of "Man Crucified" in Space belongs certainly to the ancient Hindus, and Muir shows it in his "Hindu Pantheon" in the engraving that represents Wittoba—a form of Vishnu. Plato adopted it in his decussated Cross in Space, the X, "the Second God who impressed himself on the Universe in the form of the Cross"; Krishna is likewise shown "crucified." (See Dr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity*, fig. 72.) Again it is repeated in the Old Testament in the queer injunction of *crucifying men* before the Lord, *the Sun*—which is no prophecy at all, but has a direct phallic significance. Says § II. of the most suggestive work on the Kabalistic meanings now extant—"The Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery":—

"In symbol, the nails of the cross have for the shape of the heads thereof a solid pyramid, and a tapering square obeliscal shaft, or phallic emblem, for the nail. Taking the position of the *three* nails in the Man's extremities and on the cross, they form or mark a *triangle* in shape, one nail being at each corner of the triangle. The wounds or *stigmata*, in the extremities are necessarily *four*, designative of the *square*. . . . The *three* nails with the *three* wounds are in number 6, which denotes the 6 faces of the cube *unfolded* (which make the cross or man-form, or 7, counting three horizontal and four vertical bars) on which the man is placed; and this in turn points to the circular measure transferred on to the edges of the cube. The *one* wound of the feet separates into *two* when the feet are separated, making *three* together *for all*, and *four when separated*, or 7 in all—another *most holy* (and *with the Jews)* feminine base number."

Thus, while the phallic or sexual meaning of the "Crucifixion Nails" is proven by the geometrical and numerical reading, its mystical meaning is indicated by the short remarks upon it, as given above in its connection with, and bearing upon, Prometheus. He is another victim, for he is crucified on the Cross of Love, on the rock of human passions, a sacrifice to his devotion to the cause of the spiritual element in Humanity.

2. The now dogmatically accepted words, so dramatic for being uttered at the crucial hour, are of a later date than generally supposed. Verse 46 in the xxviith chapter of Matthew stands now distorted by the unscrupulous editors of the Greek texts of the Evangel. *Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachtani*—never meant "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" but meant, indeed, originally, the reverse. They are the

Sacramental words used at the final initiation in old Egypt, as elsewhere, during the Mystery of the *putting to death of Chrestos in the mortal body with its animal passions*, and the resurrection of the Spiritual Man as an enlightened Christos in a frame now purified (the "*second* birth" of Paul, the "twice-born" or the Initiates of the Brahmans, etc., etc.) These words were addressed to the Initiate's "Higher Self" the Divine Spirit in him (let it be called Christ, Buddha, Chrishna, or by whatever name), at the moment when the rays of the morning Sun poured forth on the entranced body of the candidate and were supposed to recall him to life, or his *new rebirth*. They were addressed to the Spiritual Sun *within*, not to a Sun *without*, and ought to read, had they not been distorted for dogmatic purposes:

"MY GOD, MY GOD HOW THOU DOST GLORIFY ME!"

This is well proven now in the work above quoted. Says the author:—

"Of course our versions are taken from the original Greek MSS. (the reason why we have no original Hebrew Manuscripts concerning these occurrences being, because the enigmas in Hebrew would betray themselves on comparison with the sources of their derivation, the Old Testament) The Greek Manuscripts, without exception, give these words as—

Ἠλί Ἠλί λαμὰ σαβαχθανί.

"They are *Hebrew words*, rendered into the *Greek*, and in Hebrew are as follows:—

אלי אלי למה שכחת־ני׃

. . . . or 'My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?' as their proper translation. . . . Such is the interpretation given of them in the Scripture. Now the words will not bear this interpretation *and it is a false rendering*. The true meaning is. . . . 'My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!' But even more, for while *lama* is *why*, or *how*, as a verbal, it connects the idea of *to dazzle*, or adverbially, it could run '*how dazzlingly*' and so on. To the unwary reader this interpretation is enforced and made to answer, as it were, to the fulfilment of a prophetic utterance, by a marginal reference to the *first* verse of the *twenty-second* Psalm, which reads (in Hebrew):—

אלי אלי למה עזבת־ני׃

as to which the reference is correct, and the interpretation sound and good, *but with an utterly different word*. The words are:—

Eli, Eli, lamah azabvtha-ni

(and not) *Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani.*

No wit of man, however scholarly, can save this passage from *falseness of rendering* on its face; and as such, it becomes a most terrible blow upon the proper first-face sacredness of the recital."—("*Hebrew Egyptian Mystery*," p. 300.)

But no blow is strong enough to kill out the viper of *blind* faith, cowardly reverence for established beliefs and custom, and that selfish, conceited element in civilized man which makes him prefer *a lie* that is his own to a universal truth, the common property of all—the *inferior races* of the "heathen" included.

Let the reader who doubts the statement consult the Hebrew originals before he denies. Let him turn to some most suggestive Egyptian *bas reliefs*. One especially from the temple of Philoe, represents a *scene of initiation*. Two Gods-Hierophants, one with the head of a hawk (the Sun), the other *ibis*-headed (Mercury, Thoth, the god of Wisdom and secret learning, the assessor of Osiris-Sun), are standing over the body of a candidate just initiated. They are in the act of pouring on his head a double stream of water (the water of life and new *birth*), which stream is interlaced in the shape of a cross and full of small ansated crosses. This is allegorical of the awakening of the candidate (now an Initiate) when the beams of the morning sun (Osiris) strike the crown of his head (*his entranced body being placed three days earlier* on its wooden *tau*, so *as to receive the rays*). Then appeared the Hierophants-Initiators and the sacramental words were pronounced, visibly, to the Sun-Osiris, addressed in reality to the Spirit Sun within, enlightening the newly-born man. Let the reader meditate on the connection of the Sun with the Cross in both its generative and spiritually regenerative capacities—from the highest antiquity. Let him examine the tomb of Beit-Oualy, in the reign of Ramses II., and find on it the crosses in every shape and position. Again, the same on the throne of that sovereign, and finally on a fragment from the Hall of the ancestors of Totmes III., preserved in the National Library of Paris, and which represents the adoration of Bakhan-Alenré.

In this extraordinary sculpture and painting one sees the disc of the Sun beaming upon an ansated cross placed upon a cross of which those of the Calvary were perfect copies. The ancient papyri mention these as the "hard couches of those who were in (spiritual) travail, the *act of giving birth to themselves*." A quantity of such cruciform "couches" on which the candidate, thrown into a dead trance at the end of his supreme initiation, was placed and secured, were found in the underground halls of the Egyptian temples after their destruction. The worthy, ignorant Fathers of the Cyril and Theophilus types used them freely, believing they had been brought and concealed there by some new converts. Alone Origen, and after him Clemens Alexandrinus, and other ex-initiates, knew better. *But they preferred to keep silent.*

The Occultist, however, ought to ever bear in mind the words said by Ammian, that if "Truth is violated by falsehood," it may be and is "*equally outraged by silence.*"

Reviews

THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

This is the heading of Mr. Gladstone's paper in the *Nineteenth Century Review* of this month, which he devotes to criticising and attempting to refute the arguments of Mrs. Humphry Ward on Christianity in her new book called "Robert Elsmere," and which has made such a sensation in the world and in the Church that it has already reached a fourth edition. Mr. Gladstone admits that the aim of Mrs. Ward (in her hero Robert Elsmere, a noble clergyman) is to preserve intact *the moral and spiritual results of Christianity.*

But Mr. Gladstone maintains that that is not enough alone, without the Homoousian dogma or creed is also accepted, which requires the World to believe that *Jesus is truly God.*

The battle between Mr. Gladstone and Robert Elsmere is one of Authority versus Reason: Romanism, versus Protestantism: Orthodoxy, versus Heterodoxy: The Church, versus The Scriptures: The Letter, versus The Spirit. Mr. Gladstone comes forward as the Advocate for the supremacy of Authority, Romanism, of Orthodoxy, of the Church and of the Letter, in opposition to Robert Elsmere who advocates the supremacy of Reason, Protestantism, Heterodoxy, the Scriptures and the Spirit.

But the proper arena for such a gigantic battle as this, which affects the belief of all men in Europe and America equally alike, is the pulpit of the Church. For the issue which is raised by both parties is the same, viz., the great question which Pilate asked of Jesus, in the Judgment Hall of Jerusalem, "What is truth?" which the world is still waiting to hear answered.

The parties on both sides profess to be anxious for the glory of God alone, and for the triumph of what is good, pnre, and true.

And Cardinal Wiseman has said that in the history of religions there are *two great principles* in action which combat for supremacy, "Private Judgment and Authority." And in this awful duel an arena should be afforded by the Church for the combatants. As it is necessary for the very life of "*the Church*" that this warfare should be carried on.

Mr. Gladstone has come forward as the Champion of Authority in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, but we are not all able to obtain admission into that Review. Yet, as an ordained minister of the Church of England, to preach the truth of Christ Crucified, I ought to have a right to be heard in the pulpits of the National Church.

And as the brother, in Christ, of the Arch-heretic St. Paul, I ask the rulers of the Church for a pulpit in which to plead as the advocate of Reason, and (what is called) Heterodoxy, but which I (with St. Paul) maintain to be Christianity and Protestantism, as opposed to Romanism.

"Is there not a Cause?" (1 Samuel xvii., 29.)

Rev. T. G. Headley.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

THE MYSTERY OF A TURKISH BATH.

By RITA, Author of "Dame Durden."

This is one of that class of shilling volumes which have become of late so popular under the name of "Thrillers." But the tale told here by Rita stands out in several respects from among the general mass of such books. To begin with, the English, if conversational, is still good, and neither the characters of the story nor their surroundings are exaggerated or overdrawn.

It is said that Occultism is fashionable at present. This seems strange; for "Theosophy"—that form of "Occultism" best known to Londoners, was the fashion three seasons ago, and was supposed to have died a natural death before æstheticism departed this life and was wept over by its devotees. But, apparently, Occultism and Theosophy have many lives, or else they never died at all; for once more they are in vogue, and everybody talks about those mysteries of the unseen world of which they are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant. It is a proof of this present taste for all the wonderful things supposed to be included under the word occult, that the popular novelists, each in turn, display to us what they apprehend of them.

It must be admitted that the hot room of a Turkish Bath would seem at first sight a strange place for the opening of a story in which the mystical and Theosophical play the principal part. Strange to say too "Rita's" knowledge of her subject is accurate as far as it goes, and none of her personages commit any of those absurd blunders or indulge in the ridiculous language which for most writers represents the "Occult." That "Rita" should give to her public an insight into these matters is an excellent augury. Not only is her power over her readers sufficient to claim attention, but also she has really studied and thought before putting pen to paper. She will, therefore, do real good by her work, as she will not only fascinate those who appreciate her story-telling faculty, but educate them.

The interest and curiosity of the reader are aroused by the very first page, and one feels sure that the "Bath scenes," must have been studied from life. Of course there is a slight tone of *persiflage* running through these pages, but it would really be very hard to decide whether it is the world in general and its self-conceited ignorance that the author is laughing at, or whether it is the Mystics and Theosophists whom that same world is pleased to set down as "mad."

There is an element of humour too in the tale which saves it from extravagance and leaves a pleasant flavour in the reader's mind.

It would not be fair to the author to reveal her plot, and this precludes any discussion of several interesting questions connected with the story. The novelette is cordially recommended to any one who wants to wile away a pleasant hour. Moreover the reader will be certainly a degree wiser when rising from its perusal than before, for he cannot fail to understand a little better what sort of thing this much abused "Theosophy" is.

ROSES AND THORNS.

By CHARLES W. HECKETHORN, Author of "Secret Societies," and Translator of the "Frithiof Saga."

The interesting part of Mr. Heckethorn's volume is the poem called "The Antidote," which treats of the mystic philosophy of Jacob Boehme. Of the

rest of the book the less said the better; for the versification is halting and unmusical, and completely fails to do justice to the thought.

Thus, even though out of all systems of philosophy,

"Which do perplex the seeker after truth,"

the author gives preference to the theosophy of Jacob Boehme—one of the greatest theosophists of past centuries, indeed—this fact only makes us the more regret that the author has chosen to write in verse. For he says :—

"I once thought very highly of gymnosophy,
Though onlyi n unchastened, ardent youth,
But now I mean to cling unto theosophy,
Which makes the road to Heaven straight and smooth;
For 'midst the ills of life, what thought so soothing,
But that, at last, we go back to the Nothing?" (!)

Passing then straight to Jacob Boehme and leaving aside all questions of poetry and expression, it is interesting to note the effect which the study of that great Seer has produced on the author's mind.

Mr. Heckethorn identifies Boehme's "Three *First* Properties of Nature" with the "Three Mothers" of Goethe's *Faust*. He is quite right, but might have added that the idea, and even its form, are much older than Boehme. Hermes speaks of the *Tres Matres*—Light, Heat, and Electricity*—who showed to him the mysterious progress of work in Nature; and the "Three Mothers" were much talked about by the oldest Rosicrucians, who certainly did not derive their knowledge from Boehme.

Many a student of Nature's mysteries would echo the author's words :—

"How much might quickly be achieved by Science,
How many a truth-concealing veil she'd rend,
Would she on Behmen's teaching place reliance,
And boldly to that vantage ground ascend,
Whence no more "mystery" shall fling defiance
Against her objects and her labour's end,
Where she shall find the key, which critics bothers,
The Devil gave to Faust, to find the Mothers."

He would cordially agree, too, with the following :—

"For bodies never die but in appearance,
For Life is Light's inseverable inherence.
And since all *ens* is only light, compacted,
. . . . . .
All creatures, plants and stones, the mundane whole,
Have fire within them, *ergo* have a soul."

Further on, the writer expounds tersely enough the "seven" principles much talked of in mystic literature, which Boehme gives in a form worth quoting.

The First, Second and Third "properties" are Matter, Form, and Life, the Fourth is Light, or the Soul, then :—

"As property the third from painful glow,
Transfigured in the fifth, is light unbound,
The second's grinding, hissing, groans of woe
Turn, in the sixth, to soft, harmonious sound,
Whilst in the seventh, life set free, does flow
Into the first one's dark and hellish ground."

The author has evidently read and, what is more, understood Boehme, which is a rare thing in this age of beclouded materialism, and bespeaks a degree of mental truthfulness not to be met with in every drawing-room.

* With the Kabalists, "the Three Mothers" in Sepher Yezirah are Air, Water and Fire. They are EMeS, or אמש.

Correspondence.

A PUZZLE IN "ESOTERIC BUDDHISM."

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

SINCE the two Editors repeatedly assert their willingness in their great impartiality to publish even "personal remarks" upon themselves (*Vide Luc. No.* 6, *p.* 432), I avail myself of the opportunity. Having read "Esoteric Buddhism" with much interest and general approval of the main drift of its teachings, I am anxious, with your kind permission, to formulate an objection to some points in Mr. Sinnetts' view of Evolution which have completely staggered my friends and myself. They appear to upset once and for all the explanation of the origin of man propounded by that popular author. Mr. Sinnett has, however, so uniformly expressed his willingness to answer honest criticism that I may, perhaps, hope for his assistance in solving this difficulty. Meanwhile, despite my favourable bias towards Theosophy, I must, perforce, express my conviction that one aspect of the Esoteric Doctrine—*supposing of course that Mr. Sinnett is to be regarded as absolutely authoritative on the point*—is opposed to Science. The point is one of fundamental importance as will be readily recognised by all—except, perhaps, by some too . . . . well, too admiring Theosophists.

In "Esoteric Buddhism" we are confronted with a general acceptance of Darwinism. Physical Man, in particular, is said to have been evolved from ape ancestors.

> "Man, says the Darwinian, *was once an ape.* Quite true. But the ape known(??) to the Darwinian will not change from generation to generation till the tail disappears and the hands turn into feet and so on . . . if we go back far enough we come to a period at which there were no human forms ready developed on earth. *When spiritual monads, travelling on the earliest or lowest human level, were thus beginning to come round* (the Planetary chain to this globe) *their onward pressure in a world containing none but animal forms provoked the improvement of the highest of these into the required form—the much talked of missing link.*"—("Esoteric Buddhism," 5th ed. pp. 42-3.)

And again :—

> "The mineral kingdom will no more develop the vegetable kingdom . . . until it receives an impulse from without than *the Earth was able to develop man from the ape* till it received an impulse from without." Ibid. p. 48.

The theory here broached is to the effect that the development of the ape into man was brought about by the incarnation of Human Egos from the last planet in the septenary chain of globes. I may here remark that in referring to our supposed animal progenitors as the apes "known" to the Darwinian, Mr. Sinnett exceeds in audacity the boldest Evolutionist. For this hypothetical creature is not known at all, being conspicuous by its absence from any deposits yet explored. This, however, is a minor point. The real indictment to which I have been leading up is to follow.

We are told that occultists divide the term of Human existence on this planet into seven great Race Periods. At the present time the 5th of these races, the Aryan, is in the ascendant, while the 4th is still represented by teeming

populaces. The 3rd is almost extinct. Now on page 64 of "Esoteric Buddhism" we are told regarding the 4th Race men that:—

"*In the Eocene Age* even in its very first part, the *great cycle of the 4th Race Men, the Atlanteans had already reached its highest point.*"

Here, then, is a distinct landmark in the Esoteric Chronology pointed out to us. Summarizing these data we find ourselves confronted with the following propositions:

(1.) Humanity was developed physically from apes.

(2.) The 4th Race reached its prime at the *commencement* of the Eocene Age of Geology.

(3.) The *three first Races* (1st, 2nd, and 3rd) must therefore have antedated the Eocene Age by an enormous extent of time, even if we allow a much shorter period for their development than for the 4th and 5th. The 1st race, in fact, must have preceded the Tertiary Period by several millions of years.

(4.) This *pre-Tertiary 1st Race* was therefore derived from a *still earlier ape stock.*

At this point the fabric of theory collapses. Is it necessary to say that Science has been *unable to find a trace of an anthropoid ape previous even to the relatively late Miocene Age?* Now the Eocene precede the Miocene rocks, and the 1st Race, as already shown, must have antedated even the era of the Eocene; it must have stretched far back into that dim and distant past when the chalk cliffs of the Secondary period were deposited! How then can Mr. Sinnett claim his view of Human Evolution as merely "complementary" to Darwin's, when he binds himself to a chronology compared with the duration of which the Evolutionist one sinks into insignificance? Palaeontologists unanimously refuse to admit the existence of the higher apes previous to the Tertiary Period, and Darwin would have smiled at the notion. As a matter of fact, only the *very lowest* mammalians had made their appearance before the Eocene strata were formed. This is the view of the Science to which Mr. Sinnett invites us to bow with due reverence. Apparently he has been unconsciously nursing a viper in his bosom, for the same Science now "turns and strikes him." I ask, HOW THEN WAS THE 1ST RACE EVOLVED FROM APES AEONS OF YEARS BEFORE SUCH APES EXISTED? If Mr. Sinnett will kindly return a satisfactory answer to this query, he will have largely contributed to relieve the intellectual difficulties in the way of—

AN AGNOSTIC STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

April 20th, Aberdeen.

EDITORS' NOTE.—The above letter is an arraignment either of the Esoteric Doctrine or of its expounders. Now the doctrine itself is unassailable, though its expounders may often make mistakes in their presentation of it; particularly when, as in the case of the author of "Esoteric Buddhism," the writer was only very partially informed upon the subjects he treats of.

Leaving the author of "Esoteric Buddhism" to answer the criticism for himself, one of the editors of LUCIFER, as a person indirectly concerned with the production of the said work, begs the privilege of saying a few words upon the subject. It was as a special favour to herself that the teachings contained in Mr. Sinnett's volume were first begun; she was the only one of the party concerned

with these studies who had received for a series of years instruction in them. Therefore no one can know better than herself what was, or was not, meant in such or another tenet of this particular doctrine.

Our correspondent should bear in mind therefore, that:

(a.) At the time of the publication of "Esoteric Buddhism" (*Budhism** would be more correct) the available Occult data were comparatively scanty in its author's hands. Otherwise, he would not have seemed to derive man from the ape—a theory absurd and *impossible* in the sight of the MASTERS.

(b.) Only a tentative effort was being cautiously made to test the readiness of the public to assimilate the elements of Esoteric philosophy.

For Mr. Sinnett was left largely to his own resources and speculations and very naturally followed the bend of his own mind, which, though greatly favouring esoteric philosophy, was, nevertheless. decidedly biassed by modern science. Consequently, the revelations then broached were purposely designed to rather afford a bird's-eye view of the doctrine than to render a detailed treatment of any special problem possible. The teachings were not given at first with the object of publication. No regular systematic teaching was ever contemplated, nor could it be so given to a layman; therefore that teaching consisted of detached bits of information in the shape of answers in private letters to questions offered upon most varied subjects, on Cosmogony and Psychology, Theogony and Anthropology, and so on. Moreover, more queries were left without any reply and full explanation refused—as the latter belong to the mysteries of Eastern Initiation—than there were problems solved. This has, subsequently, proved a very wise policy. It is not at this stage of absolute materialism on the one hand, of cautious agnosticism on the other, and of fluctuating uncertainty as regards almost every individual speculation among the most eminent men of Science, that *the full* revelation of the archaic scheme of anthropology would be advisable. In the days of Pythagoras the heliocentric system was a mystery taught only in the silence and secrecy of the inner Temples; and Socrates was put to death for divulging it, under the inspiration of his DAIMON. Now-a-day, the revealers of systems which clash with religion or science are not put to physical death, but they are slowly tortured to their dying hour with open calumny and secret persecutions, when ridicule proves to be of no avail. Thus, a full statement of even an abridged and hardly defined "Esoteric Budhism" would do more harm than good. Only *certain portions* of it can be given, and they will be given very soon.

Nevertheless, as our critic readily admits, all these difficulties notwithstanding, Mr. Sinnett has produced a most interesting and valuable work. That, in his too exaggerated respect and admiration for modern science, he seems to have somewhat materialized the teachings is what every metaphysician will admit.

* *Budhism* would mean "Wisdom," from *Budha* "a sage," "a wise man," and the *imperative verb* "*Budhyadhwan*" "Know," and *Buddhism* is the religious philosophy of Gautama, the Buddha. As Dr. H. H. Wilson very truly remarks in his translation of Vishnu Purana, "Much erroneous speculation has originated in confounding Budha, the son of Soma (the Moon) and the regent of the planet Mercury—'he who knows' 'the intelligent,'—with Buddha, any deified (?) mortal, or 'he by whom truth is known,' or as individually applicable, Gautama or Sakya, Son of the Raja Suddho-dana. The two characters have nothing in common; and the names are identical, only when one or other s misspelt." "Budhism" has preceded *Buddhism* by long ages and is pre-Vedic.

But it is also true, that the writer of "Esoteric Buddhism" would be the last man to claim any more "*authoritative* character" for his book, than what is given to it by the few verbatim quotations from the teachings of a Master, more particularly when treating of such moot questions as that of Evolution. The point on which his critic lays such stress—the incompatibility of the statements made in his work as to the origin of Man on this planet—certainly invalidates Mr. Sinnett's attempted reconciliation (if it is such) of the Darwinian and Esoteric Schemes of human evolution. But at this every true Theosophist, who expects no recognition of the truths he believes in at present, but feels sure of their subsequent triumph at a future day, can only rejoice. Scientific theories or rather *conjectures* are really too materialistic to be reconciled with "*Esoteric Budhism.*"

As the whole problem, however, is one of great complexity it would be out of the question to do any justice to it in the space of a brief note. The "Budhism" of the archaic, *prehistoric* ages is not a subject that can be disposed of in a single little volume. Suffice it to say that the larger portion of the coming "Secret Doctrine" is devoted to the elucidation of the true esoteric views as to Man's origin and social development—hardly mentioned in *Esoteric Buddhism.* And to this source we must be permitted to refer the inquirer.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

"In a very interesting article in last month's number entitled 'Practical Occultism' it is stated that from the moment a 'Master' begins to teach a 'chela' he takes on himself all the sins of that chela in connection with the occult sciences until the moment when initiation makes the chela a master and responsible in his turn.

"For the Western mind, steeped as it has been for generations in 'Individualism,' it is very difficult to recognise the justice and consequently the truth of this statement, and it is very much to be desired that some further explanation should be given for a fact which some few may feel intuitively but for which they are quite unable to give any logical reason." S. E.

EDITORS' REPLY. The best logical reason for it is the fact that even in common daily life, parents, nurses, tutors and instructors are generally held responsible for the habits and future ethics of a child. The little unfortunate wretch who is trained by his parents to pick pockets in the streets is not responsible for the sin, but the effects of it fall heavily on those who have impressed on his mind that it was the right thing to do. Let us hope that the Western Mind, although being "steeped in Individualism," has not become so dulled thereby as not to perceive that there would be neither logic nor justice were it otherwise. And if the moulders of the plastic mind of the yet unreasoning child must be held responsible, in this world of effects, for his sins of omission and commission during his childhood and for the effects produced by their early training in after life, how much more the "Spiritual Guru"? The latter taking the student by the hand leads him into, and introduces him to a world entirely unknown to the pupil. For this world is that of the invisible but ever potent CAUSALITY, the subtle, yet never-breaking thread that is the

action, agent and power of Karma, and Karma itself in the field of divine mind. Once acquainted with this no adept can any longer plead ignorance in the event of even an action, good and meritorious in its *motive*, producing evil as its result; since acquaintance with this mysterious realm gives the means to the Occultist of foreseeing the two paths opening before every premeditated as unpremeditated action, and thus puts him in a position to know with certainty what will be the results in one or the other case. So long then, as the pupil acts upon this principle, but is too ignorant to be sure of his vision and powers of discrimination, is it not natural that it is the *guide* who should be responsible for the sins of him whom he has led into those dangerous regions?

WHY DO ANIMALS SUFFER?

Q. Is it possible for me who love the animals to learn how to get more power than I have to help them in their sufferings?

A. Genuine unselfish LOVE combined with WILL, is a "power" in itself. They who love animals ought to show that affection in a more efficient way than by covering their pets with ribbons and sending them to howl and scratch at the prize exhibitions.

Q. Why do the noblest animals suffer so much at the hands of men? I need not enlarge or try to explain this question. Cities are torture places for the animals who can be turned to any account for use or amusement by man! and these are always the most noble.

A. In the *Sutras*, or the Aphorisms of the *Karma-pa*, a sect which is an offshoot of the great Gelukpa (yellow caps) sect in Tibet, and whose name bespeaks its tenets—"the believers in the efficacy of Karma," (action, or good works)—an Upasaka inquires of his Master, why the fate of the poor animals had so changed of late? Never was an animal killed or treated unkindly in the vicinity of Buddhist or other temples in China, in days of old, while now, they are slaughtered and freely sold at the markets of various cities, etc. The answer is suggestive:—

. . . "Lay not nature under the accusation of this unparalleled injustice. Do not seek in vain for Karmic effects to explain the cruelty, for the *Tenbrel Chugnyi* (causal connection, *Nidâna*) shall teach thee none. It is the unwelcome advent of the Peling (Christian foreigner), whose three fierce gods refused to provide for the protection of the weak and *little ones* (animals), that is answerable for the ceaseless and heartrending sufferings of our dumb companions." . . .

The answer to the above query is here in a nutshell. It may be useful, if once more disagreeable, to some religionists to be told that the blame for this universal suffering falls entirely upon our Western religion and early education. Every philosophical Eastern system, every religion and sect in antiquity—the Brahmanical, Egyptian, Chinese and finally, the purest as the noblest of all the existing systems of ethics, Buddhism—inculcates kindness and protection to every living creature, from animal and bird down to the creeping thing and

even the reptile. Alone, our Western religion stands in its isolation, as a monument of the most gigantic *human* selfishness ever evolved by human brain, without one word in favour of, or for the protection of the poor animal. Quite the reverse. For theology, underlining a sentence in the Jehovistic chapter of "Creation," interprets it as a proof that animals, as all the rest, were created for man! *Ergo*—sport has become one of the *noblest* amusements of the upper ten. Hence—poor innocent birds wounded, tortured and killed every autumn by the million, all over the Christian countries, for man's recreation. Hence also, unkindness, often cold-blooded cruelty, during the youth of horse and bullock, brutal indifference to its fate when age has rendered it unfit for work, and ingratitude after years of hard labour for, and in the service of man. In whatever country the European steps in, there begins the slaughter of the animals and their useless decimation.

"Has the prisoner ever killed *for his pleasure* animals?" inquired a Buddhist Judge at a border town in China, *infected* with pious European Churchmen and missionaries, of a man accused of having murdered his sister. And having been answered in the affirmative, as the prisoner had been a servant in the employ of a Russian colonel, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," the Judge had no need of any other evidence and the murderer was found "guilty"—justly, as his subsequent confession proved.

Is Christianity or even the Christian layman to be blamed for it? Neither. It is the pernicious system of theology, long centuries of theocracy, and the ferocious, ever-increasing selfishness in the Western civilized countries. What *can* we do?

LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.

Dr. Hartmann uses very poor logic in his "Logical Deductions," (see LUCIFER, page 93, issue of April 15th.) He says "a cause can exist without producing an effect": I am no logician, but that is a "self-evident" absurdity. Until it has produced an effect, it is not a cause. If he argues in that way, it would be equally true to say that an effect can exist without a cause, for the cause may have ceased to exist as soon as the effect is produced.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED WILSON.

[The author of "Logical Deductions" being at present in America, he cannot reply. But there is no doubt that the mistake is due rather to his imperfect knowledge of English, than to any false idea in his philosophical views. The incongruity is too apparent, and must be due to an oversight.—ED.]

IS THERE NO HOPE?

I think, after reading the conditions necessary for Occult-study given in the April number of LUCIFER, that it would be as well for the readers of this magazine to give up all hopes of becoming Occultists. In Britain, except inside a monastery, I hardly think it possible that such conditions could ever be realised. In my future capacity of medical doctor (if the gods are so benign)

the eighth condition would be quite exclusive; this is most unfortunate, as it seems to me that the study of Occultism is peculiarly essential for a successful practice of the medical profession.*

I have the following question to ask you, and will be glad to be favoured with a reply through the medium of LUCIFER. Is it possible to study Occultism in Britain?

Before concluding, I feel compelled to inform you that, I admire your magazine as a scientific production, and that I really and truly classify it along with the "Imitation of Christ" among my text books of religion.

Yours,

Marischall College, Aberdeen. DAVID CRICHTON.

[EDITORS' REPLY.—This is a too pessimistic view to entertain. One may study with profit the Occult Sciences without rushing into the higher Occultism. In the case of our correspondent especially, and in his future capacity of medical doctor, "the Occult knowledge of simples and minerals, and the curative powers of certain things in Nature, is far more important and useful than metaphysical and psychological Occultism or *Theophany*. And this he can do better by studying and trying to understand Paracelsus and the two Van Helmonts, than by assimilating Patanjali and the methods of Taraka Raja Yoga.

It *is* possible to study "Occultism" (the Occult sciences or arts is more correct) in Britain, as on any other point of the globe; though owing to the tremendously adverse conditions created by the intense selfishness that prevails in the country, and a magnetism which is repellant to a free manifestation of Spirituality—solitude is the best condition for study. See Editorial in this issue.]

WHO ARE THE EURASIANS?

As you expressly invite correspondence with regard to subjects connected with our work, Theosophy, I beg to ask of you *Who are* the *Eurasians* mentioned at p. 147 of LUCIFER for April, and what are their tenets or practices? as I never heard of these before and have been consulting all my books on Hindoo religions, but *cannot* find any notice of them, at least under the name of Eurasians.

Fraternally yours,

G. OUSELEY, F.T.S.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—They are the Euro(pean)asians, or half Europeans by the fathers and Asiatics—Hindus or Mussulmen—on the maternal side. They are called Eurasians in India, where they number over 1,000,000, and are also referred to as "half-castes," etc. They are Christians, of course, and many of them are very intelligent, cultured and respectable people. Nevertheless, they are as kindly snubbed by the Anglo-Indians as are the "heathen" natives—the "niggers" of India—themselves, and more; perhaps because they are the living witnesses to the practical and high morality imported into the country together with the Gospel of Christ and the 7th commandment of the Decalogue. It has to be confessed, however, that the "snubbing" has an excuse. It must be rather annoying to the cultured Englishmen, to be continually confronted with their incarnated sins.]

* By "successful practice" I mean, successful to everybody concerned.

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THEOSOPHY OR JESUITISM?

> "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites." . . . —JOSHUA, xxiv., 15.

"The thirteenth number of *Le Lotus*, the recognised organ of Theosophy, among many articles of undeniable interest, contains one by Madame Blavatsky in reply to the Abbé Roca. The eminent writer, who is certainly the most learned woman of our acquaintance,* discusses the following question: '*Has Jesus ever existed?*'† She destroys the Christian legend, in its details, at least, with irrecusable texts which are not usually consulted by religious historians.

"This article is producing a profound sensation in the Catholic and Judeo-Catholic swamp: we are not surprised at this, for the author's arguments are such as it is difficult to break down, even were one accustomed to the Byzantine disputes of theology."—PARIS, Evening paper, of May 12th, 1888.

THE series of articles, one of which is referred to in the above quotation from a well-known French evening paper, was originally called forth by an article in *Le Lotus* by the Abbé Roca, a translation of which was published in the January number of LUCIFER.

These articles, it would seem, have stirred up many slumbering animosities. They appear, in particular, to have touched the Jesuit party in France somewhat nearly. Several correspondents have written calling attention to the danger incurred by Theosophists in raising up against themselves such virulent and powerful foes. Some of our friends

* The humble individual of that name renders thanks to the editor of PARIS: not so much for the flattering opinion expressed as for the rare surprise to find the name of "Blavatsky," for once, neither preceded nor followed by any of the usual abusive epithets and adjectives which the highly-cultured English and American newspapers and their gentlemanly editors are so fond of coupling with the said cognomen.—[ED.]

† The question is rather: Did the "historical" Jesus ever exist?—[ED.]

would have us keep silent on these topics. Such is not, however, the policy of LUCIFER, nor ever will be. Therefore, the present opportunity is taken to state, once for all, the views which Theosophists and Occultists entertain with regard to the Society of Jesus. At the same time, all those who are pursuing in life's great wilderness of vain evanescent pleasures and empty conventionalities *an ideal worth living for*, are offered the choice between the two now once more rising powers—the Alpha and the Omega at the two opposite ends of the realm of giddy, idle existence.—THEOSOPHY and JESUITISM.

For, in the field of religious and intellectual pursuits, these two are the only luminaries—a *good* and an *evil* star, truly—glimmering once more from behind the mists of the Past, and ascending on the horizon of mental activities. They are the only two powers capable in the present day of extricating one thirsty for intellectual life from the clammy slush of the stagnant pool known as Modern Society, so crystallized in its cant, so dreary and monotonous in its squirrel-like motion around the wheel of fashion. Theosophy and Jesuitism are the two opposite poles, one far above, the other far below even that stagnant marsh. Both offer power—one to the spiritual, the other to the psychic and intellectual Ego in man. The former is "the wisdom that is from *above* . . . . pure, peaceable, gentle . . . . full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," while the latter is "the wisdom that *descendeth not from above*, but is earthly, sensual, DEVILISH." * One is the power of Light, the other that of Darkness. . . .

A question will surely be asked: "Why should anyone choose between the two? Cannot one remain in the world, a good Christian of whatever church, without gravitating to either of these poles?" Most undeniably, one can do so, for a few more years to come. But the cycle is rapidly approaching the last limit of its turning point. One out of the three great churches of Christendom is split into atomic sects, whose number increases yearly; and a house divided against itself, as is the Protestant Church—MUST FALL. The third, the Roman Catholic, the only one that has hitherto succeeded in appearing to retain all its integrity, is rapidly decaying from within. It is honeycombed throughout, and is being devoured by the ravenous microbes begotten by Loyola.

It is no better now than a Dead Sea fruit, fair for some to look at, but full of the rottenness of decay and death within. Roman Catholicism is but a name. As a Church it is a phantom of the Past and a mask. It is absolutely and indissolubly bound up with, and fettered by the Society of Ignatius Loyola; for, as rightly expressed by Lord Robert Montagu, "The Roman Catholic Church is (now) the largest Secret Society in the world, beside which Freemasonry is but a pigmy." Protestantism is slowly, insidiously, but as surely, infected with Latinism—the new ritualistic sects of the High Church, and such men among its clergy as

* James' General Epistle, chapter iii., 15, 17.

Father Rivington, being undeniable evidence of it In fifty years more at the present rate of success of Latinism among the "upper ten," the English aristocracy will have returned to the faith of King Charles II., and its servile copyist—mixed Society—will have followed suit. And then the Jesuits will begin to reign alone and supreme over the Christian portions of the globe, for they have crept even in to the Greek Church.

It is vain to argue and claim a difference between Jesuitism and Roman Catholicism proper, for the latter is now sucked into and inseparably amalgamated with the former. We have public assurance for it in the pastoral of 1876 by the Bishop of Cambrai. "*Clericalism, Ultramontanism and Jesuitism are one and the same thing—that is to say, Roman Catholicism*—and the distinctions between them have been created by the enemies of religion," says the "Pastoral." "There was a time," adds Monseigneur the Cardinal, "when a certain theological opinion was commonly professed in France concerning the authority of the Pope. . . . It was restricted to our nation, and was of recent origin. The civil power during a century and a half imposed official instruction. Those who professed these opinions were called Gallicans, and those who protested were called Ultramontanes, because they had their doctrinal centre beyond the Alps, at Rome. To-day *the distinction between the two schools is no longer admissible.* Theological Gallicanism can no longer exist, since this opinion has ceased to be tolerated by the Church. *It has been solemnly condemned, past all return, by the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican.* ONE CANNOT NOW BE A CATHOLIC WITHOUT BEING ULTRAMONTANE—AND JESUIT."

A plain statement; and as cool as it is plain.

The pastoral made a certain noise in France and in the Catholic world, but was soon forgotten. And as two centuries have rolled away since *an exposé* of the infamous principles of the Jesuits was made (of which we will speak presently), the "Black Militia" of Loyola has had ample time to lie so successfully in denying the just charges, that even now, when the present Pope has brilliantly sanctioned the utterance of the Bishop of Cambrai, the Roman Catholics will hardly confess to such a thing. Strange exhibition of *infallibility* in the Popes! The "infallible" Pope, Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), suppressed the Jesuits on the 23rd of July, 1773, and yet they came to life again; the "infallible" Pope, Pius VII., re-established them on the 7th of August, 1814. The infallible Pope, Pius IX., travelled, during the whole of his long Pontificate, between the Scylla and Charybdis of the Jesuit question; his infallibility helping him very little. And now the "infallible" Leo XIII. (fatal figures!) raises the Jesuits again to the highest pinnacle of their sinister and graceless glory.

The recent *Brevet* of the Pope (hardly two years old) dated July 13th (the same fatal figure), 1886, is an event, the importance of which can never be overvalued. It begins with the words *Dolemus inter alia*, and

reinstalls the Jesuits in all the rights of the Order that had ever been cancelled. It was a *manifesto* and a loud defiant insult to all the Christian nations of the New and the Old worlds. From an article by Louis Lambert in the *Gaulois* (August 18th, 1886) we learn that "In 1750 there were 40,000 Jesuits all over the world. In 1800, *officially* they were reckoned at about 1,000 men, only. In 1886, they numbered between 7 and 8,000." This last modest number can well be doubted. For, verily now—"Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of Unsaint Ignatius," says Carlyle, and adds of that black militia of Ignatius that: "They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word Jesuitism now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in nature no prototype before. Not till these last centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it. Truly they have achieved great things in the world, and a general result that we may call stupendous."

And now since their reinstalment in Germany and elsewhere, they will achieve still grander and more stupendous results. For the future can be best read by the past. Unfortunately in this year of the Pope's jubilee the civilized portions of humanity—even the Protestant ones—seem to have entirely forgotten that past. Let then those who profess to despise Theosophy, the fair child of early Aryan thought and Alexandrian Neo-Platonism, bow before the monstrous Fiend of the Age, but let them not forget at the same time its history.

It is curious to observe, how persistently the Order has assailed everything like Occultism from the earliest times, and Theosophy since the foundation of its last Society, which is ours. The Moors and the Jews of Spain felt the weight of the oppressive hand of Obscurantism no less than did the Kabalists and Alchemists of the Middle Ages. One would think Esoteric philosophy and especially the Occult Arts, or Magic, were an abomination to these good holy fathers? And so indeed they would have the world believe. But when one studies history and the works of their own authors published with the *imprimatur* of the Order, what does one find? That the *Jesuits have practised not only Occultism, but* BLACK MAGIC *in its worst form,* more than any other body of men; and that to it they owe in large measure their power and influence!*

To refresh the memory of our readers and *all those whom it may concern*, a short summary of the doings and actings of our good friends, may be once more attempted. For those who are inclined to laugh, and deny the subterranean and truly infernal means used by "Ignatius' black militia," we may state facts.

* Mesmerism or HYPNOTISM is a prominent factor in Occultism. It is *magic*. The Jesuits were acquainted with and practised it ages before Mesmer and Charcot.—[ED.]

In "Isis Unveiled" it was said of this *holy* Fraternity that—

"though established only in 1535 to 1540—in 1555 there was already a general outcry raised against them." And now once more—

"that crafty, learned, conscienceless, terrible soul of Jesuitism, within the body of Romanism, is slowly but surely possessing itself of the whole prestige and spiritual power that clings to it. . . . . Throughout antiquity, where, in what land, can we find anything like this Order or anything even approaching it? . . . . . The cry of an outraged public morality was raised against it from its very birth. Barely fifteen years had elapsed after the bull approving its constitution was promulgated, when its members began to be driven away from one place to the other. Portugal and the Low Countries got rid of them, in 1578; France in 1594; Venice in 1606; Naples in 1622. From St. Petersburg they were expelled in 1815, and from all Russia in 1820."

The writer begs to remark to the readers, that this, which was written in 1875, applies admirably and with still more force in 1888. Also that the statements that follow in quotation marks may be all verified. And thirdly, that the principles *(principii)* of the Jesuits that are now brought forward, are extracted from authenticated MSS. or folios printed by various members themselves of this very distinguished body. Therefore, they can be checked and verified in the "British Museum" and Bodleian Library with still more ease than in our works.

Many are copied from the large Quarto * published by the authority of, and verified and collated by, the Commissioners of the French Parliament. The statements therein were collected and presented to the King, in order that, as the "Arrêt du Parlement du 5 Mars, 1762," expresses it, "the elder son of the Church might be made aware of the perversity of this doctrine. . . . A doctrine authorizing Theft, Lying, Perjury, Impurity, every Passion and Crime; teaching Homicide, Parricide, and Regicide, overthrowing religion in order to substitute for it superstition, by favouring *Sorcery*, Blasphemy, Irreligion, and Idolatry . . . etc." Let us then examine the ideas on *magic* of the Jesuits, that magic which they are pleased to call *devilish* and *Satanic* when studied by the Theosophists. Writing on this subject in his secret instructions, Anthony Escobar † says:

"IT IS LAWFUL . . . TO MAKE USE OF THE SCIENCE ACQUIRED THROUGH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE DEVIL, PROVIDED THE PRESERVATION AND USE OF THAT KNOWLEDGE DO NOT DEPEND UPON THE DEVIL, FOR THE KNOWLEDGE IS GOOD IN ITSELF, AND THE SIN BY WHICH IT WAS ACQUIRED HAS GONE BY." ‡

* Extracts from this "Arrêt" were compiled into a work in 4 vols., 12mo., which appeared at Paris, in 1762, and was known as "Extraits des Assertions, etc." In a work entitled "Réponse aux Assertions," an attempt was made by the Jesuits to throw discredit upon the facts collected by the Commissioners of the French Parliament in 1762, as for the most part malicious fabrications. "To ascertain the validity of this impeachment," says the author of "The Principles of the Jesuits," "the libraries of the two Universities, of the British Museum and of Sion College have been searched for the authors cited; and in every instance where the volume was found, the correctness of the citation was established."

† "Theologiæ Moralis," Tomus iv. Lugduni, 1663.

‡ Tom. iv., lib. xxviii., sect. 1, de Præcept I., c. 20, n. 184.

True: why should not a Jesuit cheat the Devil as well as he cheats every layman?

"*Astrologers and soothsayers are either bound, or are not bound, to restore the reward of their divination, if the event does not come to pass.* I own," remarks the *good* Father Escobar, "that the former opinion does not at all please me, because, when the astrologer or diviner has exerted all the diligence *in the diabolical art* which is essential to his purpose, he has fulfilled his duty, whatever may be the result. As the physician . . . is not bound to restore his fee . . . if his patient should die; so neither is the astrologer bound to restore his charge . . . except where he has used no effort, or was ignorant of his diabolic art; because, when he has used his endeavours he has not deceived." *

Busembaum and Lacroix, in "Theologia Moralis," † say,

"PALMISTRY MAY BE CONSIDERED LAWFUL, IF FROM THE LINES AND DIVISIONS OF THE HANDS IT CAN ASCERTAIN THE DISPOSITION OF THE BODY, AND CONJECTURE, WITH PROBABILITY, THE PROPENSITIES AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SOUL" ‡

This noble fraternity, which many preachers have of late so vehemently denied to have ever been a *secret* one, has been sufficiently proved to be such. Its constitutions were translated into Latin by the Jesuit Polancus, and printed in the college of the Society at Rome, in 1558. "They were jealously kept secret, the greater part of the Jesuits themselves knowing only extracts from them.‖ *They were never produced to light until* 1761, *when they were published by order of the French Parliament* in 1761, 1762, in the famous process of Father Lavalette." The Jesuits reckon it among the greatest achievements of their Order that Loyola supported, by a special memorial to the Pope, a petition for the reorganization of that abominable and abhorred instrument of wholesale butchery—the infamous tribunal of the Inquisition.

This Order of Jesuits is now all-powerful in Rome. They have been reinstalled in the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, in the Department of the Secretary of the State, and in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Pontifical Government was for years previous to Victor Emanuel's occupation of Rome entirely in their hands . . .—*Isis*, vol. II., p. 355, et seq. 1876.

What was the origin of that order? It may be stated in a few words. In the year 1534, on August 16th, an ex-officer and "Knight of the Virgin," from the Biscayan Provinces, and the proprietor of the magnificent castle of *Casa Solar*—Ignatius Loyola,§ became the hero of the following incident. In the subterranean chapel of the Church of Montmartre, surrounded by a few priests and students of theology, he received their pledges to devote their whole lives to the spreading of Roman Catholicism by every and all means, whether good or foul; and

* Ibid., sect. 2, de Præcept I., Probl. 113, n. 586.

† "Theologia Moralis nunc pluribus partibus aucta, à R. P. Claudio Lacroix, Societatis Jesu." Coloniæ, 1757 (Ed. Mus. Brit.)

‡ Tom., ii.. lib. iii., Pars. 1, Fr. 1, c. 1, dub. 2, resol. viii. What a pity that the counsel for the defence had not bethought them to cite this orthodox legalization of "cheating by palmistry or otherwise," at the recent religio-scientific prosecution of the medium Slade, in London.

‖ Niccolini: "History of the Jesuits."

§ Or "*St. Inigo* the Biscayan," by his true name.

he was thus enabled to establish a new Order. Loyola proposed to his six chief companions that their Order should be a *militant* one, in order to fight for the interests of the *Holy* seat of Roman Catholicism. Two means were adopted to make the object answer; the education of youth, and proselytism (*apostolat*). This was during the reign of Pope Paul III., who gave his full sympathy to the new scheme. Hence in 1540 was published the famous papal bull—*Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ* (the regiment of the warring, or *militant* Church)—after which the Order began increasing rapidly in numbers and power.

At the death of Loyola, the society counted more than one thousand Jesuits, though admission into the ranks was, as alleged, surrounded with extraordinary difficulties. It was another celebrated and unprecedented bull, issued by Pope Julius the III. in 1552, that brought the Order of Jesus to such eminence and helped it towards such rapid increase; for it placed the society outside and *beyond* the jurisdiction of local ecclesiastical authority, granted the Order its own laws, and permitted it to recognise but one supreme authority—that of its General, whose residence was then at Rome. The results of such an arrangement proved fatal to the Secular Church. High prelates and Cardinals had very often to tremble before a simple subordinate of the Society of Jesus. Its generals always got the upper hand in Rome, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Popes, who thus frequently became tools in the hands of the Order. Naturally enough, in those days when political power was one of the rights of the "Vice-gerants of God"—the strength of the crafty society became simply tremendous. In the name of the Popes, the Jesuits thus granted to themselves unheard-of privileges, which they enjoyed unstintedly up to the year 1772. In that year, Pope Clement XIV. published a new bull, *Dominus ac Redemptor* (the Lord and Redeemer), abolishing the famous Order. But the Popes proved helpless before this new Frankenstein, the fiend that one of the "Vicars of God" had evoked. The society continued its existence secretly, notwithstanding the persecutions of both Popes and the lay authorities of every country. In 1801, under the new *alias* of the "Congregation of the *Sacré Cœur de Jésus*," it had already penetrated into and was tolerated in Russia and Sicily.

In 1814, as already said, a new bull of Pius VII. resurrected the Order of Jesus, though its late privileges, even those among the lay clergy, were withheld from it. The lay authorities, in France as elsewhere, have found themselves compelled ever since to tolerate and to count with the Jesuits. All that they could do was to deny them any special privileges and subject the members of that society to the laws of the country, equally with other ecclesiastics. But, gradually and imperceptibly the Jesuits succeeded in obtaining special favours even from the lay authorities. Napoleon III. granted them permission to open seven colleges in Paris only, for the education of the young, the only

condition exacted being, that these colleges should be under the authority and supervision of local bishops. But the establishments had hardly been opened when the Jesuits broke that rule. The episode with the Archbishop Darboy is well known. Desiring to visit the Jesuit college in the *Rue de la Poste* (Paris), he was refused admittance, and the gates were closed against him by order of the Superior. The Bishop lodged a complaint at the Vatican. But the answer was delayed for such a length of time, that the Jesuits remained virtually masters of the situation and *outside* of every jurisdiction but their own.

And now read what Lord R. Montagu says of their deeds in Protestant England, and judge:

"The Jesuit Society—with its Nihilist adherents in Russia, its Socialist allies in Germany, its Fenians and Nationalists in Ireland, its accomplices and slaves in its power, think of that Society which has not scrupled to stir up the most bloody wars between nations, in order to advance its purposes; and yet can stoop to hunting down a single man because he knows their secret and will not be its slave . . . think of a Society which can devise such a diabolical scheme and then boast of it; and say whether a desperate energy is not required in us? . . . If you have been behind the scenes . . . then you would still have before you the labour of unravelling all that is being done by our Government and of tearing off the tissue of lies by which their acts are concealed. Repeated attempts will have taught you that there is not a public man on whom you can lean. Because as England is 'between the upper and nether millstone,' none but adherents or slaves are now advanced; and it stands to reason that the Jesuits, who have got that far, have prepared new millstones for the time when the present ones shall have passed away; and then again, younger millstones to come on after, and wield the power of the nation."—("Recent Events and a Clue to their Solution," page 76.)

In France the affairs of the sons of Loyola flourished to the day when the ministry of Jules Ferry compelled them to retire from the field of battle. Many are those who still remember the useless strictness of the police measures, and the clever enacting of dramatic scenes by the Jesuits themselves. This only added to their popularity with certain classes. They obtained thereby an aureole of martyrdom, and the sympathy of every pious and foolish woman in the land was secured to them.

And now that Pope Leo XIII. has once more restored to the good fathers, the Jesuits, all the privileges and rights that had ever been granted to their predecessors, what can the public at large of Europe and America expect? Judging by the *bull*, the complete mastery, moral and physical, over every land where there are Roman Catholics, is secured to the Black Militia. For in this bull the Pope confesses that of all the religious congregations now existing, *that of the Jesuits is the one dearest to his heart.* He lacks words sufficiently expressive to show the ardent love he (Pope Leo) feels for them, etc., etc. Thus they have the certitude of the support of the Vatican in all and everything. And as it is they who guide him, we see his Holiness coquetting and flirting with every great European potentate—from Bismarck down to the

crowned heads of Continent and Isle. In view of the ever increasing influence of Leo XIII., moral and political—such a certitude for the Jesuits is of no mean importance.

For more minute particulars the reader is referred to such well-known authors as Lord Robert Montagu in England; and on the Continent, Edgard Quinet: *l'Ultramontanisme;* Michelet: *Le prêtre, la Femme et la Famille;* Paul Bert: *Les Jésuites;* Friedrich Nippold: *Handbuch der Neuerster Kirchengeschichte* and *Welche Wege führen nach Rome?* etc., etc.

Meanwhile, let us remember the words of warning we received from one of our late Theosophists, Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie, who, speaking of the Jesuits, says that:—

"Their spies are everywhere, of all apparent ranks of society, and they may appear learned and wise, or simple or foolish, as their instructions run. There are Jesuits of both sexes, and all ages, and it is a well-known fact that members of the Order, of high family and delicate nurture, are acting as menial servants in Protestant families, and doing other things of a similar nature in aid of the Society's purposes. We cannot be too much on our guard, for the whole Society, being founded on a law of unhesitating obedience, can bring its force to bear on any given point with unerring and fatal accuracy." *

The Jesuits maintain that "the Society of Jesus is not of human invention, *but it proceeded from him whose name it bears.* For Jesus himself described that rule of life which the Society follows, *first by his example*, and afterwards by his words." †

Let, then, all pious Christians listen and acquaint themselves with this alleged "rule of life" and precepts of their God, as exemplified by the Jesuits. Peter Alagona (*St. Thomæ Aquinatis Summæ Theologiæ Compendium*) says: "By the command of God it is lawful to kill an innocent person, to steal, or commit . . . . (*Ex mandato Dei licet occidere innocentem, furari, fornicari*); because he is the Lord of life and death, and all things, *and it is due to him thus to fulfil his command*" (Ex primâ secundæ, Quæst., 94).

"A man of a religious order, who for a short time lays aside his habit *for a sinful purpose*, is free from heinous sin, and does not incur the penalty of excommunication." (Lib. iii., sec. 2., Probl. 44, n. 212). ‡ (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. II.)

John Baptist Taberna (*Synopsis Theologiæ Practicæ*) propounds the following question: "Is a judge bound to restore the bribe which he has received for passing sentence?" *Answer:* "*If he has received the bribe for passing an unjust sentence, it is probable that he may keep it. . . . This opinion is maintained and defended by fifty-eight doctors*" (Jesuits). ‖

We must abstain at present from proceeding further. So disgustingly licentious, hypocritical, and demoralizing are nearly all of these precepts,

* "Royal Masonic Cyclopædia," p. 369.

† Imago: "Primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu," lib. 1., c. 3., p. 64.

‡ Anthony Escobar: "Universæ Theologiæ Moralis receptiore, absque lite sententiæ," etc., Tomus i., Lugduni, 1652 (Ed. Bibl. Acad. Cant.). "Idem sentio, e breve illud tempus ad unius horæ spatium traho. Religiosus itaque habitum demittens assignato hoc temporis interstitio, non incurrit excommunicationem, *etiamsi dimittat non solùm ex causâ turpi, scilicet fornicandi, aut clàm aliquid abripiendi, set etiam ut incognitus ineat lupanar.*" Probl. 44, n. 213.

‖ Pars. 11., Tra. 2., c. 31.

that it was found impossible to put many of them in print, except in the Latin language.*

But what are we to think of the future of Society if it is to be controlled in word and deed by this villainous Body! What are we to expect from a public, which, knowing the existence of the above mentioned charges, and that they are not exaggerated *but pertain to historical fact*, still tolerates, when it does not reverence, the Jesuits on meeting them, while it is ever ready to point the finger of contempt at Theosophists and Occultists. Theosophy is persecuted with unmerited slander and ridicule at the instigation of these same Jesuits, and many are those who hardly dare to confess their belief in the philosophy of Arhatship. Yet no Theosophical Society has ever threatened the public with moral decay and the full and free exercise of the seven capital sins under the mask of holiness and the guidance of Jesus! Nor are their rules *secret*, but open to all, for they live in the broad daylight of truth and sincerity. And how about the Jesuits in this respect?

"Jesuits who belong to the highest category," says again Louis Lambert, "have full and absolute liberty of action—even to murder and arson. On the other hand, those Jesuits who are found guilty of the slightest attempt to endanger or compromise the Society of Jesus—*are punished mercilessly.* They are allowed to write the most heretical books, provided they do not *expose* the secrets of the Order."

And these "secrets" are undeniably of a most terrible and dangerous nature. Compare a few of these *Christian precepts* and rules for entering this Society of "*divine* origin," as claimed for it, with the laws that regulated admissions to the secret societies (temple mysteries) of the Pagans.

"A brother Jesuit *has the right to kill anyone that may prove dangerous to Jesuitism.*"

"Christian and Catholic sons," says Stephen Fagundez, "may accuse their fathers of the crime of heresy if they wish to turn them from the faith, although they may know that their parents will be burned with fire, and put to death for it, as Tolet teaches. . . . And not only may they refuse them food, . . . *but they may also justly kill them.*" †

It is well known that Nero, the Emperor, *had never dared* seek initiation into the pagan Mysteries on account of the murder of Agrippina!

Under Section XIV. of the *Principles of the Jesuits*, we find on *Homicide* the following *Christian* ethics inculcated by Father Henry Henriquez, in *Summæ Theologiæ Moralis*, Tomus 1., Venetiis, 1600 (Ed. Coll. Sion): "If an adulterer, even though he should be an ecclesiastic . . . being attacked by the husband, kills his aggressor . . . *he is not considered irregular: non ridetur irregularis* (Lib. XIV., *de Irregularite*, c. 10, § 3).

* See "Principles of the Jesuits developed in a Collection of Extracts from their own authors." London, 1839.

† In "Præcepta Decaloga" (Edit. of Sion Library), Tom. i., lib. iv., c. 2, n. 7, 8.

"If a father were obnoxious to the State (being in banishment), and to the society at large, and there were no other means of averting such an injury, then I should approve of this" (for a son to kill his father), says Sec. XV., *on Parricide and Homicide.**

"It will be lawful for an ecclesiastic, or one of the religious order, *to kill a calumniator* who threatens to spread atrocious accusations against himself or his religion," † is the rule set forth by the Jesuit Francis Amicus.

One of the most unconquerable obstacles to initiation, with the Egyptians as with the Greeks, was any degree of murder, or even of simple unchastity.

It is these "enemies of the Human Race," as they are called, that have once more obtained their old privileges of working in the dark, and inveigling and destroying every obstacle they find in their way—with absolute impunity. But—"forewarned, forearmed." Students of Occultism should know that, while the Jesuits have, by their devices, contrived to make the world in general, and Englishmen in particular, think there is no such thing as MAGIC, these astute and wily schemers themselves hold magnetic circles, and form magnetic chains by the concentration of their collective will, when they have any special object to effect, or any particular and important person to influence. Again, they use their riches lavishly to help them in any project. Their wealth is enormous. When recently expelled from France, they brought so much money with them, some part of which they converted into English Funds, that immediately the latter were raised to par, which the *Daily Telegraph* pointed out at the time.

They have succeeded. The Church is henceforth an inert tool, and the Pope a poor weak instrument in the hands of this Order. But for how long? The day may come when their wealth will be violently taken from them, and they themselves mercilessly destroyed amidst the general execrations and applause of all nations and peoples. There is a Nemesis—KARMA, though often it allows Evil and Sin to go on successfully for ages. It is also a vain attempt on their part to threaten the Theosophists—their implacable enemies. For the latter are, perhaps, *the only body* in the whole world who need not fear them. They may try, and perhaps succeed, in crushing individual members. They would vainly try their hand, strong and powerful as it may be, in an attack on the Society. Theosophists are as well protected, and better, than themselves. To the man of modern science, to all those who know nothing, and who do not believe what they hear of WHITE and BLACK magic, the above will read like nonsense. Let it be, though Europe will very soon experience, and is already so experiencing, the heavy hand of the latter.

Theosophists are slandered and reviled by the Jesuits and their adherents everywhere. They are charged with idolatry and superstition; and yet we read in the same "Principles" of the Father Jesuits:—

* Opinion of John Dicastille, Sect. xv., "De Justitia et Jure," etc., cens. pp. 319, 320.

† Cursûs Theologici," Tomus v., Duaci, 1642, Disp. 36, Sect. 5, n. 118.

"The more true opinion is, *that all inanimate and irrational things may be legitimately worshipped*," says Father Gabriel Vasquez, treating of Idolatry. "If the doctrine which we have established be rightly understood, not only may a painted image and every holy thing, set forth by public authority, be properly adored with God as the image of Himself, but also any other thing of this world, whether it be inanimate and irrational, or in its nature rational." *

This is Roman Catholicism, identical and *henceforth one* with Jesuitism —as shown by the pastoral of the Cardinal Bishop of Cambrai, and Pope Leo. A precept this, which, whether or not doing honour to the Christian Church, may at least be profitably quoted by any Hindu, Japanese, or any other "heathen" Theosophist, who has not yet given up the belief of his childhood.

But we must close. There is a prophecy in the heathen East about the Christian West, which, when rendered into comprehensible English, reads thus: "When the conquerors of all the ancient nations are in their turn conquered *by an army of black dragons begotten by their sins and born of decay*, then the hour of liberation for the former will strike." Easy to see who are the "black dragons." And these will in their turn see their power arrested and forcibly put to an end by the liberated legions. Then, perhaps, there will be a new invasion of an Atilla from the far East. One day the millions of China and Mongolia, heathen and Mussulman, furnished with every murderous weapon invented by civilization, and forced upon the *Celestial* of the East, by the *infernal* spirit of trade and love of lucre of the West, drilled, moreover, to perfection by Christian man-slayers—will pour into and invade decaying Europe like an irrepressible torrent. This will be the result of the work of the Jesuits, who will be its first victims, let us hope.

* "De Cultu Adorationis, Libri Tres," Lib. iii., Disp. i., c. 2.

SCENE: THE GARDEN OF A TEMPLE.

Dramatis Personæ, SERVIA, a novice.
MARK, a man of the world.
THE WISE ONE.

Servia: The problem of life appears to me to be that one can never attain the right condition for learning its lesson. One is always learning, but one has never learned.

Mark: Why not say rather that new experiences crowd out the old ones before one has time to digest their various morals or lessons?

Servia: In each life it is as in this garden. Certain flowers only are permitted by nature to grow. Therefore they should be able to come to full fruition as they do in this garden.

Mark: Then they are busied in sowing seed and have no time to consider the lesson involved in flowering properly. And after all, is there any lesson in it?

The Wise One: No, except to those who wish to become more than flowers and are weary of for ever sowing seed only to become flowers again. This temple is good, and well-built; but who would for ever build temples? The lesson of the temple is the object for which it is built.

LEYLET-EN-NUKTAH

("THE NIGHT OF THE DROP").

NOTE.—The night of the 17th June (*i.e.*, the 11th of the Copt, or Christian-Egyptian month, "Bauneh") is, to this day, known amongst the populace as *Laylet-en-Nuktah* ("The Night of the Drop"). The time-honoured old legend relates—and it is a creed upheld by many Egyptians to the present day—that a wonderful, mysterious drop falls during this night upon the breast of the Nile, whose waters immediately respond and rise, until at length the great river overflows its banks. This drop was believed by the ancient Egyptians to be *a tear shed by the Great Mother, Isis.*

AN INVOCATORY ODE TO ISIS.

(DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO GERALD MASSEY.)

O ISIS! Mother of the trickling rills
Which Nature from her bounteous bosom fills,
  Behold! Our Nile lies low.
  See! 'Twixt his banks with sleepy flow
He creepeth; still and slow as oil.
Our wells and cisterns dry, with ceaseless toil
  We seek some deeper pools that lie
Within his breast, and dip our jars;
  When from the rustling reeds all crisp and dry
  Straight upwards doth the Ibis fly;
And lurking low the alligator bars
Our urgent way, with lolling tongue, athirst,
And red eye glaring, like a beast accurst.

  O Isis! Mother of the founts
And cataracts of holy Nile,
  Behold our father lieth low!
  He springeth from the snow-crown'd mounts,
And long his devious way doth wile
  Through desert sands, where Simooms blow
To strangle him while a child at play
For many a mile and many a day;
But like the bounding Arab steed,
He flingeth off, with hast'ning speed,
The clinging death of stifling sands,
And soon within Egyptian lands
  Reclineth, like a god, with fair
Rich gardens smiling round his feet,

And corn-fields waving in the air
Their glad thanks for his waters sweet.
The cane sucks sugar from his waves,
The cotton whitens like the snow
Which wrapt him soft when he was born
A baby-giant, at rosy morn,
With gurgling laughter soft and low,
In Abyssinia's mountain caves.

O Isis! Mother! Lov'st thou not
Thy Daughters, and thy Sons of Nile?
Can'st thou in Heav'n be happy while
Our lovely land all parched and hot
Lies with'ring 'neath dread Typhon's breath? *
From south-west blows he, scorching Seth,
All red and yellow as the sand
Fierce *chamsin* † drives, with wilting wing,
From Lybia's desert darkening.
The dry sand-islets with which he
Divides our blue Nile like not we.
His sixteen cubits ‡ must our father grow,
And cover them with stately flow.

Then thou, sweet Isis, wife and queen,
Shall reign in peace o'er thy demesne.
The palms shall lift their slender stems
Date-crown'd, to see how Nilus hems,
With silv'ry stretch of waters fair,
The whole land in his full embrace.
The sun wide-spangled track shall trace
Across his rippling breast all day;
All day athwart this golden road
Shall seeming float in golden air
The white lateen-sails, spreading broad
Like white-wing'd gulls in soaring play.

But Isis! Now our Nile lies low.
Like string of beads round maiden's throat
Twines he about fair Egypt's breast;
A silv'ry streak in placid rest
Scarce giving space to a floating boat.
Like agéd king he creepeth slow,

* Typhon, and Seth, Set, or Sut, are names given to the father of Osiris, who is said, in the ancient Egyptian myth, to have murdered him. The wind from the south-west, coming across the desert, is also called Seth, or Typhon.

† Storm-wind.

‡ Sixteen cubits is considered a good rise for the Nile.

And ling'reth languid in his bed.
The Priests of *Hapi* * wait in vain
Where old Silsileh lifts his rocky head.
No incense floats from out the fane ;
God *Hapi* waits his lotus-crown, and train
Of gorgeous-vestured worshippers, and hymns
Slow-chanted to his praise, when bounding free
With glad roar rushes he,
Silsileh's pass o'erbrims,
And wrangling loud he floods the thirsty plain.

O Isis! Mother! Haste thee! Weep!
And stay our thirsting anguish deep.
To-night, dear Isis, whilst we sleep,
Let fall on Nile that drop of bliss.
Be sure, with joyous leap,
He'll upward spring to meet its kiss :
His life renewed, his fountains filled
From the fountain of thy tear-drop spilled.
At break of day will resound the glad cry
The welcome chant of *Munadi-en-Nil.* †
To the river banks the crowds will fly,
And songs and shouts the air will fill.
The youths their *tarabookas* drum,
And maidens veil'd about the lips,
Their hymns religiously will hum :
The dancing girls with arms upflung,
From which the gauzy robe off slips,
Will twirl to the sound of castanets rung
Aloft in the air so merrily.
At night from the tents the torches' gleam
Will dance over Nile so cheerily ;
The stars will look down with their steady beam,
From the midst of the moon-lit sky,
On the gay *dahabeeyahs* floating by,
When e'en the ready sad-ey'd slaves
Forget their native land and smile,
As they hang the lanterns red and blue
'Neath pennons flicking their fork'd tails.
No man now his fate bewails,
For this is the joyous "Feast of the Nile!"

* God *Hapi-Mu* is the Nile, to whose honour were constructed Rock-Temples at *Silsileh ;* and where, by commandment of the Pharaohs, Rameses II. and III., were solemnised two festivals to celebrate the rising of the Nile, at the beginning and close of the inundation.

† *Nile-criers*, who announce each day the number of inches the Nile has risen.

The sons of Islam, the Copt and the Jew
Together join in a brotherhood true
Of human want and necessity
To welcome the fruit-giver, Nile:
For he lavisheth broad prosperity
And maketh the whole land smile.

But still, sweet Isis, we wait for thee,
When, leaning from thy heav'n above,
Fair Goddess-mother, filled with love
And pity for our misery,
Thou'lt shed one tear-drop on Nile's breast
And rouse him from his swooning rest,
All day the sun, with angry glare,
At the Pyramids strikes his pointed darts.
They laugh and hold fast their impregnable hearts,
Where their secret chambers lie.
But *Usertesen's* monolith standing high,
Trembleth aloft in the burning air;
For the sun waxes fierce, and the orange groves
Stand parch'd amidst the cactus clumps,
Where the obelisk's shadow slowly moves
In obedience to the sun;
Like a long finger pointing out the stumps
Of ruin'd columns, and massive walls,
Which graced the city of *On*; *
And stirless lie the lizard and eft
On the stone of the altar cleft,
Where the shadow's finger falls.
Let Nile's sweet waters cover them all
With a winding, waving pall;
And the thick'ning mud of his rich land-gift
Shall bury them deep beneath its drift.

Then weep, O Isis! Dear mother, weep;
Whilst heavy slumbers wrap us deep.
Sure the night—the "Night of the Drop"
To thy eager children draweth near,
When from thy heavenly heights of love
Thou wilt shed the mysterious tear.
Over other lands from the clouds above
The rain falls richly for stock and for crop,
But we, sweet Isis, have only *one drop*,
We have nought but thy pitying tear.

NIZIDA.

* *Heliopolis*, the "City of the Sun.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF GENGHIS KHAN,

THE CONQUEROR OF ASIA.

His identification with the celebrated Japanese Hero-warrior Minamoto no Yoshitsune, the pupil of the Sorcerers of the Mountains, in Magic, Occult Science, and the Arts of War and Government. Collated from native sources. By C. PFOUNDES (OMOI TETSZUNOSTZUIKE).

THE Emperor *Sei Wa* of Japan, 56th of the Dynasty, in the fifth decade of the ninth century of the Christian era, conferred upon his grandson the honorary title of *Gen* otherwise *Minamoto*, and one of the sons of this prince was named Midzumata, but most frequently was called Mantchoo. The descendants of that personage attained great power; but another warlike and powerful clan were their great rivals, and the struggle for mastery reached a crisis, at the latter end of the year A.D. 1158.

Yoshitomo, the chieftain of the *Gen* family, was defeated and treacherously assassinated, and his two eldest sons died in battle, fighting.

The mother of the three youngest, the renowned beautiful Tokiwa, fled with her children, to a place of safety. (Her romantic story is a fruitful and most popular theme with Japanese Poets and Dramatists.)

With a babe in her arms (the hero of this tale) and two little boys by her side, the eldest carrying his father's sword, she trudged through the snowstorm, to a humble shelter in the hill-side forests; but the victor, planning to exterminate his rival's family, seized the mother of Tokiwa, threatening torture and death if the children were not given up to him.

The struggle between filial and parental affection and duty was intense; but a promise to spare the lives of the children, swayed the decision, and she went to the victorious rival of her children's father, to plead her cause. Struck by her surpassing loveliness, and her evident ability, of which he had long been aware, he used his power over the lives of her parent and her offspring, to effect his own ends, and induce her to conform to his ardent desires to possess her for himself.

The three boys were separated, and sent to remote monasteries, to be immured as priests, and celibacy enforced, so that the race might become extinct, and they be reared in ignorance of their heritage of a noble name, their birth—and right to retrieve the fortunes of the clan. Our hero alone survived—but an elder half-brother, who was exiled, having been captured by the enemy, became also one of the principal personages in Mediæval Japanese history.

The infant, who was called Ushiwaka, was impatient of control and the monotonous life of the monastery on Mount Kurama; and with a worker in iron, who travelled with his wares to distant parts of the

country, he escaped—and wandered about the distant parts of the provinces for a time—gaining experience, and making friendships of momentous importance.

The popular story relates circumstantially many curious and interesting adventures, especially his nightly visits to the Gnomes, who instructed him in War and Occult Science. Certain it is, however, that he developed marvellous strength, skill, and ability.

Having discovered the secret of his birth, and that one of his elder half-brothers still survived, he roused himself to the circumstances that demanded preparation for a great struggle to re-establish the family. With the aid of old retainers, secret friends of the clan, and the Magic support of his spirit teachers, as he grew up to manhood, he became in every way wonderfully well fitted to ably assist his elder brother, who began to collect around him the nucleus of the army of valiant and loyal followers who subsequently won the great battles of the Civil Wars of the period. Ushiwaka now adopted the name of his manhood, *Yoshitsune*, by which he is best known; indeed no historic personage is more familiar to old and young in his native land.

The restless energy that had given the monks such endless trouble—so that they took no pains to report his flight, or discover his whereabouts—now developed into superhuman activity and intelligence.

In A.D. 1180, when he was just 20, and his brother 33, the white standard of the family was raised once more on a field of battle against their hereditary foe.

Yoshitsune soon took the supreme command and direction of affairs. His transcendent genius and military and administrative abilities were developed to an extraordinary degree, and the result was that the succeeding battles all ended favourably to our hero's cause.

With success and prosperity arose jealousies, fostered by designing lieutentants and powerful partizans, who feared the growing power of the founder of the feudal system in Japan. The superior talents and greater popularity of the younger man embittered his elder half-brother, but the result was, in short, that our hero fled to the Northern provinces, and then more than merely suspecting treachery and to escape a violent death of an ignoble character, he crossed over to the Island of Yezo, where there are still numerous shrines dedicated to his memory. He resided there for some time, devoting himself to the welfare of the yet uncivilized natives, who were mostly descendants of the wild tribes driven from the larger southern island in former ages. Marvellous stories of his escape and adventures are related; the loyalty of a small band of followers, congenial spirits, being esteemed and highly commended by natives in all time. Some had been also priests and initiates into the mysteries of the *Ten-man-gu*—Gnomes* and spirits of wisdom, two of

* Called "Gnomes" probably on the same principle that certain ascetics in the trans-Himalaya regions who live in deep underground caves, are called "Spirits of the Earth." *Lha*, "Spirit" or Divine Being, is the name generally given to great adepts in Thibet, as the name of *Mahatma*, "Great Soul," is given to the same Initiates in India.—[ED.]

whom are specially distinguished, the erst priest-warrior, *Saito Benkei*, and another faithful henchman. Yoshitsune disappears from Japanese history after the fight at the river Koromo in the spring of 1189, and it was given out that he was slain, but no proof was shown—his wife and children also vanished. The Yezo islanders have numerous stories of his memory which they revere, and to them he is known as *Hanguan* and *Okikirimai*. (Vide notes.)

Sailing from Yezo, and crossing the narrow sea that separates the island from the continent, here too traces are still found. Three and four hundred years ago such traces of his presence were matter of common report in Japan, and it appears that his memory was held in equal reverence on the continent all along the route of his sojourn and travels, as in the islands. Benkei and his other henchman are both also remembered in common with our hero.

Their knowledge of priestcraft, ability to recite the rituals, and occult knowledge, were of the utmost value to the trio and the score or so other followers, some of whom had been also monks, throughout all these trying episodes.

Soon after setting foot on the continent of Asia this unique band of valiant men became masters of the region, subdued and civilized the inhabitants; and, ere many years had elapsed, laid the foundation and planned the series of brilliant conquests that the history of the age teems with. And various stories were set afloat to account for the disappearance of our hero, his family, and a number of his most devoted adherents—indeed it does not appear that any real efforts were set on foot to trace them—and certain mysterious events connected therewith have never been clearly explained by writers on the subject. There is evidence that the escape was connived at, but public feeling had to be allayed at the time, and is now recognised to be an indisputable fact.

Yoshitsune and his bodyguard appear to have planted the seeds of their beliefs firmly wherever they went, for temples founded by them, dedicated to the Spirit of War—the eight bannerets—are still existing, and many curious facts have been brought to light of late. Yoshitsune was apotheosized ere many years had passed, and numerous shrines erected—some still kept in repair—by the Manchu and other people. Customs still exist, attributed with good reason to the days of Yoshitsune—such as the annual ceremony of the feast and bonfires when irons are heated and welded by the tribe each in turn, according to station and age, together with numerous minor rites, ceremonies and customs, undoubtedly introduced by the Japanese initiates into the mysteries.

The son of a gifted race, the favoured pupil of the all-knowing sages of the innermost recesses of the remote mountains, who succumbed only to one of his own race, his senior, against whom he, above all others, would be the last to raise a hand—is the immortal hero of a vast continent, and the adjacent populous islands. Moreover, he is the

ancestor of the Emperor Kian Leong, and of his and other Imperial Dynasties—as that ruler himself stated. The identification is confirmed by the Chinese writing used throughout, in China as in Japan, the ideographic value being identical, though the phonetic diverges—hence Minamoto or Yoshitsune was of the Sei Wa Gen-ji, or Gen-ji Kei or Gen-gis Khan, the Chinese being Tsing Ho Yuen Ye Ring for the same written character, meaning exactly the same and used precisely for the same idea—in the same way.

For further particulars and references see :—

O Dai Ichi Ran—Imperial Japanese History.

Dai Ni Hon Shi—History of great Japan.

Higashi Yezo Yu Wa—Tales of Eastern Yezo for Evenings.

Henkai Bem Kau—Tales of the Coast and Borders.

Yezo Kim Ko Ki—Achievements in Yezo.

Gem Pei Sei Sui Ki—Narrative of Rise and Fall of Gem and Pei.

Howorth's History, &c.

History of Tartar, &c., by Abulgaghi Khan, &c. (1663)

Petis de la Croix.

Yuen Shi—(Chinese) History of Yuen Dynasty, &c., &c., &c.

Yoshitsune, or we should now call him Genghis Khan, died about 1227, and his grave has been shown to recent travellers, and he gave the name of his celebrated ancestor, Manchö, to the country of his first conquest and subsequent adoption—on the Continent.

His connection with the priests of Thibet, and intercourse with the Lamas is matter of history. His antecedent training in the fastnesses of the mountains, whither he was miraculously conveyed nightly, for long distances, as it is related and credited in the land of his birth, prepared him for admission to the inner circles of the Ri-shi and communication with the Arhats of the age, whom doubtless he sought and met in his travels and the regions he subdued.

There is no doubt of the identity, and there can be no question of the special peculiar circumstances of his instruction, Yuen Ye Ki, of the Chinese, Genghis Khan, the conqueror, and Gen-ji-Kei, otherwise Minamoto Yoshitsune, are one and the same—Buddhist Acolyte, Japanese Prince, and student of the Occult, Magician, Conqueror, Hero, Revered Divinity of the North East of Asia.

NOTES.—Yoshitsune appears to have assumed the name of Temugin, after crossing over to Asia; this is probably derived from his Guru's name (Tenmangu), or from Tenjin, another Divine title; and the Natives of Mongolia refer to his ancestry by the title of Yezo-kai, which in Japan is another name for the Northern Island.

The former name of Manchuria, was Mich kuh—anciently called Soo-shun, but changed to Manchu by Genghis, to perpetuate his ancestor's name. (See *Chiu guai keir Den*, by Ban Nobuyuki.)

THE WOMAN IN THE STONE TOWER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE summer of 1885 had been very quiet and dull for me. I was young, but much alone, having no companions apart from my music and painting, to which I devoted myself with an artist's love. I seldom went for a walk, and allowed myself no recreation, except an hour every evening which I spent at the most popular church in the town of F——, where I reside. It was an endless source of delight to sit there and listen to the sympathetic harmonies swelling from the beautiful organ, as the gifted master's firm fingers pressed the trembling notes.

The summer sped away and autumn came. I dreaded the coming winter, with its dreary evenings and melancholy winds. Had I a companion, I thought, life would be brighter; but the friends of my childhood belonged to a foreign land, and were scattered, like autumn leaves, I knew not where.

Full of these melancholy thoughts one night, I fell asleep and dreamed. The dream was so vivid, and the characters who played their parts in it so real, that it seemed more like a vision than the fanciful and absurd panoramas which flit across the brain, when sleep draws her curtain over weary eyes.

I dreamed that I saw myself clad in a long, loose, grey robe. I wore a close white cap upon my head, over which was thrown a veil, the colour of my dress. Suspended from a silk rope, encircling my waist, hung several keys, a curious seal, and a pair of scissors. Upon my breast rested a large black wooden cross. In fact, I was transformed into a Sister of Mercy. After waiting some little time, deliberating in my mind where I should go, I saw an arched doorway; the door, which was oaken and studded with huge nails, was closed, but it yielded to my touch; so I opened it, and found myself in a low square stone room. Upon my right I saw a holy-water stoup, and above it a crucifix. I merely noticed these things in passing, and walked on; I turned down a short passage at right angles with the entrance, at the end of which was a flight of winding, stone stairs. I began to ascend. It was evidently a tower of considerable height. Upon my right at regular intervals I passed low-arched doorways where fearful, pitiful, starved creatures, sinstained and wretched, shrank within their gloomy, cavernous cells, as I passed like a spirit up the winding shadowy steps.

At last I gained the top, and found myself on a square stone flagging; immediately in front of me there was a blank stone wall, and on either side a doorway. I entered the room upon my left; it was small and all of stone, with but one barred window at the end, through which the last

rays of a dying sun were stealing; they faintly lit up the worn features of a woman who was lying upon a rude straw bed in one corner.

I silently knelt down beside her, and gazed into her beautiful face; it was deadly white, and in contrast to this, there shone out a pair of melancholy brown eyes. Her hair was slightly tinged with gold, and fell carelessly over her forehead; her eyebrows were level, but curved artistically into the line of the nose; this feature inclined to the Roman type; her lips were made for smiles that, alas, had vanished.

It was all very pitiful; her delicate face so woe-stricken, and her poverty so apparent; yet I shed no tears. I only opened a small book which I carried, and softly read out the "Office for the Dying," then I arose, and at last spoke.

"You have but an hour to live, and I must leave you."

She did not answer, and I left, as silently as I came; down the stone stairway, and past those gloomy cells, where the terrible figures fell back as I approached, like silent, mournful spectres of some lost world.

I gained the foot of the stairs and glided along the passage to the doorway; a beggar stood without and solicited alms. I had nothing, but at that moment I discovered that bread had been placed in my hands. I gave it to him and went my way through a long garden. I remember seeing nothing more, except a long, low shed built against the garden wall; this shed was divided into two compartments, one much smaller than the other, and filled with gardening and other implements.

This was the dream, and for days it haunted me. I could always see that spiral stairway and those fleeting figures retreating into the gloom. I always felt those sad, mysterious eyes, gazing into my very soul, and pleading to me from that gifted, eloquent face. Was it but a dream, or was it more? I thought it prophetic, and time proved it to be so, as you shall hear.

I was sitting in my usual seat at church one evening, some few weeks after the dream; across the aisle sat a young lady dressed in black, her small, slender figure first riveting my attention. She was simply dressed, but every fold lingered about her graceful form with ease and elegance. Her face was most beautiful, a delicately chiselled profile, perfect in every detail. I could not see the colour of her eyes, and was just trying to discover, when the choir came in; we stood up as usual, and the service proceeded. I could feel that the young lady opposite was studying me attentively, so I dared not look at her for some time, but when I did, I discovered that her eyes were brown, the colour I admire most, and that their glance was soft as a gazelle's and swift as an Indian's. I felt that her face was familiar, and yet I could not bring to mind where I had seen it. When I arose to leave she did the same, and walked beside me down the aisle and out through the doorway.

For successive evenings she continued her church-going. I used to watch eagerly for that small, graceful figure, and that melancholy

beautiful face. She charmed and fascinated me, I always found myself turning around and looking at her, but, when I did so, I invariably caught her dark eyes fixed on me, and was forced to turn quickly round again. I used to think about her a great deal, and wished to speak to her, but I was naturally timid, and disliked addressing strangers first; I also felt it impossible to go up to her and say, as I really wished to:

"Your face is familiar to me, and yet I know you are a stranger. I like you immensely, may we be friends!"

And yet I knew that she would have given anything to have spoken to me. On the following Sunday, after morning service, we walked down the aisle together as usual, and at the door she turned to me and asked if the eight o'clock daily communion was choral; it was the first time I had heard her speak, her voice was well-modulated and sweet, her manner charming. I was not surprised that she chose me out of all the congregation to ask this common-place question. I answered in the negative, and then turned from her on my way home.

On the Thursday as we came out we grew more friendly, she asked me how long the church had been built, and spoke of the excellent music, the well-trained choir, and the broad views of the incumbent. I answered enthusiastically that he was indeed a very clever composer, and possessed an original and advanced mind. She asked whether I played, I answered:

"Yes, but I spend most of my odd time in painting."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "You are an artist then?"

"In a small way," I answered. "I am very fond of it, but I lead a busy life, and cannot devote myself to it as I wish."

She seemed much interested, and walked on with me.

"And what do you do all day, how do you fill in your time?"

I laughed as I answered: "That is not difficult. I have an invalid mother, and I am housekeeper; I write, read, sew, paint, study music, and do a little of everything.

"Have you painted much?"

"O, yes, I have several pictures at home, but I find it very difficult to get good models."

"I suppose so; you paint from life the human face and figure?"

"Certainly, that is art in its loftiest form!"

She gave a short sigh, and then exclaimed:

"How I should like to see your pictures!"

"Should you?" I asked. "Then cannot you come and see them? They are not very good, I suppose, but you might be interested."

"How I should like to see them," she repeated. But we leave to-morrow on our way to London. We have been abroad four years, and are only taking a little rest here. Our train leaves at noon."

I certainly felt disappointed that I was about to lose this charming acquaintance just as I had found her, but I asked:

"Cannot you come early to see me? Any time would do."

She thought a moment and then answered:

"Yes, I will. I can ask the servant to call me early. I should so like to come. May I ask your name?"

I gave it to her with my address.

We continued our walk, each quite heedless of where the other was going, until we found ourselves again at the church door. We had taken a circuitous route which had brought us again to the place from where we had started.

We stopped at the beginning of the road which led me home, and I pointed out the direction she was to take to find our house; then we shook hands and parted, after warmly expressing our pleasure at having formed this strange friendship.

The next morning I arose very early, but, alas, the rain came down in torrents! It rained as if it never intended to stop again, and I waited in vain for my friend. She did not come. I remained in until long past the time she had named for her visit, and then, as I had an engagement, I put on my outdoor garments and went out. She had told me where she was staying, and I felt compelled to go and find her. I did so. She saw me from her window and came to the door herself. She took me by both hands and led me into a dining-room at the back of the house, where she said we could talk undisturbed.

We conversed for over an hour upon various topics, and were equally delighted to find how our tastes and ideas agreed. Then we spoke of our homes and our lives, and she seemed to relapse into a sadness which I had not remarked before.

I felt a strange something coming over me as she stood pensively beside the window looking out upon the gardens beyond. Her face seemed strangely familiar. At last it dawned upon me. *She was the woman of my dream whom I had seen lying upon the straw pallet in the gloomy tower!*

I do not know why it was, but I never mentioned my dream to her. We went on talking for some time, and then I left. She kissed me affectionately and accompanied me to the door, after having promised to write to me the following day. I returned home and resumed my duties, with a strange feeling that I had lost something and found something. On Sunday morning I received a characteristic letter from her. So few people write perfect letters, but hers were such, and seemed to me a key to her mind, being fluent, cultivated, and full of lofty thought. We corresponded freely, and every one of these charming epistles was quite an event in my lonely life.

At last she wrote that she, with her family, were about to return to the Continent. I was therefore anxious to see her, and bid her good-bye, and as my father very much wished to take me to the Exhibition, we decided to run up to London for a day, and see her at the same time.

We did so. She received us most kindly, and pressed us to stay to luncheon. I had a long talk with her and we parted, she promising to continue her correspondence with me.

She was strangely beautiful that day during the luncheon hour. When the conversation was general she was cheerful and brilliant, but when we were in her room alone, she relapsed into the melancholy pale beauty of the stone tower.

We parted. I received a short but kind note from her a few days after to the effect that they started for Paris at once ; and that was the last I have ever heard of my strange, sweet friend.

I used to wait anxiously and sorrowfully for a letter, but month after month rolled away and none came. I knew that some sad mystery enveloped her, which I could not fathom. I could not relapse into my former solitary mode of life, so I went about more and endeavoured to shake off the loneliness which her silence caused me.

At this period of my life, I became acquainted with a very clever and charming woman who was a clairvoyante. We often used to sit together, as we do now ; and she would describe vividly the scenes of my childhood, which, as I have mentioned, were spent in a foreign land. One evening, as we sat thus, she turned to me saying :

"How strange ! You have turned into a Sister of Mercy, my dear, and I see you climbing up a winding stone stairway."

I was startled, and answered : "Indeed ! What more do you see ?"

She went on describing the holy-water stoup, the arched doorways, and the cells, inhabited by evil spirits, as she termed them. She also told me about the bare stone room in the tower, and the beautiful sad woman on the straw pallet. She spoke, too, of the garden outside with a shed against the wall, which was divided into two compartments, one much smaller than the other, and filled with gardening and other implements. . . .

Thus ends my curious, but true narrative. Shall I ever see my mysterious friend again ? I think so. There are links that bind sympathetic souls together which no distance or time can sever, and those links bind us.

My story is perhaps disappointing, because it has no satisfactory conclusion, but it may take years for the dream to be fulfilled, if it ever is ; and as everything I have related is perfectly true and unembellished, I prefer to leave it so, and trust that the melancholy drama of my vision has been played in some previous earth-life when she and I were friends. It was but a faint awakening of a memory that is struggling for recollection, not an event to come and overshadow our lives with the fearful mysterious tragedy of my dream.

HELEN FAGG.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"HER day is over," said Fleta, after a minute or two. "She must go!"

"But who is she? What does this mean? What mad folly is it now that you are engaged in?"

"You know," said Fleta quietly, "that this peasant girl has taken my place here before."

"You have told me so, but I never believed it."

"Surely you believe now. You saw my hand, and knew me when I entered disguised."

"It is true. Why indulge in such masquerades?"

"It is not my doing that she is here. It is her own hardihood, for which she must suffer."

"But how is the thing possible, that my own eyes and senses could be deceived? Fleta, you are cheating me!"

"You have been cheated, certainly," said Fleta coldly. "If you would listen to the voice of your higher instincts you would not be so easily cheated. Adine might easily deceive the world, even might readily deceive Hilary Estanol, because he is blinded by longing. But I do not think she could have deceived you, save for the fumes of wine. You would know your daughter, did you not sacrifice all right to your relationship with her. Come now, let us put this scene to an end. You must contrive some mode of sending Adine out of the palace unseen; and for me to go to my own rooms unseen. I am worn out with hardships."

"It is impossible!" said the king. "There is no way from this room."

"Positively none?" said Fleta. "Think!" She had lived so little in the palace that she knew nothing of its construction. It was well-known to contain many secret passages and doorways.

"Positively none," said the king.

"Then I must act for us all," said Fleta. "Come, Adine, make haste and take off that dress and give it me."

Adine did so tremblingly, and with nerveless hands. Her face was as

white as the dress. The king stood watching her face. Suddenly he turned to Fleta.

"How had that girl the power to make herself your image till just now?"

"The power was given to her," said Fleta, "and she has abused it."

The king turned away with an impatient movement.

"You always talk enigmas," he said.

"I answer plainly," said Fleta, "as I will answer any question you ask me."

"Where is your husband?"

"Dead. I myself have seen his dead body, have seen it burned to ashes, have seen his spirit freed from it."

"It is true, then!" said the king mournfully. "I had hoped against hope."

Adine was now dressed in the fortune-teller's cloak, and masked. Fleta had not put on her the priestess's robe she had worn herself, but had put the cloak over the white lace-decked under-dress which Adine wore. She was completely disguised.

"Now stoop, as I did," said Fleta. "Come, you can imitate me well enough. Now, father, open the door and let her go. Hasten, Adine, go to your home and repent. And do not forget that unless you keep a close watch upon your tongue about all that you have known and seen, the Dark Brothers will visit you with instant death. Be warned!"

The king opened the door and Adine passed through it, entering at once into a crowd, which was greatly surprised to see her come out. She was questioned on every side but would return no answer. Without speaking she hurried through the rooms and down the great staircase.

"What has happened?" said the guests one to another. "Why are the king and the princess shut in there together still?"

"What are we to do now?" asked the king, shutting the door and turning again to Fleta.

"You go," said she, "tell them the gipsy came to bring me the certain news of Otto's death, that she brought me the signet-ring from his finger. See, I have the ring here; I took it myself from his dead hand. Let the guests go. I shall go to my rooms; I shall take my place as his widow, returned to you."

"You are right," said the king. "It is the best way. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Fleta. "Go. Leave the door open to me when you go, and let anyone come to me that wishes."

She sat down on a chair by the table, rested her arm on it and her head on her hand. She was utterly worn out, and she knew that if she simply let herself feel her complete weariness and heart-sickness, no acting would be necessary to present the appearance of grief. The moment she relaxed her effort the light fled from her face, her eyes grew dull, she had all the look of one crushed under a heavy blow.

Instantly that the king left the doorway Hilary Estanol appeared in it. But when he caught sight of Fleta's figure he did not enter; he paused horror-stricken; he heard the king speaking and turned to listen to him. Some of the court ladies came to the doorway and pushed past him. He let them go in. An hour ago, maddened by his love for Fleta, he would have dared any comment and approached her first had he seen her in trouble. But a strange chill had fallen on him when first his eyes met those of the gipsy when she entered; he had not recognised her—was it likely, so completely deceived as he was?—but he was terrified by her, and had lingered near the door of the room in great fear. Now that he saw her figure sitting there so rigidly, with that terrible death-like look on her face, he staggered, overpowered by something he could not understand. It was as though an ice-cold hand had caught at his heart and checked its very beating. Ah, poor Hilary!

In half-an-hour the palace was almost deserted. While still there were a few guests in the rooms Fleta rose and walked through them. Stately, sorrow-stricken, with darkened eyes she passed.

"She must have cared for him, then!" they whispered one to another, "and really would not believe him dead. And we all thought her heartless."

So the young uncrowned queen, the young widow, went to her own rooms, followed by sympathy. And who could guess at the deep solitude, the hopeless sorrow, of that heart? The neophyte, who had failed and lost all that made life dear in the failure; the would-be initiate, who knows all love and companionship must be laid aside for all time. This is the darkest hour of human life, this fearful moment of shadow before the dawn, when passion and love, and all unequal friendship or companionship, must be for ever surrendered for the hopeless and absolute solitude which darkens the door of initiation. Into such an hour of despair and agony none dare penetrate. It was easy for Fleta to wear the appearance of a widow grieving for her husband, when in her heart was the awful grief which every candidate of the White Brotherhood who fails carries in his heart for ever. The grief of complete surrender, not of one love, or one loved, but of all, does not touch the soul nor pollute the thoughts of him who has made himself ready for the Hall of Initiation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FLETA bore out the character of one overcome by grief only too easily. She found herself close to the crisis, the bitterest suffering of her life; and the fierce regret for the past stood in her way. In the morning, when she rose and stood before her mirror, she saw a worn, wan face eyes deeply bordered with shadow, and a new line of pain on her

smooth forehead. She saw these things, but without thought. It was just what she had expected to see, for she had let the storm rage in her soul through the night. And now she stood there muttering to herself:

"The expiation is close—I have to begin the expiation."

It was a cool, fresh, clear morning; Fleta had risen very early. She set her window wide open and stepped out on to the balcony. From it she could see over the city and away to the blue hills beyond. For a long hour she leaned here, drinking in the morning freshness, and a dim, faint peace came to her soul from the clear skies. At last her attention was attracted by a sound in the room, and she turned to look back into it. A figure stood there; she looked doubtingly at it. Yes it was her father, the king.

He regarded her very earnestly as she re-entered the room. She wore a loose white gown, on which her dark hair fell in a tumbled mass. It was a sad figure.

"Do you wonder at this early visit?" said the king. "I have not rested at all; and just now I was wandering in the garden when I saw you standing here. I have come to ask you a strange question. Who are you? What are you?"

"Why do you ask me these things?" said Fleta, in a very low voice.

"Because you cannot be my child, nor yet your mother's. Last night's experience convinced me of your extraordinary powers. You divested Adine of her likeness to yourself. How, I cannot tell. I would never let myself believe you to be a magician until now; but it is useless any longer to hide the truth. I have been looking at you from the garden. There is no mark of my family or your mother's in your face or figure. I saw you as I have never seen you before, without a mask. You have always worn one for me. Just now I discovered a profound unfamiliarity in you which has roused my curiosity into a passion. Your face, divested of its softer charms, is that of a man; through it looks a spirit which suffers. Tell me what you are."

"I am your daughter," said Fleta. "You need not doubt that, or fancy me changed in my cradle. My heritage is true, unlike though I may be to you and the others who have gone before me."

"Your heritage! It is not mental, nor physical; it is not in any way visible."

"That," said Fleta, "is because I have moulded myself for my own ends."

"Now you speak as you look. You have some strange power. Whence do you get it? I say, what are you? You are no ordinary mortal."

Fleta smiled; a smile of such sadness as can hardly be imagined.

"No; I am not an ordinary mortal. The difference is only this. I had found out that there is a straight path to divinity, and I was treading that path: but lost my way."

"You have not begun to tread it since I have known you," said the King. "You began before." He spoke in a changed voice.

"Yes," said Fleta. "I began before. I began in a pre-historic age when the world was a vast wilderness of savage beauty. I marked out my destiny then by a fierce act of rebellion against the passion which makes human life possible, against the blind hunger of man for sensation which drives him into this dull world of matter and compels him to live innumerable ignorant lives, worthy only of animals. I hated it! I rebelled! I raised my hand and took life. It was the first step into power, and it has darkened the sun for me through ages. I have lived it out, I have expiated it only after many lives of pain. But in taking power I took knowledge. I began to climb the great ascent of life towards the divine. And in every re-birth I have gained more power and more knowledge."

She ceased. She had spoken passionately, from her heart. The King had never taken his eyes from her face. The soldier, rough, almost devoid of sentiment, stood there spell-bound. He was facing a reality.

"Tell me more," he said. "Why do you suffer so now?"

"Why do I suffer?" said Fleta. "Must you ask me this?"

"I desire very much to know," said the king, in a low voice.

"You have a right to ask me," said Fleta sadly. "Not your right as my father, but your right as a servant of the White Brotherhood. You are but just within their influence, and you have never been conscious of it, though you have obeyed it. I have been possessed by an arrogance which convinced me I could by my strength obtain the right to enter the order. My longing to enter it gave me the privilege of birth in your house. I have had great opportunities, but," she concluded, in a tone of infinite sadness, "I have failed!"

"Is that why you suffer?" said the King.

"No," answered Fleta. "I suffer because those who loved me long ago love me still; they have been in the marvellous orchard of life where Nature flowers in superb lavishness. The orchard is beautiful, yes! Nothing can be more beautiful. But there is a force always at work, a force which demands progress. After the blossom the fruit. To be man and woman, to love, to live each for the other, this is glorious, as is everything in nature. But it comes to an end. The miracle of transmutation must be worked. The sweet softness of the blossom, mere beauty, this must pass and the hard fruit come and ripen to its harvest. The lesson must be learned, and the soul pass on. O! there is one who holds me from the gate by his love. But I must purify him, I must take him to the gate, or else lose all hope myself of ever reaching it!"

She hardly seemed to remember who she spoke to. Her pent-up feeling had broken into words, and emotion made her speak on without

pause till she ceased. There was silence for a minute or two; then the King approached her.

"Tell me," he said. "What am I to you?"

"A friend," she answered, "always a good and true friend. Nothing else. Your lessons in life have lain apart from me. We have never even been father and daughter save in circumstance."

"It is true," he answered, with a sigh. "Yet I would it were not so. You are far beyond me. Help me."

Fleta held out her hand. The King took it, and so they stood for a few moments in silence. Then she gently took her hand away, and turning from him, sat down in a chair. Her pallor was so extreme the King was alarmed. And, indeed, she looked more like death than life. He hastily left the room, returning in a few moments with a slender glass full of a dark wine. He put it to her lips. She opened her eyes, smiled faintly, but pushed back his hand.

"I need it not," she said as the King held the glass in his hand. "Though it is more than mortal brain can endure to look back over the stairway of life. Reason seems to reel on its throne before such a sight. So deep is the abyss, so great the height, so incredible the ascent. My mind is worn out. I must rest, I must sleep, or I shall lose my senses. Let no one disturb me till I call; but do one thing for me, my father; let Hilary Estanol be sent for. I must see him when I wake."

She rose, and moving to her bed flung herself upon it. What a death like figure it was! The king turned away. He could not bear the sight. He left the room, and calling a waiting woman to him bade her sit by the door and watch it, letting no one enter but himself. Next he sent a messenger to Hilary. Then he went to his own writing-room, where he moved to and fro, thinking; his thoughts were running riot, plunging back into the past, leaping into the future; he was unconscious of the present moment, once having let it go.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THREE hours later Fleta awoke. She had been wrapped in a profound sleep; so deep, she was as one returning from the dead. It had restored her mind; her inner strength had returned. She knew, in the moment she woke, that she was fit now to go on with her task.

She rose, went to the door, and called. The waiting woman who sat close by came to her. When she found Fleta wished to dress she went away, bringing back with her some sewing-maids who had been busily working all the morning. In a little while Fleta had bathed, her hair had been dressed and coiled round her head, and she was robed in black—mourning for her husband of a day. Her burned and helpless arm was wrapped in black silk and placed in a sling. She looked in the glass

and smiled. Fleta the beautiful, the radiant, thus disfigured, thus dressed! She quickly turned away, trailing her black train after her.

She had already inquired and learned that Hilary Estanol was waiting for her in her own old sitting-room, where she had made her home when necessity or caprice had induced her to dwell in the palace for a few days together during her girlhood. It was kept as it had always been—bright, coloured in gold and white, the walls lined with books, the windows filled with flowers.

Hilary started up as he heard her at the door. He uttered a sharp cry of pain as she entered. The change was indeed awful—from Adine, the flower and froth of Fleta's gayest superficial life, to this pallid, trouble-stricken, sad-eyed woman. Her dress accentuated his feeling. It seemed to shock and surprise him. He had forgotten, in his recent happiness, that she was Otto's wife. He turned away and hid his face in his hands.

"Do not be so distressed," she said in a very sweet and quiet tone. "This must seem terrible to you when but yesterday you were dancing with my mocking shadow. I have sent her away from me for ever, because she has too deeply betrayed my trust in her in betraying you. How is it possible that you, born under the star of true knowledge, like myself, one of the children of the life of effort, could be so cheated and pleased by a mere phantasm? Well, I know you regret that phantasm—I know you loved it very dearly. I read the pain in your heart because I show myself to you without the phantasmal appearance—without beauty or youth or gaiety. My dear friend, it is not for you to choose between pain and pleasure. You have not the power. If you choose pleasure you will be for ever pursuing a will o' the wisp and never reaching it; the pursuit will soon become pain. But though you have not that choice I can give you one which may seem to you very like it. You can choose between this Fleta who now speaks to you, the servant of the White Brotherhood, and that Fleta whom you worshipped such a little while ago—my mocking shadow."

"Where shall I find that Fleta?" asked Hilary in a strained voice of pain.

"You will be mocked by her as much as you will if you choose to be so," was all Fleta's answer.

"But will *you* wear that guise?"

"Ah, you want the two Fletas in one!" she cried out—"no, that is over. You have desired that for a long time, and now and then you have almost fancied you have got it—is it not so? In that morning sunshine, on the first journey we took together—sometimes at the garden house—you imagined that without losing the priestess you could claim the woman. That is impossible—it never has been, it never can be, you must have the one or the other. I have waited for you long enough; now you must choose. I have the power to give you what you wish. If you only

desire the woman, the thing that will die in a few years, then I will make this body that now speaks to you young and beautiful and gay, and leave it for your amusement; for I am very weary of it and it is only for your sake that I now stay in it, and if you make that choice we part for ever. But if you choose me as I am, the servant of knowledge, then you have to recognise in me your master and desire nothing from me but such knowledge as I can give you."

Hilary rose and went to the window. It seemed for a moment as if his senses were about to desert him. But a moment later he turned round and faced her.

"I am not strong enough to make such a choice," he said with a sort of defiance in his tone.

"Not strong enough!" exclaimed Fleta in a voice full of contempt. "Go then, and take your own way, followed by the darkness you have worked for yourself. Do not blame anyone else, whatever you may suffer. You have invoked the false shadows that surround the man who knows not whether he wishes good or ill. It is over."

She turned and moved very slowly out of the room, her black dress trailing behind her. Hilary started forward as if to stop her, but immediately drew himself back again, and remained standing motionless, watching her go. The door closed and still he did not move. But at last, after a long silence, he roused himself—for his one wish was to leave the palace without having to speak to anyone again. He succeeded, although he had to grope his way almost like a blind man. He was stupefied, half dazed, scarcely conscious of what he was doing. A great loneliness was eating away at his heart—a hunger was at work there, as real as physical hunger. For he had more than worshipped Fleta the woman—he had lived on the thought of her, on the passion he had only for her image. And now she seemed to have been shattered before his eyes, and to be like a broken statue destroyed for ever. He comforted himself perpetually with the thought that he had not chosen this so easily destroyed idol. And yet, even in the midst of this comfort, another memory would come—of Fleta's scorn, when he said he could not choose. This gave him some dumb perplexity and pain; but he was not learned enough to know that if he had chosen the woman she would have had less scorn for him, and more pity. It was the weakness of that dreadful moment, come and gone so quickly, which condemned him in the sight of Fleta and her order. Had he but found power enough to decide positively for ill, he would have laid the foundations of such power as would have enabled him, later on, to choose positively for good, in another earthly life.

The moment had, indeed, come quickly and gone quickly, and it appeared to Hilary as if he had no time given him in which to decide and choose. And yet he dimly knew that if that moment could have been protracted to a thousand years he would have been no nearer a

positive choice; and he dimly knew, also, that the moment which seemed to come so unexpectedly was, indeed, only a summing-up of his life—that ever since he had known Fleta he had been in this state of hopeless indecision. The great chance had been given him and he had been unable to take it. He did not realise the blow in this form yet, though the consciousness came, keenly enough, later on. He only knew, as yet, that he had lost Fleta—all the Fleta he had known and worshipped, the woman and the priestess both.

It was over.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE next morning Fleta had a long talk with the king; a very quiet and serious one. During that day on which she saw Hilary she would see no one else, not even her father; she remained alone, and no one knew whether she slept or waked, whether she was suffering or at rest. But in the morning she went to her father's breakfast-room, and entered it, wearing her black robes. She was altered by the hours of solitude; at first the king thought it was her youth and beauty that had returned to her. But a second glance showed him that this was not so. The subtle, feminine charm which she had hitherto exercised was gone. She stood before him slender, fair, proud in bearing as ever; but the radiant beauty had not returned. The eyes were sad, the strange, sweet smile had seemingly left the mouth for ever. Had a painter put her on his canvas he would have used the face for one of those sexless angels the early Italians knew how to paint.

"I am going to England," were her first words. "Will you help me?"

"It is my business," was the king's answer. "Tell me what you wish."

Fleta sat down beside him; and they talked for a long while. Then she returned to her room, and the king summoned his secretary and his steward, and began to make the arrangements she wished.

Late that afternoon Fleta left the palace. She was wrapped in a fur cloak that hid her black dress, and her pale face was hidden by a black lace veil. She put this aside and kissed the king's hand as she took a final leave of him in the great hall of the palace.

"Send for me instantly if you need me," he whispered to her. She bowed her head and turned away. The whole retinue of the palace was assembled to see her depart. But no one accompanied her, or entered her travelling carriage with her. On this journey she was to go alone. Not even a maid or servant of any sort was with her.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE I.

Complaints having been addressed to the Editors with reference to certain paragraphs in Mr. George Redway's *Literary Circular*, bound up with last month's LUCIFER, the Editors take this opportunity of stating that they are in no sense responsible for the contents of these circulars, as they are bound up with the magazine by the publisher, without being submitted to them. Any complaints, therefore, should be addressed to the publisher.

NOTICE II.

An important error was made by the printers, and overlooked by the proof reader, in the May Number of LUCIFER, on page 249. It is in the first Hebrew line, where we ought to read, שכחת־ני : (s-b-th-ni, *unvowelled*) as it stood in manuscript. Unfortunately the first letter *shin* (ש) was replaced by two letters, *ayin* (ע) and *vau* (ו), which makes nonsense of the word. Such errors may be sometimes unavoidable, but they are very annoying to the editors and perplexing to the readers.

The following lines have been sent by the Editors of LUCIFER to their colleague and Brother, the Editor of the New York PATH :—

In the May number of your valuable journal, on page 60, we read :—"With much deference we venture to invite the attention of LUCIFER to the grave etymological objections to its definition of pentacle as a *six*-pointed star."

The attention of our benevolent corrector is invited to "Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language. . . *thoroughly revised and improved* by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D. . . late Professor of Yale College, and Noah Porter, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. . . assisted by Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, of Berlin, and others. New edition of 1880, etc., etc. London."

At the word "Pentacle," we read as follows :—"Pentacle. . . a figure composed of two equilateral triangles, intersecting so *as to form a* SIX-*pointed star*, used in ornamental art and also with superstitious import, by the astrologers, etc."

This (Fairholt's) definition is preceded by saying that *pentacle* is a word from the Greek πεντε, *five*—which every schoolboy knows. But *pente or* five has nothing to do with the word pentacle, which Eliphas Levi, as do all Frenchmen and Kabalists, spells pantacle (with an *a* and not with an *e*) ; and which is more correct than the English and less puzzling. For, with as much "deference" as shown by the *Path* to LUCIFER, LUCIFER ventures to point out to the *Path* that according to old Kabalistic phraseology, a *pantacle* is "*any magic figure* intended to produce results."

Therefore, if anyone is to be taken to task for overlooking "the grave etymological objections to the definition of pentacle as a six-pointed star" it is the great Professors who have just revised Webster's Dictionary, and not LUCIFER. Our corrector has evidently confused *pentagon* with *pentacle*—"ERRARE HUMANUM EST."—Fraternally, yours,

London, June, 1888. EDITORS OF LUCIFER.

THE SRADDHA.

(Continued from the May Number.)

THAT the Sraddha did not originate in the Hindu system is evident from the contradiction in which it stands to caste, to which it must have been anterior, and, further, from its incompatibility with transmigration, which, though in dogma directly opposed to it, has not prevailed against it. They have, further, the tradition of the introduction of this dogma, which is attributed to several personages, but especially to Pururavas, son of Buddha,* chief of the Lunar Line, a line marked throughout by religious innovation, and presenting, if not the fleshly body, at least the "ferver" † of Buddhism.

We must naturally look to the names as furnishing further elucidation. Ekkodishto,‡ the monthly oblation, does not sound by any means Sanscrit; the Zend, however, may aid us. Kuds and Kuddus is the name anciently given to Jerusalem, and still preserved; Feridoun conferred it on a religious edifice which he there constructed. The great annual oblation is called Sapindana; in this the cow is consecrated for sacrifice; and here Sanscrit philologists are entirely at fault. In Turkish, *dana* is "cow"; it is the common word in use in every field, market-place and butcher's shop. If so, we have then a compound word. Sapin is not Turkish; but if we write the word Sab-i-dana, we have, in Turkish, "the master and the cow." §

Swadha is the word ceremoniously pronounced during the oblation; it means "food," but the Hindus render it "oblation," and they personified it as the daughter of the patriarch Packshu, and the wife of the Pitris. Swadha is "the consuming power of sacrificial fire," which they personify as the sister of the former, and make the wife of *Vahni*, "the god of fire." Sraddha itself is in like manner a sister of the other two, and the wife of *Dharma*, "the lord of righteousness." In Sanscrit, it is rendered "faith." Had it originally had this meaning it could never have been given to any ceremony in particular. It follows, then, that

* This is a mistake on the part of the author. The name of the Son of Soma (the moon) by Târâ, Brihaspati's wife—whose infidelity led to the war of the Gods with the Asuras—is Budha (Intelligence) with one *d*, not Buddha, the Enlightened.—[ED.]

† The Buddhists have never had among their religious beliefs that of "Ferwer," if this word is meant by "Ferver." It is a term, meaning the double, or copy body, a *Sosis*, and belongs to the Zoroastrian religion.—[ED.]

‡ *Ekoddishta*, is a Sanskrit word—with one k, and two d s.—[ED.]

§ This might be so, if the word "Sapindana" had not been a mistake of Wilson's, who made many, and of other scholars. In the original Sanskrit MSS. the term used is *Sapindikarana*. See *Vishnu Purâna*. Wilson's translation, edited and *corrected* by Fitzedward Hall. (Vol. III., p. 154.) Curious etymology. What can the "master and cow" or Sap-i-dana in Turkish, which is no ancient tongue, have to do with the Sanskrit *Sapindikarana*?—[ED.]

the word was foreign, and the rite imported at a time when there existed no abstract idea of faith. Now, in the cuneiform we have the Thrada, and it applies to this ceremony; the Sanscrit word, is, therefore, adopted from the Zend, with the addition of an "s." The philosophical character of the Chinese places in a clear light an institution which the legendary, metaphorical and metaphysical spirit of the Hindus has disguised with fable, and enveloped in mystery. There it is assumed to be the foundation of doctrine, and the political bond of the constitution. What is left to inference and interpretation in India is, in China, declared as maxim, and asserted as Truth; for instance: "A child serves the dead parents as if they were alive."

"The want of posterity is the greatest of defects." The only act worthy of being esteemed great is the rendering due service to the dead. "All virtue and all wisdom reside in reverence for elders and parents." "That reverence towards the living was maintained by the influence of this ceremonial towards the dead."

After an interval of twenty-five centuries the Sraddha, which was restored under the Hya, has lost nothing of its grandeur, and it is thus described as actually practised:—

"According to the ritual which regulates the state proceedings of the Emperor of China, he is bound to visit every year, on the first day of the moon, the temple of his ancestors, and to prostrate himself before the tablet of his fathers. There is before the entrance of this temple, a long avenue, wherein the tributary princes, who have come to Pekin to render homage to the Emperor, assemble. They range themselves right and left of the peristyle, in three lines, each occupying the place appertaining to his dignity; they stand erect, grave and silent. It is said to be a fine and imposing spectacle, to witness all these remote monarchs attired in their silk robes, embroidered with gold and silver, and indicating, by the variety of their costumes, the different countries they inhabit, and the degrees of their dignity."

In one respect, however, they failed in philosophy, as compared with the Hindus—they wailed and lamented; grief was not with Roman stoicism forbidden, it was indulged in, cultivated, and exhibited; it was a luxury, a passion, and a performance. The period of mourning lasted for three years, during which time the son was incapacitated for public functions, sometimes dwelling at the entrance of the tomb, and there serving the dead as if yet living.

While the religion of Hoangti anticipated Brahminism in date, the detailed practices, as recorded so far back as the times of the Hya, exactly correspond with those of the Tartars under their tents. In the "earliest antiquity," the body was cast out into the ditches by the wayside; it is actually exposed by the Tartars on the hill-tops. The number of sacrificial vessels used by the Emperors was nine. The same number is daily used by every Mogul, and the oblations made therewith

by the votaries of Buddha are identical with those prescribed in the Brahmin ritual. The Chinese vases were, so to say, the earliest coinage, and the most ancient of continuous records; they were costly in material, elaborate in their workmanship, beautiful in their forms, and necessarily devoted to the then highest objects of worship; they were sacrificial. Four emblems are to be found on them—the Moon, the Fish, the Eye, and the Cross. The two first are united in one of the most ancient; the third appears on nearly all; and the last is often repeated, and in various forms. We have already seen that the moon was the abode of the ancestors; we, therefore, perfectly understand its introduction as an emblem on an ancestral vase, without adopting the explanation offered of moon-worship. The fish and the eye are easily explained in the same manner. The first lived in the element of which the moon's substance was held to be a concretion. The eye presents us with a point of greater intricacy; and to which belong a multiplicity of interesting ramifications. Whoever has visited the Mediterranean, has observed it painted on the bow of boats and galleys, as it was on those of the Phœnicians of old. It was, amongst the Jews, enclosed in a triangle—an emblem of the deity. There is a species of Etruscan vase, which has not been understood; in it also are two great eyes. It is figured in gigantic proportions on the exterior of the Chaitiyas of the Buddhists; now we discover it in China, on the oldest monuments. The character of those monuments, and the other emblems with which it is associated, point at once to the ancestral worship, the origin of all forms of worship.

The Eye from its transparent nature in the body, from its connexion with light, would naturally be one of the first of symbols employed by an allegorising faith; but we must find some minute point of identification to connect it with the manes; and it appears to me that that is afforded in the consecration of the hare by the Chinese, the cat by the Egyptians, and the rabbit by the Greeks. Great importance was attached in the ancestral worship to the increase and decrease of the moon. This was supposed to be typified in the dilation and contraction of the iris in these animals; if they were accepted as emblems of the moon, how much more the eye itself? There was not only the "lunar eye," which expressed duty, but the "solar eye," with a more general significance, conveying benevolence. Thus the Brahmin prays, "May all things view me with the eye of the sun. I view all things with the solar eye. Let us view each other with the solar eye." The eye was also the visible sign of grief, and thus we have among the Egyptians the eye and the tear; the right eye being supposed to represent the sun; the left the moon.

The Jews placed the eye in the triangle: now, the triangle is connected, though in a manner which I do not understand, with the Sraddha, for it was one of the forms of the earth-elevation or altar

constructed for that purpose. It was a square in ordinary cases; but for a person recently deceased, and apparently during the season of mourning, *it was a triangle.* *

It is impossible not to suspect here that that great mystery of the Trinity, which pervades all Eastern religions, was itself connected with the ancestral sacrifice. How else explain the use of this remarkable figure which has ever continued to be its emblem? To this we join the triple division of Fire, essentially belonging to the same worship. The Chinese defined the Deity as "Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity." This doctrine, it will be self-evident, has no connection whatever with the Trinity of the Brahmins or the Trinity of the Buddhists, which had reference to attributes, combination or time, being the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer;" "Wisdom, Nature and Union;" and "Past, Present and Future;" whilst its original form on the eastern limits of the old continent exactly corresponds with the specification of the Athanasian creed, being the three Hypostases or Impersonations of one and the same divine nature.

If we are to accept this as a record of primitive revelation, all inquiry is at an end, and all argument ceases; but if we are to consider it in a mere human sense, that is to say, as a doctrine evolved by the unaided effort of the spirit of man, then must we proceed as in respect to any other phenomenon. Now, as in our own faith, the doctrine of the Trinity confessedly transcends reason, it is hopeless to look for the origin of it in the Chinese; that is to say, if we consider it as a conclusion arrived at with reference to the nature of the Deity; but there is a path which we may take, and proceeding by which we may find the problem less intractable.

The primitive conception of God must have been one of such profound reverence that to dare to inquire into His nature would have been deemed sacrilege. In the words of Menu, He could be "apprehended only by the class of abstraction." He was without form, without limit, without name. How then could he be divided into three persons? In fact, that Materialism which produced Polytheism sprang from the deep abstraction connected with the idea of a Creator. It may, therefore, be inferred, looking at the matter in a human point of view, that the doctrine of the Trinity as regarded the Godhead, was not primitive, but derivative.

Whence then could it have sprung? From Psychology? Death though a mystery, did not repel, it invited inquiry; the nature of death could be comprehended only by that of life.

"What is God?" is a question which no primitive man would ask. "What am I?" is one which must ever have been present to his

* All this is occult, and has an esoteric meaning. The triangle (or symbol of the three higher principles) is all that remains of the mortal septenary, whose *quaternary* remains behind him. Every theosophist knows this.—[Ed.]

thoughts. Suppose now, that the answer made had been by a division of the soul into different natures, and these threefold, would we not have, as regards human life, three in one and one in three? If so answered in respect to the life of man, the idea of a Trinity of Spirit was established in his mind, and might thereafter be applied to other spiritual existences, and even to the Divine Nature itself.

This is no hypothesis; we have this very division of Life as a fundamental dogma amongst those populations who have preserved the earliest records of religious thoughts and ceremonies.

The Khond say that life is composed of three souls, one of which is animal, one intellectual and one Divine; that the first, when the body dies, dies with it; that the second, after death, is punished or recompensed, according to the body's deeds; and that the third returns to and is absorbed in the Deity from which it had originally emanated.*

An ampler conception of life and existence has not been attained to by all subsequent metaphysics; extending immortality backwards, and separating the taint of earth from the breath of Heaven; and in it we may recognise conjoined the elements of the several dogmas on which are based the various structures of philosophy, belief and superstition. The point upon which I rest here is that this Trinity was connected with the soul of man, and therefore with the ancestral oblations; that with it, too, was connected the figure of the Triangle, especially applied at the time when the separation was supposed to take place by the occurrence of death.

It was only in the fourth century, and after the Labarum of Constantine had appeared in the skies, that the Christian Church adopted the cross as an emblem; it was centuries later that the cruciform cathedral came into use, through the Goths of Spain and the Saracens of Africa, whose architecture was adopted from the Philistine tribes of Barbary. The Chaitiya Buddhists, in all the completeness still to be witnessed in the rock temples of India, was then inaugurated in Europe, as at once the Gothic and Christian architecture. If it be repugnant to all our notions to assert that the cross, as a Christian emblem, did not originate in the crucifixion, so it is perplexing to our condition to find it a religious emblem before that event, and an object of veneration and adoration through all the regions of the earth, and from the earliest times.

The Cross was known to the Jews; Moses raised the serpent on a cross in the desert; Christ refers to it as an emblem of persecution. On the two earliest monuments of China we have that cross, which is called "Greek," and also one with a longer limb—that called "Latin." In the hieroglyphics the cross appears on the breast of the tribes of Northern Asia, fifteen hundred years before the Crucifixion. It is tattooed on

* Read the Theosophical and Esoteric literature on the Division of *Inner* Man.—[Ed.]

those of the Berber tribes of Africa, as it was on those of the tribes of North America, in whose tombs it was also found, and who adored it when presented to them by the Spaniards. It appears in the Buddhistic monuments of India, and the coins called Hindu-Scythic, and amongst the stamps by which the tribes of Tartary marked their horses. In one of the last discovered Assyrian monuments it hangs on the breast of a king, exactly in the form and fashion of a modern decoration.*

The only explanation which has been offered for the paramount importance of this figure is that it typified the four elements and the four cardinal points ; but the elements were five, not four, as amongst them was enumerated the empyrean, or *Αιθηρ*, because the points of the cross are five, not four ; nor was it necessary to typify what itself was the point of adoration.

All the sacred buildings of antiquity were most rigidly mathematical in their form, and astronomic in their position They are composed of the circle, the oval, the square, the parallelogram, and the cross. The circle belongs to the worship of fire, and we are familiar with it in the beautiful temple of Vesta at Rome, and in the majestic Pantheon, originally a fire temple, but restored and disfigured by Agrippa by the addition of the colonnade. The Dagopas were also round, which I take, however, to be only a modification of the square pyramid. In every case the ground plan presents the circle enclosed within a square. To the building so modified, they gave the shape of a bell, evidently in connexion with the figure of the lotus, and with the "sacred bell," itself, so essential an instrument in their worship.

The oval represented the figure of the ecliptic. The examples of it are rare.

The square structures are both monumental, as in the Dagopa and the pyramids of Egypt, and ecclesiastical, as in the pagoda ; and are invariably placed according to the cardinal points.

In the Pagoda and in the Chaitiya the square becomes extended to the oblong and to the cross. I give a description of one from Tavernier, which will further exhibit the still closer approach to the Catholic form of worship in his day ; it is the celebrated Pagoda of Casi or Benares. "It is placed on the bank of the Ganges, into which a flight of stone steps descends from the gate of the pagoda. The body of the temple itself is constructed in the form of a VAST CROSS, with a very high cupola in the centre of the building, but somewhat pyramidal towards the summit ; and at the extremity of each of the four parts of the Cross is a tower with an ascent on the outside, and balconies at stated distances affording delightful views of the city, the river, and the adjacent country. Under the high dome, in the middle, there stands an altar, in form of a

* The Cross was, from the highest antiquity, a spiritual, a Psychic, and a phallic symbol, metaphysical, astronomical, numerical and occult. (*Vide* Mr. Gerald Massey's "The Natural Genesis." Vol. I., pp. 500 et seq.)

table, eight feet in length and six in breadth, covered sometimes with rich tapestry, and sometimes with a cloth of gold or silver, according to the greater or less solemnity of the festival. Upon this altar were several idols, one of which, six feet in height, had its neck splendidly decorated with a chain of precious stones, of which the priests have a variety for different festivals, some of rubies, some of pearls, and others of emeralds. The head and neck of this idol were alone visible; all the rest of the body was covered with an embroidered robe spreading in ample folds upon the altar below."

The Pagoda of Seringham recalls Ecbatana. Mr. Orme describes it as composed "of seven square enclosures, one within the other, the walls of which are twenty-five feet high, and four thick. These enclosures are 350 feet distant from one another, and each has four large gates with a high tower, which are placed one in the middle of each side of the enclosure, and opposite to the *four cardinal points*. The outward wall is nearly four miles in circumference."

The systematic regularity of those buildings shows the deep importance that was attached to the position of the worshippers, and which we are naturally to expect in religions which saw in the heavenly bodies animated intelligences, considered the firmament to be tenanted by countless numbers of spiritual beings endowed with terrible and Divine power, as also by maleficent spirits almost equally gifted, and in whose struggles the fate of man was involved, where the preponderance of the benign over the maleficent influences, though daily in the balance, was necessary to ensure the order of nature, and the existence of the universe. Even without a celestial belief or a Divinatory Code, we see faiths and institutions threatened by the revolving motions of a priest round an altar table.

Under these impressions, not only the plan of the Temple, but the respective positions of host and guest, etc., were subject to astronomic conditions. In every daily ceremony the different points of the Heavens had to be turned to or avoided, according to their various influences, or symbolical applications. The Arhan and the Brahmin, the Yogi and the Sudra, had equally at every moment, and in every incident, to mark the divisions of the compass with a steersman's accuracy.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(To be continued.)

HOW HE SOUGHT MARY MERIVALE.

MARY MERIVALE having left her husband, as explained before in Parts I. and II., after a time he follows her, and finds traces of her teaching as he journeys on seeking her.

(Continued from the 9th Number.)

THRO' cities passed I where folks crowd together,
Nowise because the spirit of love hath bound
Heart unto heart, despite Fate's bitter weather
Cold fireless lives that sheltered not, I found.

Yet ever found, too, traces of her teaching,
Like strewn rose-petals sweetening the air,
And 'mid the bitterest of earth's star-reaching
Her name lay on white lips and met me there.

And if I passed a suffering soul and saddened,
Poor, hopeless, powerless, and gently said,
"Friend, have you chanced to meet her?" His eyes gladdened,
"Blest be the woman-Christ!" he simply said.

And women blessed the woman who had holden
Their sobbing little ones, and soothed their pain,
And children with blue eyes and hair all golden
Lisped, "Comes not the dear Mother back again?"

And little bands of maidens bore her teaching
(Sweetened by their sweet lips that softly spake),
To outcast men and women, with beseeching
And tender speech that might new life awake.

And rough men now grown tender, toiled together
The gracious promise of her words to reach:
"Land, light, air, joy, to all, uncounting whether
Or king or peasant, love the law for each!"

And hostels had she set in myriad places,
Not only for the human, but all things
That breathe in earth or sea, the wondrous phases
Of life that tilts on sweet innumerous strings.

"For how," she said, "shall man arise and hearken,
Clear-browed, heroic, 'neath the dominant sun
If he let smoke of slaughter dim and darken
The toiling path of any lesser one?

"Yea brothers are we all, set by our father
To live and labour in the little span
Of time that frames our life, behold love hath her
Soft fingers round the brute as well as man!

"And whoso tortureth for his base pleasure,
No matter how he name it, sport, or war,
Shall be shut out from love, and joy, and leisure,
And all that maketh sweet our wandering star.

"Not yet man's heart hath grasped it, the undying
Rhythm that rules in all things great and small,
Where blow that smites another into sighing
Must back return, and on his head must fall

"Who smote it; flux and reflux, ebb and flow still
Make up the marvellous many-coloured song
Whereto all life is wroughten, and will grow still
With strengthening music clearer and more strong!"

And where the schools stood, at her gentle pleading
Rose places where a plenteous meal was set
Before the starving children, who were needing
Bread *first* and *after* knowledge, and I met

A many little creatures warm and hasting
Bright-faced and happy to their task hard by,
And knew without her those small lives untasting
Food all day long, had shivered hungrily.

And women with sweet faces, saintly-fashion
(So pure they dared forgive impurity)
She taught to read with love and deep compassion
Those blotted pages of the shame story.

Wherein no woman dared until her teaching
Cast innocent eye of maiden or of wife:
"For ah," she said, "what guerdon of our preaching
If it pass over one poor scorned life?

"A woman's innocent eyes alone can fathom
The deepest depths of her frail sister's sin,
Translating from her passionate heart she hath some
Deep knowledge of the things that dwell therein.

"Yet being innocent she hath compassion,
Lo none so hard as those who fear to fall,
Or self-convicted in their righteous fashion
Make mirrors of themselves to portray all!"

And churches had arisen fair and stately,
Wherein God's wondrous messages were read
By calm-browed men, who sought and laboured greatly,
With tension of strest mind, and heart, and head,

To find the innermost meaning God had written
In script of rock and flower, tree and bird,
And gem and fish and fossil, 'mid the unlitten
Great waters and dark earth, nor was unheard

The marvellous story of each day's revealing,
As science slowly climbed the hill of thought,
At each step culling fruit, or herbs of healing
Whereby man's life grew sweeter; and enwrought

With this high scripture, art's fair message featly
In poem, picture, statue, song, was set,
Like wings that fly before to herald sweetly
The feet that follow, while they toil on yet.

For "worship is of all; art, science, action,
And Atheist there is none, save only he
Who will not work, nor yield his small life-fraction
To swell the great sum of Eternity.

"He worships who fulfils sweet-hearted, willing,
The little task, the slow day's puny dole;
He worships, too, whose strength is spent in tilling
The earth, and he who tills the immortal soul.

"He worships who hath wandered in mysterious
Dim realms of art, where dreams fulfil the air,
And he who strains high soul to render serious
These haunting dreams that make life strong and fair.

"He worships who hath raised a fallen brother,
Tho' naught of creed or science recketh he;
He worships who renounceth for another
Aught precious or desired!" So preachëd she.

And colleges she builded, where disdaining
The old curst teaching, "save thyself," she taught—
"Save thou thy brother, heart and spirit straining
To reach the friutage of that blessed thought!"

And youths and maidens laboured, all unknowing
How bitter to unlearn . . . how hard a thing
To slay the old false faith grown strong 'mid growing
Of frost-bound heart, that yet *feels* toward the Spring.

EVELYN PYNE.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSCRIT.

ON a lake reflecting myriads of stars a swan, by night seeking the young lotus buds, though wise, was for a time deceived. Through fear of being deceived by the stars, the swan, even by day, shunned the white lotus. Thus he who has been deceived dreads evil even in truth.

Krishna, the beautiful haired god, replied not to the reviling of the King of Chedi. To the roar of the tempest, and not to the jackal's howl, the elephant trumpets a reply.

Not the tender pliant grass is uprooted by the storm, but the lofty trees—the mighty war only with the mighty.

In sandal trees there are snakes; in lotus tanks are there not alligators? in happiness there is envy; there are no unmixed pleasures.

The root by serpents, the blossoms by black bees, the branches by monkeys, the top by bears; truly no part of the sandal tree is not resorted to by evil natures.

Fret not about sustenance; providence will supply it. When a creature is born, the mother's breast supplies milk.

Who gave the swan his whiteness, and the parrot his wings of green, who gave the peacock his iris-hues, will he not provide for thee?

C. J.

THE BEWITCHED CURIOSITIES; OR, THE PAWNED PLEDGES AND THE SPIRITS.

By C. Pfoundes * (Omoie).

From the Original, Baku-kin no Sichi-ya no Kura.

(Translated into English from the Japanese, dated 1826.)

Note by Translator.

IN the early years of the fourteenth century A.D., civil war had reduced many of the noble families to dire straits; and, to provide necessaries of life, as well as the sinews of war, many household treasures were sold, or pledged to money-lenders.

A wealthy trader, who was something of an amateur virtuoso, and a dilettante student of the curious, had obtained a great many heirlooms. Some he had purchased, others he had advanced ready money upon, indeed he was almost a pawnbroker in fact, though not professedly so; but this enabled him to gain freer access to many families, and obtain curious articles, with long series of years' historical associations, which otherwise might not have fallen into his hands.

One of the menials of his household was a character, quite an eccentric one in his way, overflowing with bits and scraps of quaint lore and curious out-of-the-way knowledge of men and things, old and new. His one great failing was, alas, one but too common in genius nowadays. He indulged too freely in the flowing bowl, and jovial cup passed round never left *his* lips till drained to the last drop.

Once when he had indulged but too freely, as usual when he had the opportunity, he hid himself in an obscure corner of the fireproof storehouse, wherein his master's curious collection of art treasures were packed most carefully away. It being one of this human curiosity's duties to look after this building, there was nothing strange in his going there; but he fell asleep, and someone, unconscious that anybody still remained inside, closed the fireproof doors, a usual precaution, and fastened them, so that when he awoke he could not get out, nor even had he wished, make himself heard to those outside. But he dreaded trying to attract attention, fearing to be reprimanded, so made up his mind to spend the night, and with that intention set about making himself as comfortable as possible. There was little difficulty in his doing this, as there was plenty of suitable material, old robes, hangings, &c.

Settling himself down comfortably, he was soon once more slumbering soundly.

* Author of "*Per-ser mimi bukero*—A Budget of Notes," "*Koromo Mukashi Banashi*—Little Folks' Olden-time Chats," &c.

Anon his sleep was broken by strange sounds. Arousing himself cautiously, for he feared it might be robbers or assassins, he peeped cautiously out from under his coverings, but could not see anyone or hear any sounds of persons; again the sounds, and again he peeped, but nothing was to be discerned.

Perhaps it is weasels, or rats, or bats, thought he. Again aroused, he became thoroughly awake, but very much frightened. Was it an earthquake? yet the building did not shake, but the things on the shelves were coming down, actually moving along the floor.

The fact that their movements created very little noise appeared most strange, but presently he became conscious of low whisperings, as of voices, of persons aged and feeble conversing in broken disjointed sentences; he became quite entranced, fascinated indeed, and the scene he then witnessed forms the narrative that follows.

The next day someone having occasion to enter the store, found our story-teller in high delirious fever, the hair on one side of his head being quite white, in strange contrast to the jet black of the other.

Careful nursing brought him round, and his night's adventure was a sedulously guarded family secret, for in those times it was most unsafe to divulge any marvellous occurrences. We will now relate the story precisely as told by the witness to this most extraordinary scene.

Many of the articles had descended from their allotted places on the shelves ranged round the interior part of the building—had emerged from their covering boxes and wrappers, and arranged themselves symmetrically round the room. [Note—All valuables were carefully packed in wrappers and boxes, ready for instant removal in the event of fire spreading in the vicinity.]

A reading desk moved to the place of honour, then an old brazier, next a lute, then a cap of ceremony, then several cabinets, perfume cases, and a variety of articles such as may have been possessed, and in use amongst the princes and nobles of olden time. Then with each article, indistinct shadows grew into human form, robed ceremoniously, all ranged in order of precedence, chiefly venerable personages of both sexes.

Behind the reading-desk was seated the most venerable and dignified personage that one could conceive, gorgeously arrayed in sumptuous court robes of ceremony, wearing the cap of office of the highest courtly grade.

The silence was broken in upon by a faint voice that rose louder and clearer, calling upon the assembled guests to fix their attention upon the duties of the assembly—and to fulfil each a share in contributing to the intellectual harmony and enjoyment of these *séances*, which, it was explained, were held for the purpose of relating the adventures of the owners of the various articles collected together in the warehouse.

The President was, by tacit agreement, given to understand that the

assembled ones desired to hear his experiences as a reading-desk, and after some hesitation, and due apologies, he thus related them.

THE STORY OF THE SPIRIT OF THE READING DESK.

"In ancient times people were more devoted to learning than they are in these degenerate days; and I was then in great request. I was daily in use at the palaces of the great scholars, who had received from their ancestors a gift of appreciation for literature, as well as the hereditary leadership of classical studies.

Civil war arose, and books were laid aside, and reading neglected, in the more exciting warfare and ambitious careers.

Families were divided; and raising the hand against one's kindred was a common daily occurrence.

I passed into many hands, but few of whom had any use for me; and their lives are unworthy of record, or relation in a learned assembly of embodied spiritualities.

A country school teacher who became possessed of me, was robbed, and his house set on fire. I was rescued from the flames by a farm labourer, who took me to the city and sold me, intending to use the money for unhallowed purposes; but he was waylaid, robbed, and murdered, as I afterwards learned.

Then a prince of the imperial palace bought me; and I was for long his daily companion; but upon his death, the heir dissipated his inheritance and I again fell into strange company, where I heard of this youth's evil deeds, selling the valuable books I had become so intimate with, scattering the valuable literature amongst unappreciative owners.

On future nights I may narrate to you some of my experiences amongst the priests—their arguments on the various doctrines, or with those who held to our country's ancient faith, or who were more enamoured with the Chinese Philosophy of ancient times.

Again, there were the village festivals, the family gatherings, and celebrations, when at long intervals I was taken out of my coverings, and witnessed the clownish efforts of illiterates. Story tellers, amateur reciters, and other such small fish, were my constant abhorrence.

Heretofore accustomed to the companionship of scholarly notables, of rank and ancient lineage—to become the plaything of these country folk—sad, indeed, is my lot; and in common with my friends, some of whom have experience of refined associations and elegant scholarship, now to be condemned to be a mere pledge, for a paltry sum of sordid pelf, here in this warehouse!"

The assembled spirits, one and all, spontaneously agreed with the Ancient Scholar, but several expressed a desire to make some excuse, as in bounden loyal duty, for their masters and previous worthy owners.

"When civil war brought distress on the vanquished, suffering to the

women and children of the slain, household treasures must be converted into the means of providing food and raiment in winter."

"A pawn office is useful to conceal our suzerain's poverty, which would be exposed by our being offered for sale. The names of dutiful vassals find record in history, let us therefore be loyal, and deserve mention; nay let us, even apart from all hope of this, still be loyal, for right and duty teach us this. Let us therefore submit, not ignobly, to our fate, console each other, and make the best of the unavoidable."

Then the spirit again addressed them, having blown his nose, and wiped his tearful eyes, so overcome was the aged one.

"What you say is plausible, and to some degree quite just, there are several sides to this, as to all questions.

The robber's first search is for coin, which he can easiest pass along, then for clothes, which are a danger; then for swords, valuable, and charmed weapons especially, which he will use in his marauding forays.

The mean thief will take away even poor persons' clothes that are being hung out to air and dry after cleansing.

But no one cares to pilfer books—true, if you lend a book, you must see to it that it is returned to you; but this is because it is valued, the common thief will not cumber himself with books, therefore are books superior to all other valuables because the thief touches them not. They are superior to the tricks of the thief and his accomplices; and literature is above all things stronger than a multitude of powerful, if they are ignorant, persons.

Who can steal the knowledge we acquire from books? No one, now or in the future lives."

Hereupon it was agreed to continue these assemblages, and each in turn relate some interesting scrap of legend or history.

The pawnbroker, who was a timid wakeful person, frequently rose up in the night; his footsteps alarmed the spirits, but his assistant did not hear him. And by the time he had approached the aperture in the ventilators, to peep into the storehouse, the spirits had vanished.

Translator's Note.

The stories continued, travelling over a wide field of history, family traditions, political and religious argument; the assistant being drawn to hide himself night after night—and in time confiding to the master—he too joined him, so that when the assistant sickened and died, the pawnbroker hastened to write down all that could be remembered, as he too had a premonition of his own approaching end.

(*To be continued.*)

KARMIC VISIONS.

Oh, sad no more ! Oh, sweet *No more !*
Oh, strange *No more !*
By a mossed brook bank on a stone
I smelt a wild weed-flower alone ;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears,
Surely all pleasant things had gone before.
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee, NO MORE !
—TENNYSON ("The Gem," 1831).

I.

A CAMP filled with war-chariots, neighing horses and legions of long-haired soldiers. . . .

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance—his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee—justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbour :

"Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hands of Clovis !"

The captive, who stands between two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white dishevelled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect ; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

"Aye, King," she says, in a loud, ringing voice. "Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in

open warfare, dagger, poison, and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!"* . . .

"Ha, ha, ha! . . . old hag of Hell!" chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous sneer. "Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!"

"So, so," replies the Sybil. "All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Allimani he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . . ."

"Woman!" fiercely cries the King—"Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!" . . .

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

". . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . . ."

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the "Holy One" of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

"I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! . . . . May the Great Law avenge. . . ."

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim's throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

* "The Nourishing" (Tacit Germ XI.)—the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

II.

Time—the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in mankind—time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through æons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father's kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honours; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all—what could the Soul-Ego desire more for the Form it dwelt in.

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows—the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

III.

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dream-land amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no

more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its windows on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring. . . . . .

IV.

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came—the invisible realms.

"How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . . ."

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in the funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

V.

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, rugged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their granite breast to the fierce blows of the north-west wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven

smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sundial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop, and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

"Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!" sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. "Shall ever mine?"

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright, cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

"And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more," soliloquises the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters —salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths . . . .

"Without a grave,
Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown . . . ."

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that

its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and condoling messages to those left behind . . . .

"One point gained, over those 'uncoffined and unknown,'" is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . . .

VI.

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the sea-shore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But——

> "When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
> When all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night. . . ."

VII.

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that overpowering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosom, tears and mental torture, all and one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valourous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood; thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore. . . . .

VIII.

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The night-mare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their

destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice praises to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained! . . .

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror. A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking back on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice—the voice of the Soul-Ego—saying in him:—

"Fame and victory are vainglorious words. . . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed—wicked lies and blasphemy!" . . . .

"What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories!" . . . . . whispers the Soul in him. "A population clad in iron armour," it replies. "Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen's duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit,

thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other. By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expectation. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm-cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . . It comes nearer and nearer. . . . . Oh woe and horror! . . . . I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe's youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see——

> 'The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .'

"I will not hear——

> '. . . . . robb'd mothers' shrieks
> While from men's piteous wounds and horrid gashes
> The lab'ring life flows faster than the blood!' . . . ."

IX.

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colours the long hours of solitude and meditation; like the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns on this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise;" whither he now speeds to reign and—speeds to die.

X.

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heart-sore Form, to sleep. . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through æons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. "Why does man suffer?" enquires the Soul-Ego. "Because he would become one," is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms, on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. . . . It feels itself dying more than once in those forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beauteous Elves of Light into another body—the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it

cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus "Death" becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . .

"What is my Past?" enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norn sisters. "Why do I suffer?"

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognises one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders. . . . . Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

"What is my immediate Present?" asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

"The decree of Orlog is on thyself!" is the answer. "But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it."

"What is my Future?" asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn Sister, the Soul-Ego. "Is it to be for ever dark with tears, and bereaved of Hope?" . . .

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds itself on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

"Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! . . . Oh, never more. . . ."

XI.

Strange sight and change. . . . The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds *himself* as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no

longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know*, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity," chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy—miscalled *Patriotism*—exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences—social and religious—all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration! . . . .

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body . . . . Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. . . . . Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

"NEW ERA: 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNO-VRIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD. . . ."

He makes a strong effort and—is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days—in his own country, at least.

. . . . . .

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction—ready for the battlefield.

SANJNA.

LOUIS DRAMARD.

THROUGH the recent death of LOUIS DRAMARD, the President of L'ISIS, the French Branch of the Theosophical Society, the movement in that country loses one of its most devoted and self-sacrificing supporters. In the full sense of the word he was a true Theosophist, and the deep respect and affection which he inspired in all who were brought in contact with him, were as much a tribute to the nobility of his character and the self-devotion of his life, as to the great intellectual gifts with which he was endowed.

Ill health prevented him from ever visiting England, so that he remained but little known to the general body of Theosophists in London. For this reason the following extracts, translated from a brief biography of Dramard by his old friend M. Benoit Malon, will probably be of interest to our readers, and convey to them an impartial view of his connection with Theosophy.

M. Malon is a well-known and self-sacrificing member of the working men's party in Paris. From this point we quote from his *brochure*.

"The greedy hand of death almost always snatches away whatever is best on earth, while the vilest things accomplish their destiny." These words of the ancient poet came back to my memory when, on March 15th, a telegram informed me that we had lost, in the person of Louis Dramard one of the principal founders of the *Revue Socialiste*, one of its most eminent contributors and one of the most distinguished and dearest of our friends.

The cruel disease which carried him off, at the age of 39,* had been undermining his health for more than 15 years, leaving him no hope of recovery. But such was the nature of the man whose loss we deplore, that the fatal and torturing disease, instead of darkening his mind and drying up his sympathies, could only exalt the gifts of intellect and heart which were his. Under the bitter teaching of suffering, he became the refined thinker, the kind, just, and generous man, the devoted friend, the valiant socialist we have known. He was thus the living demonstration of D'Alembert's noble thought, that suffering, in the gifted, enlarges and ennobles the soul.

A man truly worthy of the name knows, without needing to read it in the Iliad or in the Bible, that "life is bitter and full of tears," that "every creature groans," that consequently everyone has his burden which must be courageously borne. He knows too, that life is nothing, unless consecrated to personal improvement and the accomplishment of social duty; and that, according to a

* Louis Dramard was born at Paris, Rue de Provence, on December 2nd, 1848.

powerful saying of Strauss,* he alone is to be reckoned in reality among human beings who, in his sphere, whether great or small, has toiled according to his strength to bring about a just condition of things, and has been enlightened, good and useful.

This is the reason why, under the pressure of physical illness, of a torn and bleeding heart, of mental and bodily fatigue—content if he but had bread and a roof, dear ones who loved him, the possibility of not being useless to his fellows, and of working at the holy task of the moral and social renovation of humanity—he could, nevertheless, number himself among the happy. He would have blushed to think of his own troubles, in face of the immense veil of suffering which the cruel nature of things has spread over human life and still more even over life universal. He employed all his remaining strength to combat the evil and the suffering around him, to create for himself an altruistic rule of conduct, and he found in the fulfilment of his duties, and in spite of adversity, the austere consolation that comes to the good and the strong.

Such was Dramard; resigned to the inevitable and ever devoted to the common good. Under all circumstances he sought always duty, as others seek happiness. Thus, when illness forced him to spend one half of his life in Algeria, he at once concerned himself to ascertain what good could be done on African soil, and he did not err. He constituted himself, before public opinion, advocate for the natives; he claimed for them first, justice, and then, gradual emancipation. This cost him many a bitter hour, many a calumny; but his protest was not entirely fruitless, for, thanks to him, crying evils have been unveiled, and the right of the Algerian Arabs and Berbers to political freedom, has been formulated: it will have its day.

Dramard did not rest content with this generous advocacy in favour of the natives. The great social problem always occupied the first place in his mind; and as with this fanatic of duty the action ever followed the thought, he planted militant socialism in Algiers by creating there the first "*Cercle d'Etudes Sociales.*" The group of men thus brought together by Dramard, who at the same time endeavoured to re-organise the "*Workmen's Syndicates,*" has been the nucleus of the Working Men's Party in Algeria, which has subsequently assumed such large proportions, notably in the town of Algiers. . . . .

But as I was about to sketch the life, too short and entirely inward, of this man of intellect and justice, I received from his family the oration pronounced over his tomb by Dr. Moreau, for sixteen years the friend and medical attendant of Louis Dramard, with a request for its insertion.

[Dr. Moreau traces briefly the course of M. Dramard's life, which, interesting as it would be to the reader, the unavoidable limitations of space prevent our reproducing in LUCIFER. But some years before the close of his life, M. Dramard became actively connected with the Theosophical movement, and we shall now translate the concluding passages of Dr. Moreau's address as quoted by M. Malon.]

. . . . . .

. . . . Towards the close of his life, already undermined by the cruel disease

* "Essays in Religious History," &c., by D. F. Strauss.

to which he was destined to succumb, Louis Dramard devoted himself to a new class of studies; he joined the *Theosophical Society*.

He had, indeed, penetrated to some extent the sanctuary of the ancient traditions and civilisations of India. He returned thence marvelling. He plunged into these subjects anew, and brought to the study of the sciences called occult, called mysterious, of which contemporary hypnotism lifts one corner of the veil, his scientific and vigorous mind, as his articles on the "Esoteric Doctrine" prove.

Here, as always, he obeyed the dual impulse of which I have spoken, hatred of oppression, love of the oppressed. He took the side of the independent workers against the Positivists *à l'outrance* who, setting themselves up as a Church, anathematise everything which does not bear the stamp of official science, and who treat searchers as charlatans.

I will not follow Dramard into this new phase of his philosophical ideas. I am not sufficiently competent to do so. What I know is, that these ideas brought to his mind a great calm; he watched the approach of death with perfect tranquillity, and he died, as he wished to, very gently. And little by little, as he approached the end, his vigorous hatred against the oppressor lost its bitterness and his sympathy for the oppressed gained in intensity. A great example has been left us by this true republican socialist."

M. Malon then traces the history of Louis Dramard's activity and literary labours in the cause of Socialism; after which he continues:

"Dramard's mind, however, was not entirely satisfied. He was one of those men of whom Littré has said, that 'rejecting the theological conception of the world as irreconcilable with positive knowledge, they endeavour to create for themselves a faith which shall be in harmony with the real circumstances of humanity.' *

"Starting from this principle that our judgments as well as our actions cannot dispense with a conception of some mode and some rule of conduct, he was far from saying with this same Littré: 'Boundless space, the endless concatenation of causes, is absolutely inaccessible to the human mind, but inaccessible does not imply null or non-existent. Immensity, natural as much as intellectual, is bound by a close tie to our knowledge, and only becomes a positive idea of the same order in virtue of this alliance; I mean that in touching and approaching them, this immensity appears in dual character, the real and the inaccessible. It is an ocean which beats upon our shore, and for which we have neither book nor sail, but of which the clear vision is as salutary as it is awe-inspiring.'"

This clear vision Dramard thought he had found in Hindu esotericism, which has recently become known in the West under the name of *Theosophy*.

The fact of the adhesion of Louis Dramard to the Theosophical Society is a fact too important in his life to permit us to abstain from entering into some detail concerning it; and one cannot do better in the first instance, than reproduce, on this subject, a letter from our regretted friend to Mme. Camille

* Littré, *la Philosophie Positive*, Sept.-Oct., 1879.

Lemaître ;* one of those rare letters in which this thinker, who united to an exquisite delicacy the very greatest modesty, spoke a little about himself. We quote :

"Let us insist on the necessity for Theosophists of battling bravely for truth on the objective plane of existence where they find themselves placed by the Cosmic law ; the perfecting of their souls even ought to be subordinated to the fulfilment of their duty on earth. The chief commandment of the doctrine is : the rigorous fulfilment of duty on the field where one is placed. The teachers write from India to the European theosophists that : if they cease to interest themselves in human affairs, in the social and religious questions so important at the present moment, if they form little chapels for their own isolated development towards perfection, their work is doomed to nothingness."

"Duty, then, that is to say solidarity, before all else. Moreover, we only become fit to rise in the psychic scale in direct proportion to our renunciation of Self."

"Such an one, who spends all his time in the work of self-perfection, thinking only of himself, makes not one single step in advance ; he is fortunate if he does not go backwards, for the esoteric doctrine teaches us, contrary to the Catholic dogma, that the 'salvation' or moral elevation of one's neighbour, of one's relations, and friends, of our brethren of the lower kingdoms, that the progress of the universe, in one word, ought to be our chief motive.

"Moreover, it is our interest to act thus, for we can advance only when carried onwards by humanity to which we belong.

"On the other hand, circumstances apparently fortuitous assist the effort if one is fulfilling his duty, more or less well, but disinterestedly.

"I shall allow myself to cite here my own example, though it is but little remarkable in this respect.

"I was disabused of the Catholic teachings and ardently desirous of truth for its own sake. All the philosophical systems passed under my eyes ; none satisfied me.

"I stopped at simple materialism, in spite of its small value, because it offered me at least a positive criterium : observation, experiment.

"I was not, however, the dupe of the inconsistencies of this system, the moment it passes from analysis to synthesis, and I perceived very clearly that the materialists, as touching, for instance, the future life, were as dogmatic in their denials as the metaphysicians in their affirmation, and were altogether outside of the famous criterion which they employed to demolish the theories opposed to them, but carefully put on one side in order to build up the materialistic theories.

"Nevertheless, I remained a materialist ; for want of anything better, I deduced, from the law of the universal attraction of atoms, the solidarity of all

* "Madame Camille Lemaître, the co-religionary, and to some extent the disciple of Dramard, sends us this extract in a letter full of feeling, in which our departed friend is spoken of with an eloquence inspired by a sympathy and an admiration which he fully deserved. We regret extremely to be unable, owing to want of space, to reproduce this touching tribute to our valued friend.' —[B. MALON.]

that lives, in direct proportion to the resemblance of the forms, and in theory as in practice, I was a socialist, that is to say that I admitted for all men the equality of the goal to be attained, and the obligation to mutually assist each other.

"Now, during this period, and even previously, when I was struggling against Catholic obscurantism, in spite of my best reasonings, a fixed idea kept on returning to me without cessation, and always more imperious and more precise:—*There must certainly exist one Universal Truth, comprehensible to each one according to his intellectual capacity, and that Truth you shall one day know.*

"The more I shrugged my shoulders, the more I piled up my materialistic syllogisms, the stronger grew this idea and the more did it take form; and always this truth exists, not only above man, but in humanity itself; a few sages are its depositories, transmitting from one to another from generation to generation—one day thou shalt know it.

"Impossible to banish this idea which I considered foolish and fantastic.

"Once, by chance, I read 'Zanoni' by Bulwer Lytton, the meaning of which struck me, apart from the fictions required by the needs of romance.

"Thou wilt have a similar adventure, my fixed idea kept repeating to me, and at this moment my incredulity began to be shaken.

"At last I read Edgar Poe's 'Eureka,' and this admirable poem made me understand the great lines of universal evolution on the objective plane (the only one for me at the time).

"Still one Truth, even limited, virtually contains all the others, and cosmic evolution contains the idea of the One, its beginning and its end.

"I marvelled, and then it was that I formed the project of publishing in the *Revue Socialiste* an article on Cosmogony according to Edgar Poe, with the purpose of connecting scientifically to the primordial cosmic laws the idea of universal solidarity and progress, through ever-increasing union with the Universe as a basis of human morality.

"I propose to follow out the consequences of the cosmic law from the point of view of geology and biology up to man, and Malon was to complete the work from the historical and philosophic aspect.

"This led him to study all the religions, all the schools and sects of philosophy, ancient and modern, in their relation to morality. (The result he arrived at was that the moral development always advances in proportion to the social development, *i.e.*, to the degree of solidarity.)

"Now this work led Malon to study the theories of the ancient theosophists and occultists. He was keenly interested.

"Pushing his researches still further, he learnt that there existed in Paris a group recently founded. He communicated to me his discovery.

"I had a presentiment then that I had reached an important phase of my life, and that my fixed idea was about to find a beginning of its realisation; and I was not mistaken."

And Dramard did become an adherent of Theosophy.*

* "My own philosophic convictions did not permit me to follow Dramard in this instance. I have remained for the Theosophists one of the profane, being unable to accept their cosmogony, but one who attaches the greatest importance to their ethical philosophy, which is, moreover, in accord with that of the greatest and most human moralists of all ages and to which I have done full justice in my *Social Morality.*"

After stating in a few words the objects of the Theosophical Society, too well known to need repetition here, M. Malon continues :—

Dramard was not over fond of the name "Theosophy" which gives a false semblance of Deism to the new doctrine, which is, in truth, an idealistic pantheism; he preferred the name of "*Esoteric Synthesis*," or even the still simpler one of "*Esotericism*." *

In his view, *Esotericism* contains one fundamental cosmic principle and three important laws which western science has equally verified :—

"The Cosmic principle is that of the *Unity*, original and final, of the Universe, from which is derived the law of gravitation and consequently all the cosmic laws which rule all things. The knowledge of this principle saves humanity from the enervating doubt as to the origin and object of the Universe, a doubt which continually threw back the fearful minded into the arms of superstition. Henceforward, if the teaching is based on the pregnant principle of the *Unity*, Science will wrest from the so-called revealed religions the last weapon left to them, and will conquer the moral guidance of men, as it has already conquered their intellectual guidance, and will anew reign over our planet.

"The three important laws derived from the cosmic principle of the *Unity* are :—

"1st. *The law of universal causation*, by which all phenomena, all manifestations of the cosmic principle are linked together, and mutually determine each other, with strict rigour. Once thoroughly grasped, this law for ever frees humanity from superstition and sterile scepticism, because it excludes equally every extra-cosmic intervention, whether of an imaginary being, or of chance. It teaches, moreover, to man that all causes, all effects, all laws, are reciprocally linked together up to the original, final and absolute principle of all things; man can and he ought, by toil, to elevate himself progressively towards absolute knowledge and power. Finally the law of inevitable and infinite progress follows from the principle of Unity and the law of causation.

"2nd. *The law of Universal Solidarity* which follows from the principle of Unity and the preceding law, as can be demonstrated mathematically. This law teaches men that they are intimately linked to all things that exist, as well in the present as in their previous causes, and in their future effects, and that this solidarity between all beings increases in the direct ratio of their nearness to each other.

"From the most distant nebulæ to the nearest planets, from the mineral or vegetable categories to the animal kingdom, from the lowest insect up to the least advanced of savages, from the foreigner to the compatriot, from the neighbour to the friend or relation, the solidarity between the beings born of the *Unity* increases in the inverse ratio of the square of the distances separating them. Mathematical science, cold and infallible, would permit to an adept, sufficiently advanced, to calculate the sum of the evils which are engendered

* The principal works of M. Dramard on Esotericism are the following: "La Doctrine ésotérique" (*Revue Socialiste*, August 15th and September 15th, 1885), "La Science occulte" (*Revue Moderne*, May 1st and 15th, June 1st, July 15th and 20th, 1885), "La Synarchie" (*Revue Socialiste*, December 15th, 1887). With the exception of the last, these studies have been published in pamphlet form by the administration of *Le Lotus*: Directeur, Gaboriau, 22, rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris.

for themselves respectively by the despot who oppresses his fellow-men, by the egotist who exploits them, and even by the indifferent man who neglects to succour them.

"3rd. *The law of Karma*, which proceeds from the two previous laws, and demonstrates that man, physical, moral, and intellectual, is modified, transformed, created, by causes resulting from his action upon the surroundings through which he passes. As, on the other hand, he is constantly acting upon this environment, it may be asserted that this environment is almost exclusively the product of his thoughts, his words, his actions, and that he is maker of his own destiny."

This extract will suffice, if not to give an idea of *Esotericism*, at least to show us what a philosophical and synthetic mind was Dramard's.

A thinker of such power, who had at his service a style uneven, but clear and incisive, would have become, assuredly, one of our best writers on social philosophy, one of our most suggestive moralists, if his unrelenting malady had permitted him to unfold his powers, and if death had not so soon borne him away from our affection, and from the sacred cause of human renovation.

But if he has been struck down in the midst of his labours, at the moment when his thought had enfolded itself in all its power, and when his moral qualities had reached their full brilliancy; if he leaves, alas! his wheatsheaf unfinished, yet his short passage will not have been useless. He leaves behind him a track luminous with purity, with justice and with goodness, the example of which will not be lost.

All who knew him, esteemed him; all who approached, regret him; as for those he loved and who loved him, they preserve, and will preserve to their last day, a profound and unchangeable memory of love and admiration for one who, climbing the shining summits of duty and drawing inspiration from the *universal sympathy* of Schopenhauer, constantly followed the precept of Goethe: *Improve thyself*, and that of Auguste Comte: *Live for others.*

His death was that of Lafontaine's sage; he passed away so softly that in his last moments and after his last sigh "he seemed to sleep an angel's sleep," as his good and worthy wife informs us. No remorse troubled, nor could it trouble, his last moments: he had lived only to do good; never had he committed a base or an unjust action; he was in the full force of the term, a man—pure, just, unselfish, a man of personal and social virtues, a hero of duty.

May his example sustain us in the terrible and interminable struggle we are carrying on, in these dark and troublous times, in order that more light, more justice, more goodness and happiness may be won for our poor Humanity!

BENOIT MALON,

8, Rue des Martyrs, Paris.

[Would that many other Theosophists should resemble Louis Dramard! Then, indeed, Theosophy would become a mighty power for good in the world! —ED.]

Reviews.

HERR PAULUS.

By Walter Besant.

IT has been said by some writer that those people are the happiest who retain longest their illusions. As youth slips away our beautiful fancies and ideals are apt to vanish also. Heroes descend from their heights and become ordinary human beings; poets, statesmen, generals and priests develop attributes quite open to the criticism of those who come in contact with them in daily life. Mr. Besant, in writing Herr Paulus, has destroyed for us one more illusion, not the one however he probably intended to annihilate.

He obviously wished to make clear to the public the already known fact that there are in the world impostors. This we recognised even before reading the book.

The illusion that has passed away in the dreary task of getting through these three volumes is the belief in Mr. Besant himself. The book is so disingenuous, the want of knowledge of the matters dealt with so glaringly obvious, that all confidence in the author as a writer who makes himself thoroughly master of the facts and theories he expounds is shattered. From this point of view the book for many readers may be described as a "shocker."

To take a generous view of the book we must suppose it was written in the hope of effacing the foolish and injurious belief that so many people nurture in regard to what used to be called the supernatural.

The plan adopted by the author for bringing home to his readers the rottenness of the structure on which they build their hopes is one by no means original in conception and is in its development rather illogical.

Mesmerists and mediums, no matter how genuine their power, are sometimes also cheats and liars. Mr. Besant goes even farther than this, and implies that every one who is in any way connected with occult research must be, if not an active impostor, at all events a conscious hypocrite. Mesmerism as a fact in nature is admitted, the genuine exercise of the force is made to appear charlatanry.

The central figure and hero of the book is represented as being at the same time a real mesmerist whose powers might have thrown Mesmer himself into the shade, a conjuror equal to the very best known artists of the day, *and* a trickster. The mesmeric power (which the reader is assured is genuine) thus backed up is made to produce wonders and miracles which, we may mention *en passant*, neither mesmerism, conjuring nor imposition, separately or in combination could possibly have brought about. The sceptic of the novel, who sets himself to watch, find out and expose Herr Paulus, asserts his firm belief in mesmerism, and says, in speaking of the so-called miracles that are performed in his presence,

that, admitting the man to be a mesmerist, everything he does may be explained with the aid of trickery and sleight of hand.

In the same way it may be supposed that the phenomena of spiritualism, including slate writing and the passing of matter through matter, can easily be explained, provided there is present a *real* medium, who is also a conjuror and impostor.

On the strength of this happy idea the sceptic arranges upon the roof of the house a remarkable and impossible apparatus, which he dignifies by the name of camera obscura. It should be mentioned that the sceptic is by way of being a student and devotee of physical science. This young man may have a perfect knowledge, theoretical and practical, of the system of mirrors and lenses necessary to the reproduction of a picture which does not lie immediately in front of the camera. If so, Mr. Besant, in describing this apparatus, either fails to express his meaning, or else he betrays in this instance, as in so many others, the ugly fact that he has contented himself with using the vaguest and most untrustworthy sources of information in order to give credibility to the incidents of the story, without taking any trouble to ascertain whether they were, or were not, reliable.

One of the most curious facts in connection with mesmerism is the influence that the operator has over his sensitive. He can not only render the physical body impervious to pain, but what is much more important he has entire control of his mind and soul, which, for the time, are in absolute subjection to the mesmerist's will. This power Herr Paulus, according to Mr. Besant's description, has in a very complete degree, and yet eventually he is made to confess, and even to believe himself a thorough-going impostor, because he mixed up trickery with his real power. This was, of course, an ignoble and dishonest part for any man to play, and cannot be too strongly condemned. At the same time, it should be remembered that mesmerism, no matter how much degraded, when adopted and made use of by charlatans, remains a standing and unexplained fact. It cannot be much longer disregarded by science, neither can it be disproved by such means as these adopted by Mr. Besant.

It would be just as logical to cast ridicule and discredit on any branch of physical science when such are occasionally used to aid an illusion on the stage as to infer that the phenomena of spiritualism or mesmerism are all false because mediums sometimes cheat, and charlatans live upon the credulity of the majority, who it has been very well said are mostly fools. This is exactly what the author does in Herr Paulus. He accepts or implies that there is a basis of truth underlying the superstructure of imposition in occultism. At the same time he concerns himself only with that superstructure, using it to cast ridicule and disgrace upon the foundation of truth, the existence of which he does not deny. The disingenuousness of the book is not unfortunately the worst of its numerous faults. Its leading characteristic for people who have any grasp or comprehension of the questions raised, will be the singular absence of accurate information displayed in every department of the subjects which are brought upon the scene. Mr. Besant apparently knows no more of conjuring, its possibilities and limitations, than he does of mesmerism; and he seems to be as far from understanding the principle or capabilities of the working powers of

a camera obscura as he is of realising or dimly perceiving the first rudiments of occult philosophy. Students of the latter believe that all pain, misery, sin and wickedness are the result of ignorance. The characters depicted in this book are excellent illustrations of this idea. Moreover, the novel itself is a standing testimony to the same theory, for if the writer of it had had a small amount of that wisdom that deters men from folly, he would never have sent Herr Paulus into the world. Apart from its incorrectness it is too dull as a story to add to Mr. Besant's reputation as a clever novelist, while it is more than likely to efface in many minds belief in the *bona fides* of some of the best of his former books.

We cannot help contrasting with the tone adopted by Mr. Besant that of another opponent of Theosophy and Occultism, Sir Monier Williams,* Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. In an address read before the "Victoria Institute," on June 4th, 1888, under the title of "Mystical Buddhism, in connexion with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindus," he says:

"It is worth noting that many believers in Asiatic occultism hold that a hitherto unsuspected force exists in Nature, called Odic force (is this to be connected with Psychic force?), and that it is by this that the levitation of entranced persons is effected. Some are said to have the power of lightening their bodies by swallowing large draughts of air. The President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel Olcott, alleges that he himself, in common with many other observers, has seen a person raised in the air by a mere effort of will. . . .

". . . It is contended, that 'since we have attained, in the last half century, the theory of evolution, the antiquity of Man, the far greater antiquity of the world itself, the correlation of physical forces, the conservation of energy, spectrum analysis, photography, the locomotive engine, electric telegraph, spectroscope, electric light, and the telephone, who shall dare to fix a limit to the capacity of Man?'† Few will be disposed to deny altogether the truth of such a contention, however much they may dissent from Colonel Olcott's theosophical and neo-Buddhist views. . . .

"Nevertheless, it (Asiatic occultism) seems to me to be a subject which ought not to be brushed aside by our scientists as unworthy of consideration. It furnishes, in my opinion, a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called 'Spiritualism,' 'neo-Buddhism,' and 'Theosophy,' of the present day. The practices connected with mesmerism, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, thought-reading, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system prevalent in India more than 2,000 years ago. 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.'"

It thus appears that Sir M. Williams takes a broader view of these subjects than does Mr. Besant, whose book, however, can only mislead people whose knowledge of occultism is as shallow as his own.

* In the course of his address, Sir M. Williams refers to Dayan and Saraswati, the founder of the Arya-Samaj, and gives some details of his life, which seem to be derived from the autobiographical sketch, prepared by himself, which appeared in the *Theosophist* for 1880. We are not aware that these details were ever given elsewhere.

† Colonel Olcott's *Lectures on Theosophy and Archaic Religions*, p. 109.

SHEYKH HASSAN, THE SPIRITUALIST.*

MR. HILLAM presents to us a very peculiar book. It bears very evident mark that the author is more at home among the facts which he endeavours to weave into the form of a narrative than he is in the literary labour of book-making. The result is that he has written a story full of most interesting information, but which is told in such a dry manner that the reader has brought home to him the creaking of the machinery by which the puppets are moved. But this only adds, in a way, to the intrinsic value of the story. One feels that the author records recollections and facts, scorning to supplement them with additions of mere fiction.

We are introduced by the narrator to three Sheykhs-in-chief. Sheykh Moosa is shown as the learned chief of a Theological college, so far as learning and knowledge of legend and scripture are concerned, he is regarded as a master. But he is honest enough to confess that there is such a thing as "the 'Ilm E' Rohanee," the knowledge of the spiritual power, but that he himself knows nothing of it. Then there is Sheykh Kasem, who is apparently only an ordinary specimen of a "medium," such as many of the "Darweesh" often are. However, he, unlike many of the "mediums" in the West, although he invariably pockets the money necessary to purchase incense and other things for the ceremonies, is unable at all times to produce his "wonders." Finally we come to Sheykh Hassan, and his character must be judged by the reader who follows the story.

This Sheykh Hassan finally consents, on the introduction of Sheykh Moosa, to show to the narrator some of the powers of the *Rohanee;* but before he can be present at the "adjuration," he has to undergo a three days' preparation. This consists of meditation on self-control, and the acquisition and preservation of this last during that period.

The test to which he is subjected is that, at the midnight hour of the three days, there comes upon him the thrill of dread which comes upon all at their first introduction to the consciousness of the unseen world. To this is added the perception of Beings who endeavour to daunt the aspirant by threats and warnings. These, however, he has sufficient courage to disregard, and by invocation "of the All-knowing," the vision is dispelled. Sheykh Hassan, on learning that he has succeeded in this first test of his self-control, then proceeds to inform his pupil as to the nature of "the 'Ilm E' Rohanee." This explanation also gives the rationale of the method of testing, and reason why the aspirant is tested.

"The 'Ilm E' Rohanee," said Sheykh Hassan, "is the knowledge and possession of a spiritual power, by which the person endowed with it is able to see and to understand some of the mysteries of the unseen world. He is also able, by its power, to have a real and personal communication with the spirits in this existing, though hidden world, such spirits who are created beings and who have a real individual existence, spirits both good and evil, and who are entirely distinct from the souls of departed human beings. . . ."

"The Rohanee, or the Spiritual, is in no way connected with the art called

* W. H. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

E' Sehr, magic or witchcraft, which is of an evil form, and is, in many cases, a pretended power, but which certain people claim to have, and for sordid purposes profess to use, in order to heal the sick, or find treasures, or to raise the spirits of the departed. All this is false, and is used to deceive the superstitious and the ignorant."

"The 'Ilm, or Knowledge, of the Rohanee, is composed of two divisions. —the *Ilwee*, or Heavenly; the *Suflee*, or the Earthly. The Ilwee confers the privilege of personal communication with those angels and good spirits who have the care of human beings, both living and departed, entrusted to them. . . ."

"The Suflee, or earthly, gives the power of communication with, and a certain amount of control over, some of these evil spirits who, through rebellion, have separated themselves from the good angels, and having placed themselves under the leadership of the chief rebel Iblees" . . . . "have been driven from the abodes of bliss, and have made their sojourn in this world

"These spirits have through the subtlety of their chief, acquired a degree of power over man and over the earth which he inhabits; and these evil ones . . . . have knowledge of mysteries, which knowledge those who possess the power of the Rohanee desire to obtain."

"The object of the Ilm is to acquaint the one who seeks it with the hidden and spiritual life, to acquaint him, and him alone, with the secrets of the past, to reveal to him the events of the future, the mysteries of things that were before the creation of the world, the mysteries of things that shall be after it has passed away; to allow the soul to begin its education while still unseparated from the body; to explain the real individual and distinct life of the soul during its union with the body, and of the life that awaits it after its severance therefrom, and of the unending life after it has again been united to the body; to teach him to understand that it is the soul which lives and grows, but its existence is unbounded, unhampered by time and space. It is the knowledge that gradually, even while it grows and develops, raises the veil from before one's view, that removes the scales from the eyes, and that opens a vista into the hidden mysteries of the past as well as the future. . . . ."

"Part of the knowledge of these secrets must be obtained from these outcast beings, and is thus called Suflee—Earthly. These spirits regard the world as their own, and desire, though that wish is, and ever will be, defeated, to keep mankind in subjection to themselves alone, and to hold back the knowledge of the higher and hidden life; they therefore resist all attempts that men may make to obtain this knowledge, for by it a person who receives it acquires power over these fallen spirits, and they are afraid that by the spreading and development of the knowledge their influence over mankind would diminish and ultimately cease altogether."

Then Sheykh Hassan stated that the only person who obtained the knowledge and was permitted to reveal it was Solomon the son of David. But that Solomon had not finished both books of his revelation and that they were carried off at the time of his death by the evil spirits, a belief and tradition common to Mussulman Mystics and Jewish Kabalists.

"The great object, then, of anyone who has, by knowledge of the Rohanee, a power over these spirits, is to learn the contents of these books."

Sheykh Hassan considered that he would, after obtaining the revelation of the Suflee, be able to "rise to a higher and more extensive knowledge, through the other branch of the 'Ilm of the Rohanee, the Ilwee, or the Heavenly." Also that the power could only be obtained by those who "have dedicated their lives to its search and acquirement, and who have been predestined by the Highest Will to obtain it. To a person so privileged to receive the power of the Rohanee, its possession must be his most constant desire and most ardent hope; and by long years of meditation and prayer, by untiring watchfulness and fasting, the body must be forgotten, the earthly subdued; his thoughts must be firmly fixed on the Almighty Power, which he must never cease to invoke. His whole being must be ever imbued with the constant wish, the burning longing, the merging of his entire self into that intense feeling of desire and hope; and this not for one day, or week, or month, but for many long years both by day and by night. Then—and if such be the Written Will, such the predestination—the great Name by which the Power is obtained will be revealed to him. No voice, no sound is heard, but it is shown in characters which leave their imprint on his very soul. . . . ."

The views of Sheykh Hassan "the Spiritualist" are expressed clearly in a direction very much opposed to the views of modern "spiritualists."

Readers of LUCIFER who will trouble to compare the articles on "Practical Occultism," and on "Occultism *versus* The Occult Arts," will at once appreciate the good points of the foregoing quotations, and will see also that there is a good deal of the Occult Arts in them. In the description of the Adjurations, this is more plainly brought forward, and the reader is made to see that the rites of the 'Ilm E Rohanee as put forward in this book can only be compared to the Indian Tantrika ceremonies, with the exception that the purposes of the 'Ilm are beneficial while those of the Tantrika are usually the reverse.

The story of Hassan's life is given to enable the reader to observe that Hassan did not make a voluntary sacrifice of his "earthly" life, but was forced by the loss of what he had to realise that it was gone from him. He did not give it up but lost it in a mysterious way. Consequently, when he finally succeeded in summoning the guardian of the past, that guardian ruined Hassan's power of self-control by presenting before him the semblance of the manner in which he had been stripped of all that he had valued on earth. He failed in the trial and then loses his life in a manner which seems to be only a slight and rather "forced" variation on Lytton's "Strange Story." The aspirant for Occultism would do well to ponder on Hassan's words as stated on p. 162, for they contain much that will be valuable not only to him but to all men. The description of the Khilweh or monastery in the desert and of the two years' terrible probation and tortures and five years' training as ghastly afterwards, the whole constituting seven years' probation, will be found of interest to those who desire to learn something of the trials of chelaship. Finally, though we cannot agree with the use of such terms as "the Highest will" and "predestination" "Solomon" &c., we know that these take a prominent place in Mohammedan esotericism, but that the Sufis do not use them. The result is, that we have presented before us a most interesting book, which, unlike many of those so-called "occult" literature of the present day, contains more than a mere flavour of truth, but of *real* occultism. We recommend it thoroughly to our readers, and especially to Theosophists.

"NEW LIGHT ON OLD TRUTHS."

By I. O. M. T. and M. A. M. T. Sold at Hygienic Depôt, 23 Oxford Street, London. Price 1s.

THIS little volume is written by two authors who call themselves "Ministers and Servants of the New Dispensation," in one of whom we recognise a clergyman of the Church of England not unknown to us. Its purpose is contained in the sentence on page 6. "Select from each church and from all nations and all ages the things that are good, and beautiful, and true, and when thou hast formed them into one, instil them into the minds of the people for their use." No one interested in Theosophy can deny that this is a high aim and one worthy of adoption.

In the course of about 140 pages but few of these truths can be touched upon; but we may safely recommend this book to our readers as an attempt to throw light upon many of the mysteries of Christian dogma. The authors say: "Abbé Roca and others have spoken in the Roman Church, and that with no uncertain sound, and the initiates among the higher clergy may have the knowledge which yet they will proclaim; but who in the English or other Protestant Churches have dared to teach the esoteric and hidden doctrines of the Catholic faith?" We have then an exposition of the tenet which is a cardinal point in the New Dispensation Creed, the *Motherhood* conjoined with the Fatherhood, in the heavens above as in the earth beneath.

The Protestant Church refuses to allow of any Divine Mother, but the Roman Church has preserved this doctrine of antiquity, though in a distorted form, and it is now finding its way into most of the mystic writings of the times. We are in "New Light," referred for its corroboration to the Tadmudical writings, in which such benedictions as this occur, "The Great Jehovah blessed is He! and his Shechinah, blessed is She—even the holy Duality in Unity on the throne of Their Glory," &c., &c. But it is only within the last few years that this mystery of all times has been insisted upon as a necessary factor in all religion and ethics; the woman clothed with the Sun, being the type of the divinity of woman, and of the spirit of pure Love which must rule co-equally with the spirit of wisdom, typified in man, when the world shall be overcome by the Universal Brotherhood for which we are all yearning.

I. O. and M. A. deal with many other questions of great importance to man in this, his earth life, such as those of re-incarnation and Karma, and adduce interesting indications of belief in these doctrines from the Old and New Testaments. In this connection an extremely poetical *Vision* is narrated, wherein the Universe appeared as a great crystal globe filled with an ethereal fluid containing countless lesser globes of the colour of a rose. "Each lesser globe seemed to pale in turn and disappear for a season, and then to re-appear increased in its capacity, and receptiveness, and the larger became centres to the many smaller which were about them."

We strongly advise our readers to obtain this little book, and follow for themselves the clue which it gives to many of the rites of Christian Churches; and, in conclusion, can only give one more quotation which should recommend the work to all Theosophists.

"There is an ascent of the Soul and a descent of the Spirit. As the Soul rises higher and higher into the Spirit she becomes Divine, and filled with the fulness of God, and as the Spirit of God descends deeper and deeper into the Soul, He 'becomes man.' He, or she, who has the Spirit in *all* its fulness, whose Soul has ascended highest into the Spirit, and into whose Soul the Spirit has descended most deeply, the same is a Christ of God."

Correspondence.

A PROTEST.

As a subscriber to the Theosophical Publication Society, I have lately received their Pamphlet No. 6, the first paper in which is an able and interesting exposition of the doctrine of Re-incarnation, signed "T. B. Harbottle." It contains, however, one statement with regard to the teaching of the Christian churches so astonishing, and, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, so incorrect, that unless some abler pen than mine should be first in the lists, I must beg your permission to break a lance with the (otherwise) learned occultist; and though Mr. Harbottle's paper appears separately, I take it that LUCIFER is the Arena in which theosophical questions such as these may be fought out.

I will begin by quoting certain passages from Mr. Harbottle's paper, page 6.

"Protestantism offers no scheme of punishment for those who are partly bad; no reward for that which is good in those who are partly evil" . . . "What is necessary, according to the teachings of Protestantism, is repentance and faith . . . With these, a man is released from the necessity of fighting his lower nature. . . The Church of Rome has preserved, in her doctrine of purgatory, a punishment for the evil done by those who are not wholly bad, and so far her teaching is somewhat more philosophical and logical than that of Protestantism; but she teaches, also, that faith is the first requisite. . . *In neither section of Christianity, indeed, is there any recognition of the necessity of that self-conquest which is the basis of the Theosophical system of ethics. Both believe in a divine grace which, descending into the heart of man, takes as it were the battle out of his hands and relieves him from responsibility and possibility of failure.*" (The italics are mine.)

With regard to what may be the "teachings of Protestantism," I do not intend to deal, because Protestantism being a congeries of innumerable sects with very various teachings, it is impossible to speak of each separately, and I should be certain to fall foul of some. But as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the "Mother and Mistress"* of all Christian Churches and from which they are all derived, in a greater or less degree, I can speak with certainty, because all her children are taught the same doctrine, and are trained, up to a certain point, in the same practice.

Now, what is the earliest teaching given to the young, and to converts? That "we must renounce the devil (evil of every kind) and all his works"; that "we must follow the rule of life taught by Jesus Christ," that we must love one another, "never allowing ourselves any thought, word or deed to the injury of anyone," that we must "forgive our enemies, from our hearts"; that we must deny ourselves "by giving up our own will, and by going against our own

* We object to the claim. See Editors' note.

humours, inclinations, and passions"; that "we must take up our cross by submitting with patience to the labours and sufferings of this life, embracing them willingly for the love of God"; and that "we must watch and fight against all temptations."

All these quotations are extracted from the Catechism taught to every child. Now these are not theoretic teachings merely, but are enforced from an early age in the confessional, that "powerful engine" as our enemies call it; and they are right, for confession, and the right preparation for it, if a man is sincere, teach him to know more of himself and of what he really is, than anything else I know of. The Catechism teaches moreover, that no absolution is effectual unless joined to contrition, namely, "a hearty sorrow for sins, with a firm purpose of amendment," and to "satisfaction," namely, making reparation for injury done, and doing any penance imposed.

Now if any one sees in all this "no recognition of the necessity of self-conquest," and thinks that the battle is taken out of a man's hands, and that he is relieved from "responsibility," he must be wilfully blind or woefully perverse.

Apart from the confessional, there are the "powerful engines" of the pulpit, of the personal influence of the priest in house-to-house visitation, in the Offices for the sick and dying, in Confraternities for men, for women, for families; of the ministrations of nursing sisters, of Little Sisters of the Poor, of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, of the Christian Brothers, and other educational bodies. Each and all of these represent the hand of the strong held out to protect the weak, to raise the fallen, to help if it be but one soul to bear the burden of life, and to fight the battle of sin, and sorrow and suffering.

How often are we reminded of the words of St. Augustine: "God made us without ourselves, but He will not save us without ourselves!" and it is a Catholic poet who says:

> "And does the road lead up hill all the way?
> Yes; to the very end.
> And will the journey last the whole, long day?
> From morn to night, my friend."

The fight can never be given up; one by one the passions must be subdued, trodden down, or rooted out; and those who find the attractions and temptations of this wicked world too strong for them, or even too interrupting for the pursuit and cultivation of the Spiritual life, are fain to retire into the seclusion of the monastery; and they make the "Great Renunciation" not in order—as the unknowing often assert—that they may lead lives of idleness and luxury, but that, face to face with themselves and with the Eternal, they may rise upon the "Stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Mr. Harbottle will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear to have classed him among the "unknowing" ones. That is far from my thought; but in this vast field in which we are fellow-students, and may even, I hope, be fellow-workers, each can point out to another some corner yet untilled, the fruit of which is necessary to complete the whole fabric of philosophy. And if Theosophists desire to set forth the truths underlying all religions, they must first take care to have a correct knowledge of those religions, and not to misrepresent teachings the facts concerning which can be easily verified.

In my humble opinion, our object should be to heal breaches, not to increase their number; and by fairness and charity to bring nearer the great Day of Reconciliation, desired by all true lovers of Truth and of mankind.

DISCIPULA.

EDITORS' NOTE.

We denounce the claim, that the Roman Catholic Church is "the Mother and Mistress of all Christian Churches," as one of the many arrogant assumptions made by Papism, and which are neither *warranted by history nor by fact.* For, while history shows it to be quite the reverse of truth, facts are there to *withstand* "Peter to the face" once more. If Greek Ecclesiastical History is to be set aside, there are Dean Stanley's Lectures to prove the facts; and the Dean, as an *historian*, was surely an unprejudiced authority. Now what do both history and the Dean say? That the Christian Church began her existence as a colony of *Greek Christians*, and of Grecianized, Hellenic Jews. The first and earliest Church Fathers, such as Clement of Rome, Ireneus, Hippolytus, etc., etc., *wrote in the Greek language.* The first Popes *were Greeks*, not Italians, the very name "Pope" being a Greek not a Latin name, "*Papa*" meaning father. Every Greek priest is called to this day "*papa*," and every Russian priest "Pope." The first quarrels which led to the separation of the Church, into the Latin and the Greek or Eastern, did not take place earlier than the IXth century, namely, in 865, under the Patriarch Photius; while the final separation occurred only in the XIth century, when the Latin Church proclaimed herself with her usual arrogance the one universal Apostolic Church and all others Schismatics and Heretics! Let our esteemed correspondent read History, and see what happened at Constantinople, on May 16, 1054. She will then learn that on that day a crowd of Roman delegates, led by Humberto, broke into the cathedral of St. Sophia, and laid down upon the altar their *bull of* ANATHEMA *against those who would not follow them in their various innovations and schemes.* Thus it would seem that it was Latinism which broke off from the Greek Oriental Church and not the latter from Rome. *Ergo*, it is the Roman Church which has to be regarded not only as guilty of a schism but *of rank heresy* in the eyes of every *impartial* Christian acquainted with history. Hence, also, it is the Greek Oriental Church which is the "Mother and Mistress" of all other Christian Churches—if any can claim the title. Assumption of authority is no proof of it As to the *rules of life* taught by Jesus, if the Roman Church had ever accepted them, surely she would never have invented the infamy called the Inquisition; nor would she have slaughtered, in her religious fury and in the name of her God, nearly 50,000,000 of human creatures ("heretics") since she came to power. As to her *rules* and ethics, she may *pretend* to teach people to "forgive their enemies from their hearts," but she takes good care never to do so herself. Nor can Christian endurance or "renunciation of self" ever reach the grandeur in practice of the Buddhist and Hindu devotee. This is matter of history too. Meanwhile, "God the Father," if this person could be conveniently consulted, would surely prefer a little less "lip-love" for himself, and a little more heart-felt sympathy for Humanity in general, and its suffering hosts in particular. "Little Sisters" and Big "Christian Brothers" do frequently more mischief than good, especially the "Nursing Sisters," as some recent cases can show.—[ED.]

WHAT REINCARNATES?

With reference to the recent discussion as to how much of the personality, if any, accompanies the divine individuality in its passage from death to birth, the Bhagavad Gita speaks with no uncertain sound. The following is Mr. Subba Row's reading of the 8th verse in chaper 15.

"When the lord Jiva quits one body and enters another, he carries with him the mind and the senses, as the wind carries the fragrance of flowers from their source."

However necessary a fresh revelation may have been to bring before the Western mind in a definite form the truths we recognise under the name of the Occult Philosophy—and much that has been written on the subject, notably, the little book called "Light on the Path," may be regarded as such a new revelation—yet nothing can take the place of the older scriptures, and among these none stand on such a supreme height as Bhagavad Gita, containing, as it does, in its instruction on the Sacred Science, the very essence of all the Vedas.

It may sometimes speak in mystic language not always fully interpretable by the Western scholar, but where it states a thing definitely, it may be said to settle the question—and the above would seem to be a case in point. There is not much room for difference of opinion as to what is meant by the mind and the senses. To the writer it seems that not only the "Manas," but the Kamarupa is included in the totality of the entity that reincarnates (see Editors' note), and this only bears out the logical conception that there are no great leaps in nature, and that the man or woman takes up at each re-birth the threads of his or her character—alteration of sex should there be such notwithstanding—pretty much where he or she left off. The occult law which teaches that before a man can attain knowledge he must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike, will thus have to be accounted for by the gradual alterations of character during each lifetime.

PILGRIM.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—Our correspondent is mistaken. Nothing of the "Kama-Rupa" reincarnates. As well imagine that a locket and chain we had worn all our life, or our reflexion in the mirror—reincarnates. Such is not the teaching we believe in. However similar, our philosophy is not that of the Vedanta.]

INDIAN PROVERBS.

Of this world's poison-tree, there are two honey-sweet fruit; the enjoyment of the divine essence of poetry, and the friendship of the noble.

All good fortune belongs to him of contented mind; is not the whole earth leather-covered for him who wears shoes?

LUCIFER

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FORLORN HOPE.

"Should a wise man utter vain knowledge
and fill his belly with the east wind?"
(*Eliphaz*, in *Job* xv. 2.)

IN days of far, far away Antiquity, namely, in 1886, a suggestive Theosophical Fable went the round of our circles, and found room in the March number of the *Theosophist* for that year. Its subject was a Society named "Harmony," born to investigate the music of the Spheres, and established in the far East. It had, ran the fable, a queer "instrument," to attune which a great genius descended occasionally from the upper realms and made the instrument repeat the music of the spheres. It possessed also a president, who, in the great honesty and innocence of his heart, had been imprudent enough to boast of his possession, and had made the instrument sing to whomsoever came within the range of his vision: so much so, that finally the instrument was made quite cheap.

Then the *fabula* showed how the learned men of the West—who believed in neither genius, spheres nor the instrument—put their wise heads together, and finding that even if the instrument was no fiction, yet, as it was not built on any rules of the modern science of acoustics *known to them*, it had, therefore, no right to existence. Forthwith they concluded not to permit the music of the spheres to be played, least of all, believed in. So, goes on the fable, they "selected a smart boy, gave him a penny and asked him to go across the big water" and report upon what he would see in the "Harmonial Society."

"The smart boy went and looked at the instrument. But when he came there, it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it. . . . . Then the President took out his book of incantations and tried every conjuration to force the genius of the spheres to play a tune for the smart boy. But the genius would not come. So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home, and told his fathers in learning that he had not seen the great genius and did not hear the music of the spheres. The learned men put their heads together a second time. . . . and the result was they said that the smart boy was wise, and that the President of the Harmonial Society was—mistaken."

Or, in less polite, but still more untruthful words, the president, his society, and his "instrument" especially, were all either fools, frauds or both. The charge of "humbug and imposture" against the "Harmonial" Society was thus proven, and became *un fait accompli.* Henceforth that idea was photographed in the shallow drums that public opinion mistakes for the heads of its leaders, and it became indelible.

From that time forward adjectives such as "fraud, deception and imbecility" became attached to the "Harmonial" Society and followed it everywhere, like a tail follows its comet. The theory struck deep roots in the hearts and minds of many non-theosophists and became at last part of the very being of the British public. This proverbially "fair minded" body had heard one side of the question and—felt satisfied. Its pioneer-gossips, full of Christian charity and 5 o'clock tea, had ransacked the contents of the "smart boy's" travelling bag. Having greedily fed themselves upon the adulterated food which was like heavenly manna for their insatiate stomachs, they differentiated, and then shared it with all who were hungry and thirsty for such celestial nourishment. Thus, Grundy's cackle-twaddle was kept up in loud and authoritative tones for some three years, until gradually it succeeded in making "Theosophy" a byword synonymous with every kind of iniquity. Theosophy was set up as a target for daily slander, verbal and printed; it was proclaimed a fallen idol whose feet of clay had at last given way, and it was hourly advertised dead as a door nail and buried for ever. But, lo and behold! a dark shadow has suddenly fallen across the face of this sweet and secure hope. . . . .

It is quite touching to read certain jeremiads in the daily papers, to learn the pathetic regrets expressed with regard to the suspected instability of public opinion. The attitude of certain social circles is visibly changing, and something will have to be done once more to bring Theosophy into disrepute, if we would not see it resurrect like Lazarus out of his tomb. For, as time goes on, more than one enemy begins to express grave doubts. Some suspect that the theosophical Jezebel may, after all, have been merely a victim: Job, visited by permission of KARMA—or if so preferred, by that of the enthroned Almighty, granting to his Son-Satan full liberty to test the endurance of his "upright eous servant" of the land of Ug (Job, ii. 1-8). Others perceived that though Satan-Grundy, using the venomous tongues of the multitudes, had covered "Job" with sore boils, yet the patient had never collapsed. Theosophy was neither knocked off its feet by the mighty wave of calumny and defamation, nor did it show any signs of agony. It was as firm on its legs as ever. *Mirabile dictu* and acme of impudence!—cried its enemies. Why here it is again, and it begins to raise its voice louder than ever! What does the creature say? Listen . . . .

"Aye, right honourable, as well as right dishonourable opponents and enemies. Your Mrs. Grundy has filled me with *wrinkles* as Satan

filled Job, but these are witness only against herself. 'He teareth me in his wrath, who hateth me'—but I hate no one and only pity my blind slanderers. 'He gnasheth upon me with his teeth'—and I only smile back. 'Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me,' and I offer to lend him mine to allow him to see clearer. 'They have gaped upon me with their mouth wide open'; and, like Jonas swallowed by the whale, I have found no uncomfortable quarters for philosophical meditation inside my enemy, and have come out of his voracious stomach as sound as ever! What will you do next? Will you smite me 'upon the cheek reproachfully'? I shall not turn to you the other, lest you should hurt your hand and make it smart and burn still worse; but I shall tell you a story, and show you a panoramic view, to amuse you. . . ."

See how the enemies of the Theosophical Society and its leaders look disconcerted! Hear how in the bitterness of their heart, for sweet hopes frustrated, they writhe and have not even the decency to conceal their bad humour at what they foolishly regard as the *triumph of theosophy*. Truly has the east wind filled their—brains, and vain knowledge has disagreed most decidedly with the learned men of the West! For what do *they* do? Listen once more.

Fearing lest their appetite for devouring and assimilating the carrion food snatched from the beaks of the Bombay ravens by the "smart boy" should slacken, the wise men of learning have devised, it appears, a fresh little plan to strangle Theosophy. If one can believe the *Birmingham Post* (the very sincere *daily* which lets out the secret), the big-wigs of the very Christian "Victoria Institute" have not forgotten the fable of the "monkey and the cat." The "monkeys" of science, had selected for some time past the paws of their ablest cat to draw the chestnuts for them out of the theosophical fires, and had hoped thereby to extinguish the hated light for ever. Read and judge for yourself the bit of interesting information contained in the above mentioned daily for June 15th of the present year of grace. Says the loquacious writer:—

> Even Science herself, generally so steadfast in her progress, so logical in her conclusions, so firm in her pursuit of a sure result, has been made to tremble on her lofty perch by the shock given her by the discourse of Sir Monier Williams at the Victoria Institute, last Monday. Sir Monier Williams is Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, and regarded as the first Sanskrit scholar in the world. The announcement of the choice made by the learned professor of the subject of his discourse as being that of "Mystical Buddhism in Connection with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindoos," had created an immense degree of interest amongst the learned portion of the society of London. It was firmly believed that Sir Monier Williams had chosen the subject for the express purpose of demolishing the errors and superstitions of a creed which has crept in upon us by degrees from the intrigues of sundry impostors who have worked upon the love of the marvellous so inherent to human* nature to establish themselves as prophets of a new doctrine. This was the opinion

* The writer in his grief seems to have forgotten his commas. The subject, also, to produce the desired effect should have been handled in more grammatical English.

of all learned men in general, and they had been watching with great eagerness for a efutation from the pen of Sir Monier Williams of all the "sleight-of-hand principles," as the experiments of the Theosophists were called. This refutation in writing had never come, and therefore it was with redoubled interest that the speech which would demolish the audacious pretensions of the conjuring philosophers was waited for. What, then, was the surprise of the assembly of wise men when Sir Monier Williams, instead of denying, almost confirmed the truth of the assertions made by the Theosophists, and actually admitted that, although the science of modern Theosophy was imperfect, yet there are grounds for belief which, instead of being neglected as they have been by students of philosophy, ought to be examined with the greatest care.

A wise man, for once in his generation, this newly knighted lecturer! The greater the pity that this "first Sanskrit scholar in the world" (Professors Max Müller, Whitney, Weber and the *tutti quante*, hide your diminished heads!) knows so little of Buddhism as to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Perchance, there was a *raison d'être* for making them. Both his lectures, at any rate those about which some fuss has been made, and one of which was noticed in the 8th number of LUCIFER —both these lectures were delivered before very Christian audiences at Edinburgh and before the "Philosophical Society of Great Britain," whose members *have to be Christians*. Nevertheless, one fails to see why a little more correct information about the difference between *Raj Yoga* and *Hatha-Yoga* should not have been offered to that audience? Or why again it should be told that, in the days of Gautama Buddha, Buddhism "set its face against all solitary asceticism," and "had no occult, no esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men"—both of which statements are historically untrue. Worse still. For having just mentioned at the opening of his lecture, that Gautama had been "reborn as Buddha, the enlightened," that he had reached *Parinibbâna* or the great, *highest Nirvana*; that he had passed through the highest states of *Samadhi*, the practice of which confers the "six transcendent faculties," *i.e.*, clairvoyance, or "the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world," "knowledge of the thoughts of others, recollection of former existences. . . . and finally the supernatural powers called *Iddhi*," the professor coolly asserted that it was never stated "that Gautama ever attained to the highest . . . Yoga of Indian philosophy—union with the Supreme Spirit!" Such a statement may flatter the preconceptions of a few bigots among a Christian audience, but we question whether it is not one entirely unworthy of a true scholar, whose first duty is to be impartial in his statements, lest he should mislead his hearers.

While Theosophists should feel deeply thankful to Sir Monier Williams for the excellent advertisement their society and philosophy have received at his hands, the Editors of LUCIFER would fail in their duty were they to leave unnoticed several self-contradictions made in this lecture by "the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world." What kind of definite idea can an audience have on Buddhism when it hears the two following statements, which directly contradict each other:—

"He (Buddha) was ever careful to lay down a precept that the acquisition of transcendent human faculties was restricted to the perfected Saints, called Arhats." This, after just stating that Buddha had never himself "attained to the highest yoga," that he was no Spiritualist, no Spiritist,* but "a downright *Agnostic*"—he, the "Buddha," or the Enlightened!!!

The outcome of this extraordinary lecture is that Gautama Buddha had never reached even the powers of a simple modern Yogi. For such transcendent powers are allowed by the lecturer even in our present day to some Hindus. We quote again from the *Birmingham Post:*

The word Yoga, according to Sir Monier Williams, literally means union, and the proper aim of every man who practises Yoga is the mystic union of his own spirit with the one eternal soul or spirit of the universe, and the acquisition of divine knowledge by that means. This was the higher Yoga. But the lower practice seeks to abstract the soul from the body and the mind, and isolate it in its own essence. So may be acquired the inner ear, or clair-audience, by which sounds and voices may be heard, however distant; the inner eye, or clairvoyance, the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world, and a knowledge of the thoughts of others. These acquirements have become developed into demonology† and various spiritual phenomena connected with that esoteric Buddhism which every schoolgirl is studying in secret nowadays. Long and persevering study of the great science will lead to the practice of twisting the limbs, and of suppressing the breath, which latter faculty leads to the prolongation of existence under water or buried beneath the earth. Many Hindoo ascetics have submitted to interment under this influence. Colonel Meadows Taylor once assisted at the burial of a man who professed to be able to remain nine days beneath the earth without drawing breath during that time. Colonel Taylor, determined that no deception should be used, was present during the ceremony of interment, and, after seeing the man duly covered with earth, sowed seed upon the grave, which, being duly watered, sprang up with luxuriance long before the expiration of the nine days'‡ probation. More than this, the grave was watched day and night by two English sentinels, so that there really appears no reason to suppose that any deception could possibly be practised, the more so that Colonel Taylor himself had chosen the place of burial, which circumstance precludes all idea of subterranean passages, which had been suggested in other cases of the like nature. At the end of the nine days the grave was opened with all due solemnity. The buried man was found in the same position in which he had been laid down, and when he opened his eyes his first enquiry was for his bowl of rice, adding that he felt hungry, and that he would be glad to eat. Professor Monier Williams did not quote this example—he dwelt more lengthily upon the absorption of the mental faculties rather than on that of the physical powers. He went on to explain how internal self-concentration may lead to the acquisition of supernatural gifts, and enable a man to become invisible at will, to appear at any spot however apparently distant, to gain absolute power over himself and others, to bring the elements into subjection, and to suppress all desires.

* Let us fondly hope so; and that Allan Kardec will not be placed by Sir Monier Williams one day on a higher level than Buddha.

† This is *entirely false.* Any one who would like to acquire the proofs that this statement is a gratuitous calumny has only to read theosophical literature, and even the last numbers of LUCIFER. The methods described belong to *Hatha Yoga*, and are very injurious and dangerous; still, even this is no *demonology*, but simply a lower form of Yoga. The Theosophical Society has fought from the beginning against these methods. Its teachers went dead against it, and even against some forms of mediumship, such as sitting for materialization—the necromancy of the Bengal Tantrikas!

‡ We have always believed the period to have been 40 days, and this is borne out by the planting of the seed. Surely for seed to sprout and grow "with luxuriance" in *nine* days would be almost as great a "nine days' wonder" as the interment of the Yogi?

A Yogi, when thus befitted, can float in the air, fly through space, visit the planets and stars, create storms and earthquakes, understand the language of animals, ascertain what occurs in every part of the earth, and even enter into another man's body and make it his own. The Professor then related how a powerful Yogi had once entered into the dead body of a king, and had governed the country for three whole weeks. It is still believed that certain of the Eastern sages can eject the ethereal body through the pores of the skin, and render this phantasmal form visible in distant places. The effect produced by the Professor's discourse may readily be imagined. Here was justification in full of the theories, hitherto so scorned and abused, of Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky. Here was almost an avowal of belief in the possibility of the truth, if not in the truth itself, of the realisation of that recognition of the powers of darkness from which all Christian souls are taught to shrink with horror and dismay. The Professor seemed so well aware of the impression produced by his discourse that, as if feeling himself compelled to add a few words by way of excuse for the extreme lengths to which he had been led, he added by way of conclusion that he was induced to doubt whether the practices assumed to be possible to the Theosophists would stand the light of European science. "But nevertheless the subject must not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. It furnishes," said Sir Monier Williams in conclusion, "a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called Spiritualism, neo-Buddhism, and Theosophy of the present day. The practices of magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system of the Hindoos prevalent in India more than two thousand years ago." At the end of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by the Bishop of Dunedin, who undertook, as it were, the apology of the doctrine expounded (scarcely to the satisfaction of all present), and who thought it his duty to point out the distinction between Christianity and Buddhism—the former reliant upon God's mercy, the latter on the efforts of man to work out his self-deliverance from evil. I have dwelt thus long upon the subject of the great professor's discourse because the world of thought—of scientific research—having found at last a footing in London society, these things are talked of and examined with reflection, and without detriment to the flow of small-talk which used formerly to occupy the whole attention of the world of fashion.

Thus ends the plaint of the Birmingham Jeremiah. It speaks for itself, and we thank the writer for letting, so naïvely, the cat out of the bag. The real "cat," however, the one on which the "monkey" of the "Victoria Institute" and other scientific establishments had placed such optimistic hopes, has played its colleagues false. It has turned tail at the last moment, and has evidently declined the loan of its paw to draw from the fire the too hot chestnuts for the benefit of the scientific "researchers" of the day. Like Balaam, whom the King of Midian would willingly have bribed to curse the Israelites, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Boden Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Oxford (where, "for reasons of ill-health," he can no longer lecture, but lectures for our benefit elsewhere)—has not cursed the Theosophists and their teachings—but has blessed them. Alas! Alas!

"Compelled to praise!" It cannot be
By prophet or by priest;
Balaam is dead? . . . . yet don't we see
And hear, perchance—his beast? . . . .

TO THEOSOPHISTS AND READERS OF LUCIFER.

THE Editors of LUCIFER feel it right that this number, the first published at the new offices and by the actual owners of the magazine, should contain some statement as to the reasons which have led to this change being made.

The first reason was the desire to form a fresh centre of Theosophical work, a meeting place for students, and a mechanism for the publication and distribution of the literature of mysticism, which should be entirely free from all considerations of personal gain or profit.

That this has been the spirit animating the founders and proprietors of LUCIFER throughout, is proved by the fact that, although nearly all the copies of the magazine printed have been sold, yet the first year's experience has shown that it is impossible to carry on the magazine at its present price without incurring considerable loss.

Therefore, in establishing these new offices, the editors and proprietors have been also influenced by the hope of effecting some reduction in the expense by taking the publication into their own hands, and they hope that their readers and subscribers will continue to give them their hearty support, in spite of the necessity which has arisen of raising the price of single numbers of the magazine to eighteen-pence and the annual subscription to fifteen shillings, commencing with the September number.

Our supporters may feel sure that their help will be used to further the cause of Theosophy, and will subserve no personal ends; for the proprietors have bound themselves to devote any eventual profits which may accrue to the furtherance of the cause in the interests of which LUCIFER was founded.

The new offices, at NO. 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, will be open to members of the T.S. and the T.P.S. and their friends, as well as to all enquirers and persons desiring information about the Society or the subjects which it was founded to study, on TUESDAY and SUNDAY evenings from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. and on FRIDAY afternoons from 3.30 till 6. These days have been chosen purposely, so as not to conflict with the Wednesday evenings—the meeting-days of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, at 15, York Street, Covent Garden.

It is hoped that many will avail themselves of these opportunities for meeting other students and for mutual instruction and discussion.

ACROSS CEYLON.

CEYLON is the jewel-pendant of the Indian Empire—a glowing luxurious garden teeming with natural beauties in infinite variety, where the fierce heat of India is softened by "purple spheres of sea," and the climate, an almost unchanging continuity of the richest imaginable midsummer. P. and O. passengers staying for a day or two, or for a few hours only, at Galle or Colombo, on their way to or from Australia or the Indian ports of the Bay of Bengal, will gather from even such passing glimpses of Ceylon, bright memories of its tropical glory that can never afterwards fade entirely away. The abundant vigour of the vegetation, the glowing oriental magnificence of the landscape, rolling up inland into great mountains and everywhere glossy with shining verdure and scented with tropical forest, the natural splendour of the whole country must always leave an impression on imaginative minds, that no lapse of time or variety of other scenes can efface. But the passing European traveller or tourist will generally associate Ceylon with ideas of languor and enervating enjoyment. Nor will many residents reproach the island in their recollections with any worse attributes than those that may have been associated with their own *ennui*. They may have a large experience of its Anglicised aspects without realizing much of the inner life of the natives, or of the wild interior. Their travels may never take them out of reach of the imported luxuries of European homes, and they may little realise the very different impressions of Ceylon that they would accumulate if they struck away from the railway lines and the easy comforts of plantation homesteads, in search of a path through unfrequented districts.

My own acquaintance with Ceylon, does not extend much beyond the beautiful Wackwalle Bungalow—a tourists' restaurant near Galle, which commands a view of a valley so surpassing in its loveliness that it realises, better than any other scenery I have ever encountered, the popular conception of the Garden of Eden. But the Wackwalle view has often been described, and it is not my present purpose to dwell upon its charms, for I have a friend in Ceylon who lives there for purposes unconnected with the satisfaction of epicurean tastes; and the contrast to be observed between recent experiences of his and the Ceylonese excursions likely to be familiar to readers who have visited the island under ordinary conditions, has flashed upon my own mind so forcibly that I cannot feel free to leave a narrative he has recently sent me buried in the obscurity of private correspondence.

It is only necessary to premise that my friend, a devoted Theosophist,

lives habitually in Ceylon (for reasons wholly unconnected with personal interests and ambitions), and is engaged in benevolent work for the advantage of the native population. A few months ago, being then at Colombo, he found himself required, in fulfilment of what he conceived to be a Theosophical duty, to repair to Madras with all possible speed. With a native companion he had arranged to leave Colombo on the 21st of December by the steamer *Almora*. But on the evening of the 19th, he heard that that vessel had been delayed in the Red Sea, and would not arrive till the 27th, so he and his friend had to find some other means of transit. I continue the story in his own words :

"On the morning of the 20th I went round to every steamer office in Colombo trying to find something—anything, even a cargo boat—that would put us ashore in India in time, but nothing of the kind was to be had. I had heard that there were little native brigs running between Colombo and India, so I went to see about them also, but I found that their captains were all afraid to put out in consequence of the bad weather. Several had started the night before and had to return, getting back into the harbour with great difficulty and some serious damage. As the weather still continued unfavourable on the morning of the 21st, and it therefore seemed unlikely that any of these little boats would leave that day, I determined to try what is called the land route—that is to travel by land to the north of Ceylon, and make my way somehow or other across the narrowest part of Palka Strait. No one seemed to know much about this land route—I could not find that any of my friends had ever travelled by it ; but I knew there was a land route, and it seemed the only way open to us.

"Accordingly, we left Colombo by the 7.30 train on the morning of the 21st, and reached Kandy at 11 o'clock, and Matale, the northern limit of the railway at present, at noon. From that point what little traffic there is is carried on by an arrangement called a coach, though it is very different from our English coaches. Here commenced our difficulties, for the agent at the coach office informed us that because of the heaviness of the roads the proprietor had ordered him not to allow more than two passengers to travel on any one day, and that those two places were already engaged several days in advance. I explained the circumstances of our case, and showed how urgent it was that we should get on quickly. I even offered extra payment, but in vain ; the agent could not make any exception to his employer's rule. I then enquired where the proprietor was to be found, and was told that he lived about eight miles along the road. I suggested that we might at least go in the coach as far as that ; *that* could not do the horses much harm ; and I would undertake to persuade the proprietor to relax his rule. With much difficulty I induced the agent to agree to this, but he protested all the while that we were foredoomed to failure. He was quite sure his master

would not let us go on. I thought differently, and I was right ; a little judicious management of the proprietor soon procured for us the requisite permission for us to travel as far as Anuradhapura,* the limit of this jurisdiction. As I have already described the journey to that town, I need not say much about it here.

"My present experience differed from the earlier one only in two ways —first, that owing to the heaviness of the road, we were nine hours late, and, secondly, that in several places there were considerable inundations. Twice the road was so entirely washed away that we had to get out and wade for half-a-mile over sharp stones through a rapid current over knee deep, the empty coach following as best it might. At last, about three miles from Anuradhapura, we found a bridge washed away, and our road barred by a furious torrent, half-a-mile wide, of unknown depth. We had no boat, and my companion could not swim. I thought of making a raft, but soon gave up the idea, perceiving that the swiftness of the current would render it utterly unmanageable. The best thing to do seemed to be to skirt the torrent and try to strike the north road at some point higher up; so we abandoned the coach and walked to Mihintale, eight miles off, through rain of truly tropical vigour. It was after dark when we reached there, but still we managed to hire a bullock cart to take us to Madavachchi, a village on the Jaffna road. We arrived there at daybreak only to find that as there was no booking-office, we could not obtain coach tickets there. Immediately we engaged another bullock-cart and pushed on to Vavoniyavilankulam.

"We were by this time in the part of the island where nothing is spoken but Tamil, a language of which neither I nor my companion knew ten words, so we were rather uncertain as to what the people meant; but at any rate they would issue us no tickets and would say nothing at all about the coach. In consequence of the inundations everything was thrown out of order, and we had no idea at what time

* Anuradhapura is the wonderful ruined city of Ancient Ceylon, where the sacred "Bo-tree" still grows. It is of this place that Mr. Burrows speaks in his "Buried Cities of Ceylon," when he describes the former inhabitants of the island as a nation "that could build a city of gigantic monoliths, carve a mountain into a graceful shrine, and decorate the pious monuments with delicate pillars that would have done credit to a Grecian artist." My friend had visited and described Anuradhapura more than a year previously to his present journey, so that he does not now stop to enlarge upon its wonders. "The first thing that attracted our attention," he wrote of Anuradhapura on that occasion, "on descending from the coach, was a collection of sixteen hundred square granite pillars, arranged in rows of forty, and standing about six feet apart, so as to cover an area of about two hundred and forty feet each way. Though they stand some twelve feet out of the ground, each pillar is one solid block of stone. . . . These sixteen hundred pillars, it seems, originally supported the floor of an enormous monastery called 'The Great Brazen Place,' built by King Dutugemusue in the year 161 B.C. This building, we read, was nine storeys in height, each storey being less in size than the one below it. It contained a thousand dormitories for priests, besides various other apartments, including a great hall supported on golden pillars resting on lions, in the centre of which stood a magnificent ivory throne, and as the whole vast fabric was roofed with tiles of burnished brass (whence its name), it must have presented a truly imposing appearance in those brave days of old."

the coach would come, so we dared not leave the road for a moment, but had to sit out there in the pouring rain till eight o'clock at night when it arrived.

"Imagine a platform of rough boards about three feet by four, set on wheels and covered by a sort of bamboo roof about four feet above it. Then suppose this machine loaded with mail-bags, tin boxes, and miscellaneous luggage, on the top of which were somehow crouched (for there was no room either to sit or to lie) two forlorn human beings—everything inside and out being thoroughly, hopelessly, soakingly wet—and perhaps you may succeed in forming an inperfect picture of Her Majesty's Jaffna mail coach as it drew up that night at Vavoniyavilankulam.

"The coach driver having, as we afterwards discovered, received the same order as the agent at Matale, opposed our attempt to get in, and of course the miserable passengers already in possession viewed the prospect of still further crowding with anything but joy. Remember that we did not understand the language and had no means whatever of explaining the urgency of the case, or inducing anybody to listen to reason. What could we do? Nothing, I think, but what we did; and that was to push aside all opposition, throw in our bags, climb upon them ourselves and simply sit there, trying to look unconscious of the torrent of vigorous vituperation that was being poured upon us. After a few minutes the driver took away the oxen from the coach and was evidently refusing to proceed; however, we judged we could probably tire him out at that game, because, as he had mail bags on board, he would not dare to delay much; so we pursued a policy of masterly inactivity. The driver retired into a hut and stayed there half-an-hour; still we were immovable. Presently he reappeared and began to adjure us once more, but this time in a much more respectful tone, and—seeing, I suppose, that sulkiness was of no use—one of our unfortunate fellow passengers now discovered that he could speak a little English and proceeded to act as interpreter.

"Through him the driver represented that he could not possibly take us. The roads were very bad, the coach would break down, the oxen would be unable to draw it, and above all, his orders to take only two passengers were precise and he was afraid of the consequences if he disobeyed. I rejoined on my side that business compelled me to go, that I was willing to take all responsibility as to coach and cattle, that I would myself see the proprietor and exonerate the driver; and, in fact, that I was simply going on in spite of everything. Well, it all seemed useless, but at last the man incautiously remarked that if there had been only *one* of us, perhaps the thing might have been possible. I at once pinned him down to that admission, and told him that if he would take my friend and the luggage, I would cheerfully walk. We were not much more than 100 miles from Jaffna, and I knew I could

get over the ground quite as fast as the coach on such a road as that, so I felt quite safe in making the proposal. In this manner, then we eventually started—I walking, or rather wading, behind and the other three passengers riding. There were more inundations. and the road was a mere apology for one for some distance ; but after about twenty miles we got to drier ground, and I was able to ride ; though riding in that vehicle was certainly more uncomfortable than walking. Presently dawn came, and all that weary day we jogged on in incessant heavy rain through unbroken and more or less inundated jungle, seeing no houses and no human beings except at the little isolated huts where, at regular intervals, we changed cattle. Recollect that not for one moment was any approach to rest or comfort possible, that we were soaked to the very bones, and that we could get no food of any description—indeed nothing whatever had passed our lips for two entire days and nights—and you will begin to realise our condition when, after four nights without sleep, without even a chance to take our wet coats off, we reached an obscure seaport named Kayto on the morning of Christmas day.

"We had arrived at Jaffna, I should have said, just at midnight, and learning that there were no vessels leaving there for India had at once engaged a bullock cart to go on to Kayto. Here there was only about forty miles of sea between us and India, but still our evil fortune did not desert us. There were twenty-six native boats (of 16 or 18 tons) ready to start, but the weather was so bad, and the wind so unfavourable, that the crews were all afraid to go. We offered double fare, but it was useless. The natives are not good sailors at the best of times, and nothing would tempt them to risk their ricketty craft in such weather. Here at last was an obstacle that all our perseverance could not surmount. There was nothing for it but to wait, so we went up to what is called the "rest house"—of course there are no such things as hotels in these places—and managed to get some curry and rice cooked, the first meal we had sat down to since leaving Colombo. While it was cooking we took off our wet clothes—also for the first time since leaving Colombo—had a most refreshing bath, and put on, not dry ones, for nothing was dry, but comparatively clean ones. Then we took our food and enjoyed it, and after that, as it was evening (our enquiries and bargainings had taken time), we went straight off to bed. Of course our bedding, like everything else, was soaked through and through, but we were tired enough to sleep in the bed of a river. We just dropped down and lay like logs for fourteen hours or so.

"In most countries such an adventure would end in a rheumatic fever, but in this glorious climate, after all this and much more, we are both as flourishing as ever. To cut the story short, on the following day the weather improved slightly and we found a Mahomedan captain who was willing to start. About five o'clock p.m. we got under weigh. The sea

was rough and we had to beat up against the wind, but still we got on pretty fairly until the middle of the night, when we were suddenly struck by a squall. It looked very grand as it came up; there seemed to be a huge pyramid of inky black cloud on the horizon, and then all in a moment it leaped upon us, and we were in the midst of a raging storm. A magnificent effect for a painter, but I don't want to see it again under exactly the same conditions. The helmsman was half asleep and all the other fellows entirely so, so I was absolutely the first man to see the thing. For a moment I scarcely realised what it was, but as soon as I *did* I raised a shout that speedily roused the whole crew, and we got the great lateen sail in only just in time. In half a minute more our fate would have been sealed and you would not have received this letter. How far that squall drove us I do not know; fortunately it did not last very long, and soon after noon the next day we made the Indian coast at a village called Adirampatnam, of which I had never heard before.

"There again we had difficulties, for the captain, with true oriental cunning, tried to cheat us because we did not know the language. He had been paid to put us free on shore, but now he wanted to shuffle out of that and make us pay again for boat hire. This he tried to induce us to do by abusing us in what must have been highly unparliamentary Tamil, while we in idiomatic English assured him that we had not the slightest intention of paying a single cent. He and the coast boatmen kept us in the boat for some time, refusing to land us. Then they tried to retain some of our luggage, and surrounded and threatened us with big sticks and long knives; but as usual our dogged perseverance and our evident readiness to fight any odds if forced into a quarrel won the day for us, and we were permitted to depart unmolested after some two hours of danger. There are no Europeans in that part of the country and the natives are peculiarly wild and savage. Indeed, they have a very bad reputation as most ferocious robbers, as we afterwards heard. After some wandering about among this dangerous race—none of whom would carry our luggage or help us in any way—we encountered the customs superintendent (who could speak English) and tried to arrange at once to get some conveyance to the nearest railway station thirty-three miles off. It appeared however that there were still some difficulties, for he informed us that we must not think of starting in the afternoon. The roads, he said, were terrible, and if we were still on the way when night fell we should undoubtedly be at once murdered or our bullocks and goods stolen, even if we managed to avoid the leopards and panthers with which the jungle swarmed. I was rather sceptical about all this, but as the natives evidently believed it, we could not get a cart at any price, and perhaps it was best so, for, on enquiry afterwards at Madras, our friends quite confirmed all these stories. So we got another meal and part of a night's rest, and set out just before dawn for Mannergudi. That twenty-three miles was an experience, and

not at all a desirable one. There really was nothing that deserved the name of a road, but rather a sort of track through the fields, and most of the time the cart was about up to the axle in soft mud, while we had to wade behind and give it an occasional push. The people looked the most savage ruffians imaginable, and there was no food to be had but a little fruit Mannergudi, however, seemed to be more civilized; there we were able to buy bread and get a queer conveyance called a jhutka, drawn by the remains of a pony, to take us ten miles further on to the railway station at Nidamangalam. We got there at last and had to wait four hours on an open platform, sitting on our luggage, which we dared not leave for an instant. We had another four hours to wait at Tangore junction, and so at last, at three o'clock in the morning, we got on board the mail train for Madras, which city we reached safely after fifteen hours travelling. This was on the evening of the 29th, so our journey had taken us nine days, during which time we had slept only twice and eaten only two meals, living the rest of the time on one loaf of bread, some bananas and a few little native buns. Nearly all the time we were wet through, and we constantly had to take pretty severe exercise of various kinds, and this is leaving the danger and anxiety out of account. On the whole I do not think I shall try the land route from Colombo to Madras in the rainy season again if I can help it."

A. P. S.

NOTICE.

THE T. P. S. LENDING LIBRARY.

Countess Constance Wachtmeister being the secretary for the Western Section of the Theosophical Society, and receiving many letters from people who deplore their inability to purchase Theosophical literature, has deemed it advisable to form a circulating library which will contain not only theosophical books, but also works of any kind which would tend to elevate, educate or develop the mind, and thus prepare it for the reception of theosophical teachings. As this is a somewhat serious undertaking, she takes this opportunity of making an earnest appeal for contributions of money in support of this work, and also for donations of suitable books, feeling sure that this lending library will commend itself to the cordial support of all theosophists and lovers of truth.

All replies should be addressed to her at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W C.

STAR-ANGEL-WORSHIP
IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[The subject matter of the present article has not been chosen from any desire of "finding ault" with the Christian *religion*, as LUCIFER is often accused of doing. No special animosity is felt towards popery any more than against any other existing dogmatic and ritualistic faith. We merely hold that "there is no higher religion than truth." Hence, being incessantly attacked by the Christians—among whom none are so bitter and *contemptuous* as the Romanists—who call us "idolaters" and "heathens," and otherwise denounce us, it is necessary that at times something should be said in our defence, and truth re-established.

The Theosophists are accused of believing in Astrology, and the *Devas* (Dhyan Chohans) of the Hindus and Northern Buddhists. A too impulsive missionary in the Central Provinces of India has actually called us "Astrolaters," "Sabians" and "*devil*-worshippers." This, as usual, is an unfounded calumny and a misrepresentation. No theosophist, no *Occultist* in the true sense of the word has ever *worshipped* Devas, Nats, Angels or even *planetary* spirits. Recognition of the *actual existence* of such Beings—which, however exalted, are still gradually evolved *creatures* and finite—and even reverence for some of them is not *worship*. The latter is an elastic word, one that has been made threadbare by the poverty of the English tongue. We address a magistrate as his "worship," but it can hardly be said that we pay to him *divine* honours. A mother often worships her children, a husband his wife, and *vice versa*, but none of these prays to the object of his worship. But in neither case does it apply to the Occultists An Occultist's reverence for certain high Spirits may be very great in some cases; aye, perhaps even as great as the reverence felt by some Christians for their Archangels Michael and Gabriel and their (St.) George of Cappadocia—the learned purveyor of Constantine's armies. But it stops there. For the Theosophists these planetary "angels" occupy no higher place than that which Virgil assigns them:

> "They boast ethereal vigour and are form'd
> From seeds of heavenly birth,"

as does also every mortal. Each and all are occult potencies having sway over certain attributes of nature. And, if once attracted to a mortal, they do help him in certain things. Yet, on the whole, the less one has to do with them the better.

Not so with the Roman Catholics, our pious detractors. The Papists worship them and have rendered to them *divine homage* from the beginning of Christianity to this day, and in the full acceptation of the italicised words, as this article will prove. Even for the Protestants, the Angels in general, if not the Seven Angels of the Stars particularly—are "Harbingers of the Most High" and "Ministering Spirits" to whose protection they appeal, and who have their distinct place in the Book of Common Prayer.

The fact that the Star and Planetary Angels are worshipped by the Papists is not generally known. The cult had many vicissitudes. It was several times abolished, then again permitted. It is the short history of its growth, its last re-establishment and the recurrent efforts to proclaim this worship openly, of which a brief sketch is here attempted. This worship may be regarded for the last few years as *obsolete*, yet to this day it was never abolished. Therefore it will now be my pleasure to prove that if anyone deserves the name of "idolatrous," it is not the Theosophists, Occultists, Kabalists and Astrologers, but, indeed, most of the Christians; those Roman Catholics, who, besides the Star-angels, worship a Kyriel of more or less problematical saints and the Virgin Mary, of whom their Church has made a regular *goddess*.

The short bits of history that follow are extracted from various trustworthy sources, such as the Roman Catholics will find it rather difficult to gainsay or repudiate. For our authorities are *(a)*, various documents *in the archives of the Vatican; (b)*, sundry works by pious and well-known Roman Catholic writers, Ultramontanes to the backbone—lay and ecclesiastical authors; and finally *(c)*, a Papal Bull, than which no better evidence could be found.]

IN the middle of the VIII. century of the Christian era the very notorious Archbishop Adalbert of Magdeburg, famous as few in the annals of magic, appeared before his judges. He was charged with, and ultimately convicted—by the second Council of Rome presided over by Pope Zacharia—of

using during his performances of ceremonial magic the names of the "seven Spirits"—then at the height of their power in the Church—among others, that of URIEL, with the help of whom he had succeeded in producing his greatest phenomena. As can be easily shown, *the church is not against magic proper*, but only against those magicians who fail to conform to her methods and rules of evocation. However, as the wonders wrought by the Right Reverend Sorcerer were not of a character that would permit of their classification among "miracles by the grace, and to the glory of God," they were declared *unholy*. Moreover, the Archangel URIEL (lux et ignis) having been compromised by such exhibitions, his name had to be discredited. But, as such a disgrace upon one of the "Thrones" and "Messengers of the Most High" would have reduced the number of these Jewish *Saptarshis* to only six, and thus have thrown into confusion the whole celestial hierarchy, a very clever and crafty subterfuge was resorted to. It was, however, neither new, nor has it proved very convincing or efficacious.

It was declared that Bishop Adalbert's Uriel, the "fire of God," was not the Archangel mentioned in the second Book of Esdras; nor was he the glorious personage so often named in the magical books of Moses—especially in the 6th and 7th. The sphere or planet of this original Uriel was said, by Michael Glycas the Byzantine, to be the Sun. How then could this exalted being—the friend and companion of Adam in Eden before his fall, and, later, the chum of Seth and Enoch, as all pious Christians know—how could he ever have given a helping hand to sorcery? Never, never! the idea alone was absurd.

Therefore, the Uriel so revered by the Fathers of the Church, remained as unassailable and as immaculate as ever. It was a *devil* of the same name—an obscure devil, one must think, since he is nowhere mentioned—who had to pay the penalty of Bishop Adalbert's little transactions in black magic. This "*bad*" Uriel is, as a certain tonsured advocate has tried hard to insinuate, connected with a certain significant word of occult nature, used by and known only to Masons of a very high degree. Ignorant of the "word" itself, however, the defender has most gloriously failed to prove his version.

Such whitewashing of the archangel's character was of course necessary in view of the special worship paid to him. St. Ambrosius had chosen Uriel as a patron and paid him almost divine reverence.* Again the famous Father Gastaldi, the Dominican monk, writer and Inquisitor, had proven in his curious work "On the Angels" *(De Angelis)* that the worship of the "Seven Spirits" by the Church had been and was *legal* in all the ages; and that it was necessary for the moral support and faith of the children of the (Roman) Church. In short that he who should neglect these gods was as bad as any "heathen" who did not.

Though sentenced and suspended, Bishop Adalbert had a formidable party in Germany, one that not only defended and supported the sorcerer himself, but also the disgraced Archangel. Hence, the name of Uriel was left in the missals after the trial, the "Throne" merely remaining "under suspicion." In accordance with her admirable policy the Church having declared that the "blessed Uriel," had nought to do with the "accursed Uriel" of the Kabalists, the matter rested there.

* *De Fide ad gratiam.* Book III.

To show the great latitude offered to such subterfuges, the occult tenets about the celestial Hosts have only to be remembered. The world of Being begins with the Spiritual Fire (or Sun) and its seven "Flames" or Rays. These "Sons of Light," called the "multiple" because, allegorically speaking they belong to, and lead a simultaneous existence in heaven and on earth, easily furnished a handle to the Church to hang her *dual* Uriel upon. Moreover, Devas, Dhyan-Chohans, Gods and Archangels are all identical and are made to change their Protean forms, names and positions, *ad libitum*. As the sidereal gods of the Sabians became the kabalistic and talmudistic angels of the Jews with their esoteric names unaltered, so they passed bag and baggage into the Christian Church as the archangels, exalted only in their office.

These names are their "mystery" titles. So mysterious are they, indeed, that the Roman Catholics themselves are not sure of them, now that the Church, in her anxiety to hide their humble origin, has changed and altered them about a dozen times. This is what the pious de Mirville confesses:

"To speak with precision and certainty, as we might like to, about everything in connection with their (the angels') names and attributes is not an easy task. . . . . For when one has said that these Spirits are the *seven assistants* that surround the throne of the Lamb and form its seven *horns;* that the famous seven-branched candlestick of the Temple was their type and symbol . . . . when we have shown them figured in *Revelation* by the *seven stars* in the Saviour's hand, or by the angels letting loose the *seven plagues*—we shall but have stated once more one of those incomplete truths which we have to handle with such caution." *(Of the Spirits before their Fall).*

Here the author utters a great truth. He would have uttered one still greater, though, had he added that *no truth*, upon *any subject* whatever, has been ever made complete by the Church. Otherwise, where would be the mystery so absolutely necessary to the authority of the ever incomprehensible dogmas of the Holy "Bride"?

These "Spirits" are called *primarii principes*. But what these first Principles are in reality is not explained. In the first centuries of Christianity the Church would not do so; and in this one she knows of them no more than her faithful lay sons do. She has lost the secret.

The question concerning the definite adoption of names for these angels, de Mirville tells us—"has given rise to controversies that have lasted for centuries. To this day *these seven names are a mystery.*"

Yet they are found in certain missals and in the secret documents at the Vatican, along with the astrological names known to many. But as the Kabalists, and among others Bishop Adalbert, have used some of them, the Church will not accept these titles, though she worships the creatures. The usual names accepted are *Mikael*, the "*quis ut Deus*," the "like unto God"; GABRIEL, the "strength (or power) of God"; RAPHAEL, or "divine virtue"; URIEL, "God's light and fire"; SCALTIEL, the "speech of God"; JEHUDIEL, the "praise of God" and BARACHIEL, the "blessing of God." These "seven" are *absolutely canonical*, but they are not the true mystery names—the magical POTENCIES. And even among the "substitutes," as just shown, Uriel has been greatly compromised and the three last enumerated are pronounced "suspicious."

Nevertheless, though nameless, they are still worshipped. Nor is it true to say that no trace of these three names—so "suspicious"—is anywhere found in the Bible, for they are mentioned in certain of the old Hebrew scrolls. One of them is named in Chapter XVI. of Genesis—the angel who appears to Hagar; and all the three appear as "the Lord" (the Elohim) to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, as the "three men" who announced to Sarai the birth of Isaac (*Genesis*, XVIII). "Jehudiel," moreover, is distinctly named in Chapter XXIII. of *Exodus*, as the angel in whom was "the name" (*praise* in the original) of God (*Vide* verse 21). It is through their "divine attributes," which have led to the formation of the names, that these archangels may be identified by an easy esoteric method of transmutation with the Chaldean great gods and even with the Seven Manus and the Seven Rishis of India.* They are the *Seven* Sabian Gods, and the *Seven* Seats (Thrones) and Virtues of the Kabalists; and now they have become with the Catholics, their "Seven Eyes of the Lord," and the "Seven *Thrones*," instead of "Seats."

Both Kabalists and "Heathen" must feel quite flattered to thus see their Devas and Rishis become the "Ministers Plenipotentiary" of the Christian God. And now the narrative may be continued unbroken.

Until about the XVth century after the misadventure of Bishop Adalbert, the names of only the first three Archangels out of the seven stood in the Church in their full odour of sanctity. The other four remained ostracised—*as names.*

Whoever has been in Rome must have visited the privileged temple of the Seven Spirits, especially built for them by Michael Angelo: the famous church known as "St. Mary of the Angels." Its history is curious but very little known to the public that frequents it. It is worthy, however, of being recorded.

In 1460, there appeared in Rome a great "Saint," named Amadœus. He was a nobleman from Lusitania, who already in Portugal had become famous for his prophecies and beatific visions.† During one of such he had a revelation. The seven Archangels appeared to the holy man, so beloved by the Pope that Sixtus IV. had actually permitted him to build on the site of St. Peter *in Montorio* a Franciscan monastery. And having appeared they revealed to him their genuine *bona fide* mystery names. The names used by the Church were substitutes, they said. So they were, and the "angels" spoke truthfully. Their business with Amadœus was a modest request. They demanded to be legally recognised under their legitimate patronymics, to receive public worship and have a temple of their own. Now the Church in her great wisdom had declined these names from the first, as being those of Chaldean gods, and had substituted for them astrological *aliases*. This then, could not be done, as "they *were names of demons*" explains Baronius. But so were the "substitutes" in Chaldea before they were altered for a purpose in the Hebrew Angelology. And if they are *names of demons*, asks pertinently de Mirville, "why are they yet given to Christians and Roman Catholics at baptism?" The truth is that

* He who knows anything of the Purânas and their allegories, knows that the Rishis therein as well as the Manus are Sons of God, of Brahmâ, and themselves gods; that they become men and then, as Saptarishi, they turn into stars and constellations. Finally that they are first 7, then 10, then 14, and finally 21. The occult meaning is evident.

† He died at Rome in 1482.

if the last four enumerated are demon-names, so must be those of Michael, Gabriel and Raphael.

But the "holy" visitors were a match for the Church in obstinacy. At the same hour that Amadœus had his vision at Rome, in Sicily, at Palermo, another wonder was taking place. A miraculously-painted picture of the Seven Spirits, was as miraculously exhumed from under the ruins of an old chapel. On the painting *the same seven mystery names* that were being revealed at that hour to Amadœus were also found *inscribed* "under the portrait of each angel,"* says the chronicler.

Whatever might be in this our age of unbelief the feelings of the great and learned leaders of various psychic and telepathic societies on this subject, Pope Sixtus IV. was greatly impressed by the *coincidence*. He believed in Amadœus as implicitly as Mr. Brudenel believed in the Abyssinian prophet, "Herr Paulus."† But this was by no means the only "coincidence" of the day. The Holy Roman and Apostolic Church was built on such miracles, and continues to stand on them now as on the rock of Truth; for God has ever sent to her *timely miracles*.‡ Therefore, when also, on that very same day, an old prophecy written in very archaic Latin, and referring to both the find and the revelation was *discovered* at Pisa—it produced quite a commotion among

* *Des Esprits*, &c., par de Mirville.

† "Herr Paulus"—the no less miraculous production of Mr. Walter Besant's rather muddled and very one-sided fancy.

‡ *En passant*—a remark may be made and a query propounded:

The "miracles" performed in the bosom of Mother Church—from the apostolic down to the ecclesiastical *miracles* at Lourdes—if not more remarkable than those attributed to "Herr Paulus," are at any rate far more wide-reaching, hence, more pernicious in their result upon the human mind. Either both kinds are possible, or both are due to fraud and *dangerous hypnotic and magnetic powers possessed* by some men. Now Mr. W. Besant evidently tries to impress upon his readers that his novel was written in the interests of that portion of society which is so easily befooled by the other. And if so, why then not have traced all such phenomena *to their original and primeval source, i.e.*, belief *in the possibility of supernatural occurrences because of the inculcated belief in the* MIRACLES *in the Bible, and their continuation by the Church?* No Abyssinian prophet, as no "occult philosopher," has ever made such large claims to "miracle" and *divine help*—and no Peter's pence expected, either—as the "Bride of Christ"—she, of Rome. Why has not then our author, since he was so extremely anxious to save the millions of England from delusion, and so very eager to expose the pernicious means used—why has he not tried to first explode the greater humbug, before he ever touched the *minor* tricks—if any? Let him first explain to the British public the turning of water into wine and the resurrection of Lazarus on the half *hypnotic* and half *jugglery* and *fraud* hypothesis. For, if one set of *wonders* may be explained by blind belief and mesmerism, why not the other? Or is it because the Bible miracles believed in by every Protestant and Catholic (with the *divine* miracles at Lourdes thrown into the bargain by the latter) cannot be as easily handled by an author who desires to remain *popular*, as those of the "occult philosopher" and the spiritual medium? Indeed, no courage, no fearless defiance of the consequences are required to denounce the helpless and now very much scared *professional* medium. But all these qualifications and an ardent *love of truth into the bargain*, are absolutely necessary if one would beard Mrs. Grundy in her den. For this the traducers of the "Esoteric Buddhists" are too prudent and wily. They only seek cheap popularity with the scoffer and the materialist. Well sure they are, that no *professional* medium will ever dare call them wholesale slanderers to their faces, or seek redress from them so long as the law against palmistry is staring him in the face. As to the "Esoteric Buddhist" or "Occult Philosopher," there is still less danger from this quarter. The contempt of the latter for all the would-be traducers is absolute and it requires more than the clumsy denunciations of a novelist to disturb them. And why should they feel annoyed? As they are neither *professional* prophets, nor do they benefit by St. Peter's pence, the most malicious calumny can only make them laugh. Mr. Walter Besant, however, has said a great truth in his novel, a true pearl of foresight, dropped on a heap of mire: the "occult philosopher" does not propose to "*hide his light under a bushel.*"

the faithful. The prophecy foretold, you see, *the revival of the* "Planetary-Angel" worship for that period. Also that during the reign of Pope Clement VII., the convent of St. François de Paul would be raised on the emplacement of the little ruined chapel. "The event occurred as predicted," boasts de Mirville, forgetting that the Church had made the prediction true herself, by following the command implied in it. Yet this is called a "prophecy" to this day.

But it was only in the XVIth century that the Church consented at last to comply on every point with the request of her "high-born" celestial petitioners.

At that time though there was hardly a church or chapel in Italy without a copy of the *miraculous* picture in painting or mosaic, and that actually, in 1516, a splendid "temple to the seven spirits" had been raised and finished near the ruined chapel at Palermo—still the "angels" failed to be satisfied. In the words of their chronicler—"the blessed spirits were not contented with Sicily alone, and secret prayers. They wanted a world-wide worship and the whole Catholic world to recognise them publicly."

Heavenly denizens themselves, as it seems, are not quite free from the ambition and the vanities of our material plane! This is what the ambitious "Rectors" devised to obtain that which they wanted.

Antonio Duca, another seer (in the annals of the Church of Rome) had been just appointed rector of the Palermo "temple of the seven spirits." About that period, he began to have the same beatific visions as Amadœus had. The Archangels were now urging the Popes through him to recognise them, and to establish a regular and a universal worship in their *own names*, just as it was before Bishop Adalbert's scandal. They insisted upon having a special temple built *for them alone*, and they wanted it upon the ancient site of the famous *Thermæ* of Diocletian. To the erection of these *Thermæ*, agreeably with tradition, 40,000 Christians and 10,000 martyrs had been condemned, and helped in this task by such famous "Saints" as Marcellus and Thraso. Since then, however, as stated in Bull LV. by the Pope Pius IV. "this den had remained set apart for the most profane usages and demon (magic?) rites."

But as it appears from sundry documents, all did not go quite as smooth as the "blessed spirits" would have liked, and the poor Duca had a hard time of it. Notwithstanding the strong protection of the Colonna families who used all their influence with Pope Paul III., and the personal request of Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of Charles Vth., "the seven spirits" could not be satisfied, for the same mysterious (and to us very clear) reasons, though propitiated and otherwise honoured in every way. The difficult mission of Duca, in fact, was crowned with success only thirty-four years later. Ten years before, however, namely in 1551, the preparatory purification of the *Thermæ* had been ordered by Pope Julius III., and a first church had been built under the name of "*St. Mary of the Angels.*" But the "Blessed Thrones," feeling displeased with its name, brought on a war during which this temple was plundered and destroyed, as if instead of glorified Archangels they had been maleficent kabalistic *Spooks*.

After this, they went on appearing to seers and saints, with greater frequency

than before, and clamoured even more loudly for a special place of worship. They *demanded* the re-erection on the same spot (the *Thermæ*) of a temple which should be called the "Church of *the Seven Angels*."

But there was the same difficulty as before. The Popes had pronounced the original titles demon-names, *i.e.*, those of Pagan gods, and to introduce them into the church service would have been fatal. The "mystery names" of the seven angels could not be given. True enough, when the old "miraculous" picture with the seven names on it had been found, these names had been freely used in the church services. But, at the period of the *Renaissance*, Pope Clement XI. had ordered a special report to be made on them as they stood on the picture. It was a famous astronomer of that day, a Jesuit, named Joseph Biancini, who was entrusted with this delicate mission. The result to which the inquest led, was as unexpected as it was fatal to the worshippers of the seven Sabian gods; the Pope, while commanding that the picture should be preserved, ordered the seven angelic names to be *carefully rubbed out*. And "though these names are traditional," and "although they have *naught to do* with," and are "very different from the names used by Adalbert" (the Bishop-magician of Magdeburg), as the chronicler cunningly adds, yet even their mention was forbidden in the holy churches of Rome.

Thus affairs went on from 1527 till 1561; the Rector trying to satisfy the orders of his *seven* "guides,"—the church fearing to adopt even the Chaldean substitutes for the "mystery-names" as they had been so "desecrated by magical practices." We are not told, however, why the mystery-names, far less known than their substitutes have ever been, should not have been given out if the blessed "Thrones" enjoyed the smallest confidence. But, it must have been "small" indeed, since one finds the "Seven Archangels" demanding their restitution for 34 years, and refusing positively to be called by any other name, and the church still deaf to their desires. The Occultists do not conceal the reason why they have ceased to use them: *they are dangerously magical*. But why should the Church fear them? Have not the Apostles, and Peter pre-eminently, been told "whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven," and were they not given power over every demon known and unknown? Nevertheless, some of the mystery names may be still found along with their substitutes in old Roman missals printed in 1563. There is one in the Barberini library with the whole mass-service in it, and the forbidden truly Sabian names of the seven "great gods" flashing out ominously hither and thither.

The "gods" lost patience once more. Acting in a truly Jehovistic spirit with their "stiff-necked" worshippers, they sent a plague. A terrible epidemic of *obsession* and *possession* broke out in 1553, "when almost all Rome found itself possessed by the devil," says de Mirville (without explaining whether the clergy were included). Then only Duca's wish was realized. His seven Inspirers were invoked in their own names, and "the epidemic ceased as by enchantment, the blessed ones," adds the chronicler, "proving by the divine powers they possessed, once more, that they had nothing in common *with the demons of the same name*,"—*i.e.*, the Chaldean gods.*

* But they had proved their *power* earlier by sending the war, the destruction of the church, and finally the epidemic; and this does not look very *angelic*—to an Occultist.

"Then Michael Angelo was summoned in all haste by Paul IV. to the Vatican." His magnificent plan was accepted and the building of the former church begun. Its construction lasted over three years. In the archives of this now celebrated edifice, one can read that: "the narrative of the miracles that occurred during that period could not be undertaken, as it was *one incessant miracle of three years' duration.*" In the presence of all his cardinals, Pope Paul IV. ordered that the seven names, as originally written on the picture, should be restored, and inscribed around the large copy from it that surmounts to this day the high altar.

The admirable temple was consecrated to the Seven Angels in 1561. The object of the Spirits was reached; three years later, nearly simultaneously, Michael Angelo and Antonio Duca both died. They were no longer wanted.

Duca was the first person buried in the church for the erection of which he had fought the best part of his life and finally procured for his heavenly patrons. On his tomb the summary of the revelations obtained by him, as also the catalogue of the prayers and invocations, of the penances and fasts used as means of getting the "blessed" revelations and more frequent visits from the "Seven"—are engraved. In the vestry a sight of the documents attesting to, and enumerating some of the phenomena of "the incessant miracle of three years' duration" may be obtained for a small fee. The record of the "miracles" bears the *imprimatur* of a Pope and several Cardinals, but it still lacks that of the Society for Psychical Research. The "Seven Angels" must be needing the latter badly, as without it their triumph will never be complete. Let us hope that the learned Spookical Researchers will send their "smart boy" to Rome at an early day, and that the "blessed ones" may find at Cambridge—a Duca.

But what became of the "mystery names" so cautiously used and what of the new ones? First of all came the substitution of the name of Eudiel for one of the Kabalistic names. Just one hundred years later, all the seven names suddenly disappeared, by order of the Cardinal Albitius. In the old and venerable Church of *Santa Maria della Pieta* on the Piazza Colonna, the "miraculous" painting of the Seven Archangels may be still seen, but the names have been scratched out and the places repainted. *Sic transit gloria.* A little while after that the mass and vesper services of the "Seven" were once more eliminated from the missals used, notwithstanding that "they are quite distinct" from those of the "planetary Spirits" who used to help Bishop Adalbert. But as "the robe does not really make the monk," so the change of names cannot prevent the individuals that had them from being the same as they were before. They are still worshipped and this is all that my article aims to prove.

Will this be denied? In that case I have to remind the readers that so late as in 1825, a Spanish grandee supported by the Archbishop of Palermo made an attempt before Leo XII. for the simultaneous re-establishment *of the service and names.* The Pope granted the Church service *but refused the permission to use the old names.**

* This is quoted from the volumes of the Marquis de Mirville's "*Pneumatologie des Esprits,*" Vol. II. p. 388. A more rabid papist and ultramontane having never existed, his testimony can hardly be suspected. He seems to glory in this idolatry and is loud in demanding its *public* and universal restoration.

"This service, perfected and amplified by order of Paul IV., the minutes of which exist to this day at the *Vatican* and the *Minerva*, remained in force during the whole pontificate of Leo X." The Jesuits were those who rejoiced the most at the resurrection of the old worship, in view of the prodigious help they received from it, as it ensured the success of their proselytising efforts in the Philippine Islands. Pope Pius V. conceded the same "divine service" to Spain, saying in his Bull, that "one could never exalt too much *these seven Rectors* of the world, *figured by the* SEVEN PLANETS," and that . . . "it looked consoling and augured well for this century, that by the grace of God, the cult *of these seven ardent lights*, and these *seven stars*, was regaining all its lustre in the Christian republic." *

The same "holy Pope permitted moreover to the nuns of *Matritensis* to establish the *fête* of JEHUDIEL the patron of their convent." Whether another less pagan name has now been substituted for it we are not informed—nor does it in the least matter.

In 1832 the same demand in a petition to spread the worship of the "Seven Spirits of God," was reiterated, endorsed this time by *eighty-seven bishops* and thousands of officials with high-sounding names in the Church of Rome. Again, in 1858, Cardinal Patrizzi and King Ferdinand II. in the name *of all the people of Italy* reiterated their petition; and again, finally, in 1862. Thus, the Church services in honour of the seven "Spirit-Stars" have never been abrogated since 1825. To this day they are in full vigour in Palermo, in Spain, and even in Rome at "St. Mary of the Angels" and the "*Gésu*"—though entirely suppressed everywhere else; all this "because of Adalbert's *heresy*," de Mirville and the other supporters of Star-Angel worship are pleased to say. In reality there is no reason but the one already disclosed for it. Even the seven substitutes, especially the last four, have been too openly connected with black magic and astrology.

Writers of the de Mirville type are in despair. Not daring to blame the Church, they vent their wrath upon the old Alchemists and Rosicrucians. They clamour for the restitution of a public worship notwithstanding; and the imposing association formed since 1862 in Italy, Bavaria, Spain and elsewhere for the re-establishment of the cult of the Seven Spirits *in all its fullness* and in all Catholic Europe, gives hope that in a few years more the Seven Rishis of India now happily domiciled in the constellation of the Great Bear will become by the grace and will of some infallible Pontiff of Rome the legal and honoured divine patrons of Christendom.

And why not, since (St.) George is to this day, "the patron Saint of not only Holy Russia, Protestant Germany, fairy Venice, but also of merry England, whose soldiers,"—says W. M. Braithwaite,†—"would uphold his prestige with their heart's blood." And surely our "Seven gods" cannot be worse than was the rascally George of Cappadocia during his lifetime!

Hence, with the courage of true believers, the Christian defenders of the Seven Star-Angels deny nothing, at any rate they keep silent whenever accused of rendering divine honours to Chaldean and other gods. They even admit the identity and proudly confess to the charge of star-worshipping. The accusa-

* p. 358 *ibid.* Vide *infra*.

† "St. George for Merry England," by W. M. Braithwaite. *Masonic Monthly*, No. 2.

tion has been thrown many a time by the French Academicians into the teeth of their late leader, the Marquis de Mirville, and this is what he writes in reply:

"We are accused of mistaking stars for angels. The charge is acquiring such a wide notoriety that we are forced to answer it very seriously. It is impossible that we should try to dissimulate it without failing in frankness and courage, since this *pretended mistake* is repeated incessantly in the Scriptures as in our theology. We shall examine . . . . this opinion hitherto so accredited, to-day discredited, and which attributes rightly to our SEVEN PRINCIPAL SPIRITS the rulership, not of the seven known planets, with which we are reproached, but of the seven PRINCIPAL planets *—which is quite a different thing." †

And the author hastens to cite the authority of Babinet, the astronomer, who sought to prove in an able article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (May, 1885), that in reality besides the earth we had only SEVEN big planets.

The "seven *principal* planets" is another confession to the acceptance of a purely occult tenet. Every planet according to the esoteric doctrine is in its composition a *Septenary* like man, in its principles. That is to say, *the visible planet is the physical body* of the sidereal being the *Atma* or Spirit of which is the Angel, or Rishi, or Dhyan-Chohan, or Deva, or whatever we call it. This belief as the occultists will see (read in *Esoteric Buddhism* about the constitution of the planets) is thoroughly occult. It is a tenet of the Secret Doctrine—*minus* its idolatrous element—pure and simple. As taught in the Church and her rituals, however, and especially, as *practised*, it is ASTROLATRY as pure and as simple.

There is no need to show here the difference between teaching, or theory, and practice in the holy Roman Catholic Church. The words "Jesuit" and "Jesuitism" cover the whole ground. The Spirit of Truth has departed ages ago—if it has ever been near it—from the Church of Rome. At this, the Protestant Church, so full of brotherly spirit and love for her sister Church, will say; *Amen.* The Dissenter, whose heart is as full of the love of Jesus as of hatred towards Ritualism and its mother Popery, will chuckle.

In the editorial of the *Times* for November 7, 1866, stands "A Terrible Indictment" against the Protestants, which says:

"Under the influence of the Episcopal Bench, all the studies connected with theology have withered, until English Biblical critics are the scorn of foreign scholars. Whenever we take up the work of a theologian who is likely to be a Dean or a Bishop, we find, *not* an earnest inquirer setting forth the results of *honest research*, but merely an advocate, who, we can perceive, has begun his work with the fixed determination of *proving black white* in favour of his own traditional system."

If the Protestants do not recognise the "Seven Angels," nor, while refusing them divine worship, do they feel ashamed and afraid of their names, as the Roman Catholics do, on the other hand they are guilty of "*Jesuitism*" of another kind, just as bad. For, while professing to believe the Scriptures a direct *Revelation* from God, not one sentence of which should be altered under the penalty of eternal damnation, they yet tremble and cower before the discoveries of science, and try to pander to their great enemy. Geology, Anthro-

* These "principal planets" are the *mystery planets* of the pagan Initiates, but travestied by dogma and priestcraft.

† *Pneumatologie des Esprits*, Vol. II. *Memoire adressé aux Academies*, p. 359, *et seq.*

pology, Ethnology and Astronomy, are to them what Uriel, Scaltiel, Jehudiel and Barachiel are to the Roman Catholic Church. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. And since neither one nor the other of the two religions will abstain from anathematizing, slandering and persecuting Magic, Occultism, and even Theosophy, it is but just and proper that in their turn the Students of the Sacred Science of old should retort at last, and keep on telling the truth fearlessly to the faces of both.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

H. P. B.

"L'ISIS."

BRANCHE FRANCAISE, DE LA SOCIÉTÉ THÉOSOPHIQUE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Allow me to bring to the notice of those of your readers who may have received the pretended "Bulletin de l'Isis" the following facts:—

Of the three signatories of this bulletin one has been expelled from the Isis Lodge; the two others are not even members of the Theosophical Society.*

Thus neither M. Goyard, nor M. Encausse, nor M. Lejay, have henceforth any connection at all with Isis. Moreover, it is absolutely false that at the meeting, held by these gentlemen on June 23rd, a resolution was unanimously voted and accepted to the effect that an apology should be offered to M. Saint Yves, called Marquis d'Alveydre.† Some members formally opposed the resolution. But had it been even so, the Isis Lodge would have had no concern with it, these three gentleman having no right to speak in the name of the Lodge. The gathering in the private rooms of M. Lejay has nothing in common with the meeting of the Isis Lodge, which took place at the same hour in the Salle Richefeu.

Yours fraternally,

F. K. Gaboriau,
President (*pro tem.*) of the Isis Lodge.

A. FROMENT.
(Hon. Secretary-Treasurer.)

* In the *bulletin* issued by the said gentlemen, it is questioned whether the President-Founder has the right to appoint officers *pro tem.* to vacant places. In the *Rules* of the T. S. may be found No. 7, which states: "The President-Founder has authority to designate any Fellow . . . . to perform *pro tem.* the duties of any office vacated *by death* or resignation." In the Rules of 1888, Art. 15 *(d)* declares that "in case of vacancies occurring during the year it shall be competent for the President, &c., &c. . . . to nominate and appoint persons to fill such vacancies." M. Louis Dramard, the late President and Founder of "L'Isis," being dead, and confusion and disputes having arisen in consequence, it was expedient to set this rule in action, and nominate, *pro tem.*, in the name of the President-Founder, M. Gaboriau (a co-founder of the branch), as President "de l'*Isis*," *subject to the approval* of the President in Council. Such nomination, even *pro tem.*, was forced by the despotic and illegal actions of three persons, two of whom were not even members, and who had, nevertheless, seizing the power in their hands, proclaimed themselves as sole proprietors and directors of the destinies of *l'Isis*.

† Who is M. Saint Yves, Marquis d'Alveydre? He is not, nor ever was, a member of the Theosophical Society.

H P. BLAVATSKY,
Corresponding Secretary of the T S.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

[Published with the approval of the Gnostic Theosophical Society.]

THEOSOPHY is derived from two Greek words, *Theos*, meaning God, and *Sophia*, meaning wisdom. Theosophia or Theosophy is the wisdom of God, or Divine wisdom. Theosophy is at once a science and a religion.

It is the science that embraces the phenomena, laws and principles of all sciences. The religion that contains the absolute truths underlying the creeds of all religions of all ages and peoples since the making of the world. It is as old as the sun; as young as the dawn. It evolves from the microcosm and explains the macrocosm. While mortal in manifestation, it is immortal in essence. "It is the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Its truth was hidden behind the veil of Isis, was closed within the sacred Lotus of the Buddha was guarded in the temples of Greece and Rome, was carved upon the golden sun of Montezuma, and was crucified upon the cross with Jesus Christ. Theosophia—Divine daughter of God!—calls aloud to all the world in this New Cycle, and proclaims in her very name her glorious origin and certain destiny!

The ancient Initiates or adepts were the discoverers and conservators of all the sciences of ancient times, and also the guardians and teachers of all the religions of the past. To the Initiate there never was and never can be any conflict between true science and true religion. But the ancient adept gave neither his knowledge of nature, nor of the gods to the people. There was an esoteric science, and an esoteric religion jealously guarded by the few, for the few who proved themselves worthy. Only after long years of study, of pure and holy living, and of the most terrible and painful ordeals was the seeker for divine wisdom admitted to the inner sanctuary. Few are they who can be trusted with the awful powers that come from occult knowledge of the *Anima Bruta*, till they have risen to the comprehension of the sublime mysteries of the *Anima Divina*. To gain admission to the higher secrets of the adepts is as difficult to-day as it was in the times of Pythagoras or of Christ, though the time for revealing many secrets hidden for thousands of years is now at hand. . . . . .

The mystic grasps not only the immutable and relentless laws of the material world, but also the equally unvarying, inexorable and higher laws of the spiritual universe. The adept, both ancient and modern, reads the most occult pages in the book of nature, commands forces utterly unknown to modern science, scans the hearts of men and demons and holds converse with the Gods. The most learned cosmopolitan is

at best but a citizen of the world; the adept is a citizen of the universe, and can live alike in the world of causes, and the world of effects, in the here and in the hereafter. And do we mean to say that all Theosophists know the secrets of all sciences, and have the key to every mystery of the soul? No! a thousand times no! As well might one say that every philosopher is a Newton or a La Place, every naturalist a Darwin or Hæckel, every musician a Mozart or Beethoven. But our claims seem startling enough to some. They are so high, wide and deep. that Science scorns, Religion repudiates and Ignorance ignores them, But Theosophists heed none of these things. They live in time as though it were eternity, and are as sure of eternity as they are of time. Though they may have caught but the faintest echo of the divine harmony, that echo enwraps the soul in abiding calm. A great western mystic beautifully defines "reason as the eye of the mind and intuition as the eye of the soul." The Theosophist walks the paths of truth with both these windows of his being wide open, and turned to the source of all light; and knows himself a son of God returning to his Father! And also knows that in that long journey, he shall gather all knowledge, both of earth and heaven, and attain to all the joys and powers, both of men and angels! He believes in absolute love and absolute wisdom, because he knows the laws of absolute justice that rule the universe. There can be no such thing as perfect love without perfect justice. The Gnostic alone, of all men, can tell you why "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail." Because he knows the law he gathers his strength for the evil days that soon must fall upon mankind, because the power now held by the classes is used to oppose and suppress the rights of the masses. As every adept can read in the astral light, he knows the future when he wills. Thus, soon you will hear voices, here and there throughout the world, giving warning of the terrible calamities now swiftly sweeping from the Unseen, to overwhelm those who doubt and oppose the justice of the living God. The mystic loves all Christs and believes in all, but for him there is no saviour outside of himself. He knows the meaning of the beautiful mystery of the atonement; but the world does not know it; neither does the Church show that she knows it in the husky doctrine that reaches the masses from the Vatican.

Slowly the master entered the silent hall where his disciples walked and pondered the mysteries.

"Hast studied well the symbols, and dost thou know at last the truth," said the master.

"In part I know, and always I seek," replied the novitiate.

"Ponder well and strengthen thee, for we go a long journey and much may be revealed to thee." . . . .

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. Soon

they were in the dense gloom of a tropical forest; the towering trees enwrapped in the snaky folds of clasping vines, whose twisting fingers drew ever closer the dark roof leaves. Before them rose the dim outlines of that massive and mysterious temple, lost for ages in the heart of Yucatan. The master pushed away the heavy vines that covered deep carvings of many strange symbols, engraved upon the deathless stone before the Aztec rose or the Montezumas reigned.

"Behold the temple of the living God!" said the master.

And as the student knelt a tongue of flame leaped from cross to wheel, from wheel to serpent, and he cried aloud: "They knew!—thousands and thousands of years ago they knew, and here are all the mysteries, oh! Buddha our Lord!"

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. It was night. Round them stretched in awful majesty the ruins of ancient Karnac. Terrible in grandeur loomed those giant columns, striking black shadows across the splendour of the Egyptian moon. A flock of flamingoes whirled slowly in the air above, moving towards the gliding Nile. Then from the deepest shadow came a voice: "I am Hermes Trismegistus. If that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. All is living—life is one, and God is Life."

When silence fell, a faint flame gleamed upon a broken column, and as the student bowed in awe, he saw the symbols carved deep, imperishable. The tongue of flame swept from winged globe to winged wheel; the triangles, interlaced, were enclosed in a serpent of fire; and his heart melted within him. And he cried again. "Here they knew him!" Here he was adored! Oh! Christ ineffable, oh! mystery Divine!

"Come!" said the master, and the student arose and followed. Suddenly thick darkness held them like a pall. They could hear the sullen surge of waves that sweep stealthily in caverns. Startled bats brushed them as they moved and the damp stones proved the sea was near this entrance to the cave of Elephanta. They were approaching the oldest mystery of India. The master gently took the cold hand of his disciple as the darkness slowly lifted, and in the dimness glowered that monstrous statue—gigantic, horrible; that dual creature of stone, half man, half woman—the mystery of the ages! And as they looked, a tongue of flame shone upon the wall and there they saw the symbol most sacred—worshipped by Aryan, Egyptian, Aztec, Jew and Christian. And the master cried aloud: "Behold the temple of the Living Truth!" "The same yesterday, to-day and for ever!" As he cried the flame crept from the wall and glowed over his heart, and his disciple turned and beheld his master illumined from within, and fell upon his knees and worshipped him, crying, "'Tis He! 'Tis He! He is here. His temple is within thee!" The disciple wept with joy, and bowed his head upon his breast and lo! the flame leaped from within his own heart, and he cried with a mighty voice. "'Tis He, 'Tis He! Behold, *we* are the temple of the Living God!"

SUSIE E. HIBBERT, 2nd Degree, F.T.S.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, June 9th, 1888.

EVOLUTION AND NATURAL SELECTION.

A CRITICISM AND A SUGGESTION.

The relation of Darwinism to the general concept of Evolution—Spencer on modern Darwinism—Haeckel's view—What Evolution really owes to Darwin—Anticipations of Natural Selection, Wallace, Wells and Herbert—The scope assigned to Natural Selection—Tyndall on the duty of scientific critics—Professor Bain on N. S.—Herbert Spencer's recent criticism in "The Factors of Organic Evolution"—Schmidt, Büchner and Haeckel on the same—Dixon on "Evolution without Natural Selection"—Mr. G. J. Romanes on "Physiological Selection"; his limitation of the Darwinian factor as explanatory of the "Origin of Species"—Summary of recent emendations—Spencer's powerful thrust—Probing the expression "Natural Selection"—The "rift in the lute"—"Spontaneous variations" as the quantité negligeable *of Darwinism—Haeckel's Pedigree of man—Can Natural Selection "evolve"?*—its complete dependency on the variations of structure—*A Biological Cossack*—Not an originative but a registrative factor—*Full exposition of the point—Rehabilitation of the idea of an inherent law of development—Professor Owen and Albert Gaudry—Von Hartmann's "Truth and Error in Darwinism"—Proofs*—Cases inexplicable by Natural Selection *—The vertebrate and molluscan eye—Dr. A. Wilson on structure of the cuttlefish head —Haeckel on mechanical causality—Darwin's marine ancestor of man;* the great puzzle—*A. R. Wallace on N. S. as explaining only part of human evolution—Concluding remarks.*

"On the evidence of palaeontology the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact; it is only the nature of the physiological factors to which that evolution is due which is still open to discussion."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE dominant position held by Darwinism in modern biology has undoubtedly led many persons to identify a certain phase of the Development-hypothesis with the Development-hypothesis itself. It is strange to note in how many circles this opinion still seems to prevail, but when we bear in mind the importance of the great factor in organic evolution insisted on by Darwin and the extent to which his views have thrown all competing theories into the background, the explanation is not far to seek. Nowadays, as Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks,* naturalists are more Darwinian than Darwin himself, relying as they do too exclusively on the sufficiency of the factor which it was his lifework to illustrate. Evolution has consequently become in the eyes of many, a synonym for Darwinism. But to cite Professor Haeckel †:—

. . . . "The fundamental principle of Darwin was by no means a new one. It has been formulated already by many philosophers, not only in our own century, but in much earlier times in one form or another. The proofs and arguments that Darwin discovered in favour of his views are new. The vigorous carrying out of the hypothesis in the light of the science of the day—that, also, is new."

The general Evolution Doctrine is, of course, pre-Darwinian. But the immense debt which biology owes to the great naturalist is based on his

* "The Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 29. † "The Darwinian Theory." (Lect.)

application of the principle of Natural Selection to the explanation of the phenomena of organic life. He infused new energy into a dream of isolated thinkers, which was fast falling into discredit, by supplying the necessary mechanical basis demanded by physiology. Where Lamarck and Oken attempted to solve the problems of biology by verbal explanations, he proffered a simple and definite theory. It is true, as he himself remarks,* that—exclusive of the independent application of Natural Selection by Mr. A. R. Wallace—certain authors such as Dr. Wells and the Hon. W. Herbert had already accounted for sporadic ethnological and botanical phenomena on his own lines. In no instance, however, was the full import of the explanation grasped irrespective of the minute research, the patient skill and "pemmican of fact," which contribute so largely to the merit of the "Origin of Species."

Natural Selection is now a "by-word among the nations." Indefinite variability, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence—continuous elimination checking a geometrical rate of increase—here we have the Darwinian law in a nutshell. From the specks of protoplasmic monera which overlaid the ocean depths of the Laurentian Epoch up to the civilised philosopher of to-day, all forms of organic life are to be accounted for on this basis, according to the enthusiastic adherents of this system.

It is my intention in this essay to cast a glance over the most recent conclusions on the subject, to examine into the alleged all-sufficiency of Natural Selection, and finally to lay the issue clearly before my readers:—Have we as yet exhausted the list of "factors of organic evolution"? I venture to doubt the soundness of the affirmative answer to this query so often and so confidently returned, holding that science never attains to a realization of the whole truth on any subject except by a series of steps. As Professor Tyndall said, in his celebrated Belfast address, it is, after all, not a question of whether Darwin, Huxley, or Spencer, possess the final truth. Many of their positions may have, one day, to be abandoned. The essential fact which we must recognise is the necessity for the freest speech and the most untrammelled research. It is in this spirit alone that the discussion of such problems should be approached. "Science should have neither desires nor prejudices. Truth should be her sole aim." †

Now, in the case of Natural Selection, we find ourselves face to face with a process which is daily and hourly in operation around us. All criticism, therefore, should bear upon the extent to which this factor may be regarded as explicative of the "how?" of organic development. "This renowned speculation," writes Professor Bain,‡ "with all its boldness, has the characters of a legitimate hypothesis; it assumes a

* "Origin of Species," 6th Ed., p. xv. "Historical Sketch of the Progress of opinion on the Origin of Species."

† Sir W. Grove. ‡ "Logic. Induction," p. 272.

real agency, a *vera causa;* its difficulties lie in showing that the supposed agent is equal to the vastness of the results." There is, however, another aspect of this question with which I shortly propose to deal.

One feature of recent polemics is too prominent to escape comment, viz.:—the sharp check experienced by those biologists who have no other factor in their repertory of hypotheses than that of Natural Selection. The highest authority on the matter within these shores—Mr. Herbert Spencer—has not only declared his entire disbelief in the adequacy of this factor to account for the results of evolution, but has even gone so far as to stigmatise it as representative of no physical cause at all in the strict sense of the term. He writes:—

"The phrases employed in discussing organic evolution, though convenient and indeed needful, are *liable to mislead us by veiling the actual agencies.* . . . The words "Natural Selection" *do not express a cause in the physical sense.* They express a mode of co-operation among causes, or rather, to speak strictly, they express an *effect* of this mode of co-operation."*

Such language from the pen of the author of the "Principles of Biology" is certainly somewhat startling. Mr. Spencer does not, however, proceed to fill up the gap in the list of factors with any marked approximation to originality, though his illustrations of existing evolutionist problems are of great value. He recognises, indeed, such additional causes as "use and disuse," the direct influence of the environment, etc., but Darwin himself, many years ago, admitted as much in the earliest editions of his work. The essay is, however, instructive as typical of an incipient re-action against the view that the causes of evolution had been once and for all ascertained and docketed.† In this connection we may note that such authoritative writers as Schmidt, Büchner‡ and Haeckel§ have been uniformly consistent in maintaining the necessary incompleteness of any theory which regards Natural Selection as the sole constructive agent in the origination of species.‖ More recently, Mr. Charles Dixon in his "Evolution without Natural Selection," has added "Isolation," "Climate" and a few other minor causes to the growing list of emendations on the original cast of the forces operative in the drama of life.

More definite still is the hypothesis lately put forward by Mr. G. J. Romanes, F.R.S.—that of "Physiological Selection." This distinguished biologist regards the cardinal difficulties of Darwinism "considered as a theory of the origin of species," as three in number.¶ (1.) The difference between natural species and domesticated varieties in respect of fertility. (2.) The fact that the features which distinguish allied species have frequently no utilitarian significance, and cannot hence be attributed to

* "Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 40.

† Cf. Herbert Spencer, "Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 29, on this point.

‡ "Force and Matter," (Eng. Trans., Asher & Co.), p. 209.

§ "The Pedigree of Man," (Eng. Trans.), pp. 24-5.

‖ "Darwinism," according even to Haeckel, "offers us only the basis of a new system."

¶ Linnean Society's Journal, p. 338.

Natural Selection. (3.) The "swamping influence upon an incipient variety of free intercrossing . . . . if we add to this consideration . . . . the difficulty elaborated by Professor Mivart as to the *improbability of a variation being from the first of sufficient utility to come under the influence of natural selection*, I feel it impossible to doubt that a most formidable opposition is presented." Mr. Romanes holds that Natural Selection constitutes no legitimate theory of the origin of *species*, though it does, indeed, of *adaptations*. "In thus seeking to place the theory of natural selection on its true logical footing," he adds, "I am no way detracting from the importance of that theory. On the contrary I am but seeking to release it from the difficulties with which it has been hitherto surrounded." * He traces the permanent divergence of a variety from its parent species and its preservation from the swamping effect of interbreeding with the latter, to the "barrier" produced by a mutual sterility. This barrier, which is obviously "quite as effectual as a thousand miles of ocean," supervenes in consequence of variations in the extremely sensitive medium of the reproductive organs, the liability of which to be affected by climatic or dietetic changes is notorious. Interesting and in many respects satisfactory as the above hypothesis appears to be, I am more concerned at present to instance the more notable departures from orthodox evolutionism than to examine into their respective merits—a truly enormous subject. Suffice it to say that they may all be accepted as supplementary to Natural Selection, and in no case tend to grapple with what seems to be the vital postulate of Evolutionism. Putting aside, therefore, all considerations as to the validity of such emendated versions of the current development hypothesis, let us proceed to inquire into the precise implication of the expression "Natural Selection."

Some very important aspects of the latter demanded a more exhaustive treatment than they have hitherto received.

The frequent designation of an organ or species as "evolved by natural selection" is not without its drawback. It tends to personify a metaphor—to entify an abstraction one is almost tempted to say. Mr. Spencer, as previously noted, well observes that "the phrases employed in discussing organic evolution, though convenient and indeed needful, are liable to mislead us by veiling the actual agencies." Probing this sentence to the quick, we note that the philosopher of Agnosticism is in reality impatient of that general tendency to substitute phrases for thoughts, which is exemplified in the loose language of many writers on Evolution. What then is the strict connotation of the expression "evolved by natural selection"? Simply that out of a certain aggregate of geometrically-multiplying organisms only those survive which possess special structural or mental advantages, or it may be their incipient stages. Exactly. How then with regard to origination of such variations in the

* Linnean Society's Journal, p. 346.

first instance? We now find ourselves face to face with some interesting considerations.

"Natural Selection," strictly speaking, is but a verbal entity symbolising an effect produced by a concurrence of heterogeneous causes. The best organised members of a group of animals or plants are alone predicated to survive and transmit their advantages to the future breed. The process thus christened by Darwin, as being analogous to the conscious selection exercised by man in domesticating animals, originates nothing; it only seizes upon and diffuses at large among the descendants of a species such useful material in the way of variation *as the ancestral organisms themselves have provided it with.* It tends to universalise individual advantages, thus registering idiosyncrasies for the benefit of a group. But in ultimate analysis it is apparent that so far from explaining the whole rationale of Evolution, "Natural Selection" leaves the essential factor in the matter still an unfathomed mystery. The crucial query suggests itself—whence sprung the stimulus to those variations which supply "Natural Selection" with its pabulum?

"Ay! there's the rub."

The point, then, on which I am anxious to lay stress is the following, viz.:—That in reality *it is the so-called spontaneous variations which produce the harvest of complex forms, animal and vegetable;* and that Natural Selection merely subserves the function of *registering for the breed* the beneficial changes as they turn up. Take, for instance, the Haeckelian pedigree of Man. If it is, in any sense, valid, we have to regard Homo Sapiens as the lineal descendant of palaeozoic "monera." The distinguished German scientist alluded to frequently speaks of Man's physical structure as "evolved *by* Natural Selection." Is this a permissible use of language?

Surely not. No modification can spring from Natural Selection, which, as Mr. Spencer shows, is not a physical cause initiating physiological changes. "Natural Selection" is, at the best, only a registrative as opposed to an originative process, and does not even represent an unvarying combination of agencies. It is an effect resulting from the co-operation of the heterogeneous causes which go to make up what is termed the "struggle for existence"; and the conditions of this struggle vary with the special geographical areas in which its presence is discipherable. How vague and shadowy, then, is this factor, which was once deemed all-explanatory? Its action is seen to be limited to the elimination of inferior organisms. It teaches us nothing with regard to the general advance of form since the structural variations, which accomplish this end, antecede the stage at which the survival of the fittest supervenes. Before Natural Selection can weed out the feeble and preserve the superior members of a species, the material to be sifted must be forthcoming. Millions, ay, myriads, of organisms may perish, but no evolutionary advance is possible unless

favourable structural variations put in an appearance. The deep sea Bathybii* may "struggle for existence" through aeons of geological time, but *à quoi bon?* Their rudimentary stage of organisation is stereotyped, *unless new physiological characteristics spontaneously appear* in their midst. *No amount of "selection" can evolve a type on to a higher level, if no change worthy of selection presents itself.* This, at least, is clear.

We may perhaps compare Natural Selection to a biological Cossack, who, by preying on stragglers from the main army of organic advance, prevents the inferior products of Nature's "'prentice hand" from perpetuating their stock. There its function ends. The existing perfection of organic types is, therefore, not due to Natural Selection *per se*. It is, due to that *quantité negligeable*—the "spontaneous variations." They, in reality, have built up the grand edifice of organic evolution; while that invaluable *accessory factor*, "Natural Selection," has been only carrying on a process of eliminating failures from the workshop of Mother Earth. Even supposing that the struggle for existence had never been instituted to serve as the probation and standard of the vitality of species, would not the advance of form due to "spontaneous variability" have equally taken place? Obviously, but in that case the feeble would be co-existent with the strong, the undeveloped with the developed, in a manner which under existing cosmic laws is inconceivable.

But, as things stand, Nature, as Du. Prel says, is her own physician "Natural Selection" is the superficially cruel, but *de facto* benevolent manner in which she "physicks" her children—species. But this summary treatment of ailments does not assist us much in comprehending how the vigorous portion of her progeny attained their maturity.

The fact that the "spontaneous" variations in organisms, constitute after all the basic factor in evolution, completely rehabilitates the conception as to "an inherent law of development" originally impressed on matter or bound up with what Matthew Arnold has called "the eternal order of things." This opinion is held in a modified form by Professor Owen† and Albert Gaudry.‡ It is, also, defended by the pessimist Von Hartmann, though the standpoint of the "philosopher of the Unconscious" is necessarily different to that favoured by theistic evolutionists in general.

In support of this doctrine as to a pre-determined necessity underlying the MAIN TENDENCY of those variations which, as Darwin says, we call spontaneous "through our ignorance," numerous facts might be adduced. We know, for instance, that the eyes of cuttlefish and

* Now, like many other Evolutionist myths, resolved into a dream of too zealous biologists.

† Cf. "General Conclusions," in his "Anatomy of the Vertebrates."

‡ "Considérations sur les Mammifères" (Paris).

vertebrates originated independently in the two types which, in Darwin's words, "owe none of their structure in common to inheritance from a common progenitor." Again, in an able essay on the former, Dr. Wilson remarks in allusion to their cephalic development*:—

"The presence in the heads of cuttlefishes of the cartilaginous 'skull,' in addition to other sundry masses of gristle scattered through the substance of the 'mantle,' has just been mentioned as a feature of interest. No possible lines of connection, genetic or otherwise, exist between cuttlefish and vertebrates; yet this 'skull' character would at first sight seem to indicate resemblance and relationship of a definite kind between the two groups. But the case before us *merely adds one to already known instances in which structures of analogous or similar nature have originated in a perfectly independent fashion.*"

Such facts go far to sustain the view that the general lines on which organic evolution proceeds are mapped out in germ in the very nature of things; in short, that as regards the *mainstream* of "progress from the simple to the complex," the supposed "indeterminate clash" of unintelligent forces is a pure myth. An inherent *vis formativa* supplants Professor Haeckel's conception of "blind forces working without aim, without design." It is at least strange in this connection to find writers of the materialistic school such as Büchner so glibly disposing of "variation"—that essence of the problem—as "spontaneous" and due to "chance." If we are free to say that variation is not the *quantité négligeable* which Darwinism makes of it, we are certainly justified in regarding spontaneity and chance in a "universe of matter, force, and necessity" as flagrant impossibilities.

Let us now analyse the "variation" problem presented by the following speculation culled from Darwin†:—

"We should be justified in believing that at an extremely remote period a group of animals existed resembling in many respects the larvae of our present Ascidians, which diverged into two great branches—the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of Ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the Vertebrata."

Now, since Natural Selection merely registers the useful variations in structure, it follows that the striking contrast between these two branches in respect of modification, was due to a luxuriant access of beneficial variations to the one, parallel with a stagnation of growth in the case of the other. From what source sprang the force which determined the origination of the vertebrate phylum from a lowly marine grub? Why was only one branch thus rich with potentiality of progress, while the other positively retrograded? Of all this Natural Selection affords us no ghost or glimmer of an explanation.

Mr. A. R. Wallace has adduced the case of the savage as illustrative of

* "Studies in Life and Sense," p. 98.
† "Descent of Man." Second Edit., p. 160.

the presence of some factor superior to mere mechanical causation in the evolution of Man. He rests this opinion on certain specific "potentialities" inherent in the larynx, hand, and brain of the savage, which are of no utility to their present possessors, but nevertheless *anticipate* the requirements of the future civilized man—thus lending powerful support to those hypotheses which recognise a provident design in Nature. He found, for instance, that many wild tribes whose actual exercise of intelligence is little superior to that of the orang nevertheless possess large brains out of all proportion to their menta necessities. Unless, therefore, we are to regard such peoples as degraded relics of pre-historic civilizations,* a view which obviously would only swell the list of existing evolutionist perplexities anent the supposed animal ancestry of Man, the conclusion is inevitable that such a cerebral development could not have been "produced" by unaided Natural Selection. *Anticipatory provision* has nothing in common with the *automatic utilitarianism* of the latter.

This case, however, as many others which admit of citation, assumes a very different aspect when we apply to its solution ths idea that the general tendency of organic variability is shaped by some "vis formativa" —the link† between the phenomenal universe and the Cosmic Soul. For the universe is buttressed by Thought. The main impress by which the world-plan was stamped into matter prior to the Age of the Fire-Mists or the birth of the elements, is traceable to that Universal Spirit:—

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky and in the mind of man
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought
> And rolls through all things."

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

* As they undoubtedly are. But I am arguing the case on the evolutionist lines, so accept *arg.caus.* the gratuitous idea of the "primeval savage."

† Fohat.

THE T. P. S.

THE Theosophical Publication Society's pamphlet "No. 9," is a very interesting account by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore of Mr. Keely's theories and discoveries. Few persons, especially in America, have not heard of "Keely's Motor," with its secret force behind it, and this pamphlet, entitled "Keely's Secrets," throws as much light as the nature of that force and its applications (including medicine) as has been deemed advisable at the present moment. No one is better qualified to speak on the subject than Mrs. Moore (of course with the exception of Mr. Keely himself). The pamphlet is likely to attract wide attention; its price is 6d. and it is sold at 7 Duke Street, or mailed on receipt of price in stamps.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins and —— ——.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME parts of the north-east coast of England are singularly desolate and wild, and strangely deserted, considering how small the island is. One would suppose it hardly possible to find retreat in an over-populated small country such as the British islands. But nineteenth-century life is centred in cities, and in the present day people find no landmarks in Nature, and do not understand that by the edge of the sea, or in the midst of fields, they may be surrounded by aerial hosts who have been associated with that special spot since the wild small island was built amid its harassing seas. It has been a centre and point of a special character for those who read between the lines during all this age of the earth of which we have any knowledge.

But there are some who know and feel the powers that are not visible to the material eyes, and who know how to use them.

In a remote, desolate, and very bleak part of the north-eastern coast there stands a small house, well sheltered by a high hill close behind it, and a thick belt of trees. The land on which the house stands is part of a very large estate, which has been cut up and sold by successive spendthrift and dissolute owners. These men had Norman blood in them, and never took complete root upon English soil. The big castle which was their family house was most often untenanted, and so was this small Dower-house on the seashore. It was now the property of a younger son, who had scarcely ever been seen by the people of the place; never at all since he had been quite a boy. Now and again someone visited the old house for a few days; lights were seen in the windows so unexpectedly that the peasants said the house was haunted. But at present it was in regular occupation. A foreign servant came into the village one day to make purchases, and said that he was with a friend of Mr. Veryan, to whom the house belonged, who had borrowed it to live in for some months. He told anyone who was curious enough to question him that his master was a doctor of great reputation, in spite of being still comparatively young; that he had come to this remote place in order to be quiet and carry on some special

studies. It was not likely that his quiet would be disturbed, for the old castle was nothing but a big ruin, the elder branch of the family being represented by an agent, who was doubtful whether to make money out of converting the castle into a show-place, or to pull it down and sell the bricks it was built of. No one had any kind of positive idea where the present owner was. And this was the condition of an old and proud family. Everything had been squandered, even the beautiful old family plate had long since been packed and sent to London for sale. It was said that the worst of all the succession of spendthrifts who had dissipated the fine old property was the beautiful wife of the last lord, the mother of the two sons now the sole representatives of the name. She was a Hungarian of noble family according to the statements made at the time of her marriage. But the servants and peasants always declared her to be a gipsy, pure and simple, and, moreover, a witch. She was extraordinarily beautiful and fascinating, and in the few short years of their married life did with her husband whatever she fancied.

Her death had been a terrible one, and the poor people firmly believed that her ghost haunted the old castle in which her luxuriously furnished rooms, decked in a quaint barbaric fashion, were still to be seen, hardly touched since her death. Even the agent, whose one idea seemed to be to sell anything convertible into money, had left her many costly ornaments in their accustomed places. Some kind of superstitious feeling kept him from having these rooms stripped. He had been in great terror of the beautiful chatelaine during her life, and possibly he had not shaken off that fear even now. It was the only theory by which to account for the reverence with which these rooms were treated, for her son had given no orders about them.

The new resident at the Dower House lived in great seclusion and quite alone, save for his two foreign servants, who appeared to do for him all that he needed. He was a great rider, but the hours he spent out of doors were usually those of the very early morning, so that he was seldom seen. It was soon discovered, however, that he was an extraordinarily handsome man, in the prime of life. All sorts of rumours at once were circulated about him. A recluse is expected to be old, crooked, eccentric in manner. Why should this man, to whom life would be supposed to have every attraction possible, shut himself up in absolute solitude? He was met now and again by one of the labourers who had to rise with the dawn and go to work, evidently returning from a walk. Such habits as these to the sloth-loving English peasant could only indicate the restlessness of a mind diseased or guilty. Yet there was something in the face of the man which forbad this mode of accounting for his peculiar tastes from being even talked of; the dullest mind could not but recognise the power and strength shown in that beautiful face.

His servants always called him "Monsieur," giving him no name

They appeared to think the peasants of too little importance to require any more definite information ; and as no letters ever came to the Dower House, no name was associated with its resident. This, in itself, seemed odd ; but common persons soon get used to a custom of that kind, and think no more of it, once the first shock is over.

As a matter of fact, however, it is impossible to remain incognito in a civilised country for long together. Some prying person, possessed of a kind of officialism, is sure to disturb the temporary peace of this form of oblivion. In this case the agent did it. He rode up to the Dower House one day, got off his horse and sent in his name. In a few moments he was ushered into a room which he did not recognise, so completely was its appearance changed since he had seen it last. It was entirely hung with tapestry on which were worked figures of the most life-like character ; warriors, women in dresses of different periods, monks and clowns. These were not formed into groups and pictures as is usual upon tapestry, but were marshalled round the room, like so many witnesses of any scene which might take place within it. So real was the effect that the agent half misdoubted whether the interview was indeed a *tête-à-tête* one, when his host came forward to meet him.

He was dressed in a grey shooting suit, the simplest dress possible for an Englishman to wear in the country. Yet it so well suited and set off his splendid figure and extraordinary face, that his visitor was for a moment startled into silence. When he found self-possession enough to speak, it was with much more than his usual gravity.

"I presume, sir," he said, "that you have some reason for being here without letting the people know who you are ; though it seems a strange thing to do, for you must be recognised sooner or later. I have not seen you since you were a child, but your likeness to your mother is unmistakable ; as I know that Sir Harold Veryan is at present in Africa, I presume I am speaking to Ivan Veryan."

"You are right," was the answer. "I had no serious intention of concealing my identity, for that would be absurd. But my servants habitually call me M'sieu, finding my name a difficulty ; and as the poor people here have no recollection of me, I should prefer that they remain ignorant of who I am. I wish for complete solitude here, not to assume the position of the next heir, who may be supposed to take an interest in the fate of the castle, the condition of the cottages, and the felling of the timber."

"If you wanted seclusion this seems the last place to come to," observed the agent.

"I find a seclusion here which suits me, for the time being," was the reply. "I only want one thing—a key to one of the doors of the castle, as I came here partly to use its library——unless all the books have been sold."

"The books have not been touched," replied the agent, "the library

was one of your mother's favourite rooms, and none of them have been disturbed."

"Then I shall be glad to have a key as soon as you can send it me."

"And you wish no one told of your presence here?" enquired the agent doubtfully.

"Who should care to know of it?"

"The county families——" he said hesitatingly, wishing very much for permission to retail his piece of gossip at the next market-day in the county town. There was always a middle-day dinner at the biggest hotel, where all sorts of magnates and men of property and business met and talked; and he would have interested the whole tableful if he could have informed them that one of the Veryans had actually returned to England and was living in his own house.

"If I wish to see any of my neighbours I will call on them," was the decided answer, "till then, I should prefer that nothing is said about me."

The air of command with which this was spoken made it final. The agent said nothing more on the subject, but soon took his leave. Later in the day a messenger came to the Dower House with a key of the castle gate, and a key of one of the doors of the castle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE old castle of the Veryans—which was a queer building, roomy, rambling, not beautiful, but very strong and amply veiled with green ivy—stood on high ground, looking well over land and sea. It was not sheltered like the Dower House, but faced all fortunes of weather, confident in its own strength. No tree stood close to it, for the position was too exposed. But gardens which had once been glorious, and even now were beautiful with the remains of their past glory, stretched on every side. They had the supreme charm, unknown to modern gardens, of never being flowerless. All the year round, even in the bitterest weather, lines and stars of colour made the ground beautiful.

Along the cliff edge of the garden two high walls were built; and between these was the Lady's Walk—a place of delight to any sightseer who might stray to this deserted place. A wide gravel path went straight down its centre, forming a wonderfully dry promenade. On each side were wide flower beds full of rare plants that grew well in this sheltered spot; and the walls were covered with fruit trees and blooming creepers which flourished luxuriantly. On the side of the sea were openings in the wall, here and there; and seats were placed in sheltered, sunny nooks, from which the grand view might be seen.

It was to the Lady's Walk that Ivan went direct, as soon as he entered the castle grounds that same evening.

The flower-beds were neglected and overgrown, the creepers un-

trimmed and hanging in thick masses from the walls. The place was all the more beautiful from this neglect just overlying the high and careful cultivation of the past. It was like the languor of a tired beauty, her hair loose and undressed, but its richness undimmed.

Ivan wandered up and down the path for a long time, full of thought, very grave, yet sometimes smiling faintly.

It was the early spring, and small yellow flowers were peering out here and there, some on the ground, some on the walls. This colour, which is so associated with the birth of the year, had a meaning of its own for Ivan. He stopped often to look at these flowers, but he did not pluck them. He never picked a flower or a leaf, except for use in some definite experiment.

At one end of the walk the common rose called the monthly rose was trained upon the wall, and on this there was one delicate pink bud, half blown. This flower appeared at last to attract Ivan's attention entirely. He sat down on a bench near it and looked at it for a long while.

It was late in the afternoon, but though the air was growing very cold the light was still strong, for the long days had begun. He sat there apparently disinclined to move, full of thought.

A sound of footsteps disturbed him. Turning his head he saw Fleta approaching him, walking down the path with the rare, proud carriage which distinguished her.

"You left the gate open for me?" she said questioningly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then I did right to come to you here?" she said, in a reassured tone.

"Certainly you did right," he replied. "Do not doubt your own knowledge. You have known from the first you had to meet me here."

"Yes," she answered.

Ivan had risen when she approached him, and they stood face to face. His eyes were steadily and very earnestly fixed on her. Fleta had only glanced at him and then turned her gaze on the sea. But in the pause that followed her answer she suddenly lifted her eyes and answered his look.

"I needed the mask," she said, speaking with an evident effort; "for I was still woman enough to worship you as a splendid being of my own race. I did right to cast the mask away, and suffer as I did, because it has made my lesson shorter, if fiercer. I know now that you are not a being of my own race—supposing me still nothing more than a woman. You are divine and a teacher, and I can be nothing to you but your servant. Teach me to serve! Teach me to so transform this love for you that it shall become pure service, not to you, but to the divine in you. I have cut all knots; I have cast aside all that dragged me back. My duty is done and utterly fulfilled. I stand freed from the past. Teach me!"

Ivan stepped to the side of the path and plucked the pink rosebud. He gave it her. Fleta held it in her hand, but looked at it as if utterly bewildered.

"Do you not know the colour?" he said. "When you have entered the Hall of Learning, you will see such flowers on the altars. The purple of passion burns out to this pale pink, which also is the colour of resurrection and of dawn. Sit here till I return."

He left her and walked down the path, through the gardens, to the gate. Here Fleta's carriage was standing. He bade the man take Fleta's trunks to the village inn and leave them there till they should be fetched away, paid, and dismissed him. Then he re-entered the grounds, locking the gate behind him.

He went to Fleta, where she still sat, regarding the flower she held in her hand.

"Are you ready for the offering?" he asked her.

"Yes, I am ready," she replied, without looking up.

"Come, then," he said, and turned to walk away over the grassy slopes of the garden. She rose and accompanied him. It was nearly dark now. He walked round the castle to a side door, which he opened. A deathly chill came from the interior of the building. Fleta shivered slightly as she crossed the threshold.

"Are you afraid?" said Ivan, pausing before he closed the door, "There is still time to go back."

"Back to what?" asked Fleta.

"I cannot answer that," he replied. "I do not know what you have left behind you."

"I have cut off everything," she answered. "There is nothing for me to return to. Let me go on. I am afraid of nothing now. How should I be?"

Ivan closed the door and led the way down a long passage. He opened a door and said, "Enter." Fleta passed through it, and was immediately aware that he had shut it behind her without passing through himself—that in fact she was alone.

Alone!—and where? She had no notion—she only knew she was in complete darkness.

For the first time she fully realised the ideas of darkness and solitude. They did not terrify her, but they presented themselves as absolute facts to her consciousness; the only facts she was conscious of. Moreover, she was vividly aware that she could not escape from them, which made them much more intensely real. She could not guess which way to move, nor did it occur to her that she would be in any way benefitted by moving. She stepped back to the door through which she had passed, which was, to her fancy, the only link between her and the actual world, and stood there with her hand upon it.

The next thing she became conscious of was that there was no air.

At all events she believed there was none, which was quite as bad as if it were so. She imagined herself in some very large place, whether a room or a hall she could not guess, which was hermetically sealed and had been so for years.

Faint fancies as to what kind of place she was in formed themselves in her mind at first, but presently passed away altogether; for she had no clue or image to which to attach any picture. Her mind became quite blank. Presently she became aware that she had lost all sense of time. She could not tell if she had been standing in this way for minutes or for hours. Her sensations were extraordinarily acute, and yet to her they hardly seemed to exist, because there was nothing objective for them to be marked by. In a little while, the moment when Ivan had ushered her into this place had become removed to an immense distance in the past, and presently she found herself thinking of Ivan as a figure in her life which had entirely retreated from it; she could not imagine that she would see him to-morrow, for to-morrow appeared to her no longer to be possible. This black night looked like an eternity.

No danger or adventure which she had ever experienced had affected her like this. She was completely unprepared for such a sudden fall into the abyss of nothingness. And yet she had just strength enough to stand against it, by summoning the philosophy which told her never to fear anything, for nothing could in reality injure her. She kept her mind and nerves from being affected by steadily recollecting this. But she was unable to stem a wave of exhaustion which gradually swept over her and which made her tremble as she stood.

It was the incredible completeness of the silence and darkness which baffled her and at last daunted her. No creak or groan sounded in the house, no echo of wind or sea came to her.

At last she began to doubt if she was alive or whether, instead of passing through a door, she had stepped into some deep water and met death unconsciously. But she had too much experience, too great a knowledge of life and of death, to be deceived so easily. She would never have succumbed even so far as she had done, so far as to be physically unnerved to any extent, but that she had been anticipating some experience of an entirely different character. She believed she had offered her heart, had lived passed the mistakes which hitherto had held her back, and that she would have been able to ask direct help from her master and obtain it. Something friendly, quiet, natural, had been more in her expectations than anything else. Instead of which she found herself facing the most extraordinary experience she had ever been through.

The complete and absolute silence wrought on her physical sensibilities more than any other circumstance. She found she was watching the silence, listening to it, and that she dreaded to move, that she held

her breath in some vague and unreasonable dread of disturbing it. It seemed to be a positive fact instead of a negative one, this complete and immovable silence. Then suddenly a power appeared to rise within her to oppose this fact—a power stronger than it. And as the feeling came to her, the silence broke, and a soft shower of music filled the air —something as tender as tears and as lovely as sunshine. The keenest pleasure filled Fleta's soul, and she leaned against the door and listened. But suddenly a thought darted into her mind: "The silence is here still —this music is only my own imagination, filling the hateful void!" and as the thought came the silence returned. Fleta fell on her knees. It was the first time she had moved since she entered this place. With the movement came a whole rushing tide of emotions, of feelings, of fancies, a great passing phantasmagoria. She saw Ivan standing at her side, but she would not even turn to look at him, for she knew this was only an image created by her longing. She saw the place in which she was, suddenly lit and full of people. It was a great hall, gloomy and vast. There was a moving crowd in it of persons dressed very brilliantly.

"Ah!" cried Fleta, in a voice of despair, "that I should be so cheated by my own fancies is too terrible!" and with the sound of her voice, the darkness returned, closing heavily in upon her. She rose and drew herself up to her full height. A consciousness of what she was actually experiencing had come, and she became instantly calm and strong.

"I refuse," she said aloud, "to go through this neophyte's exercise. I am not the slave of my senses any longer. I dominate them; I see beyond them. Come you to me, thou that art my own self, and that art pure, impalpable, unsubstantial, without glamour. Come you and guide me, for there is none other and nothing else on which my consciousness has power to rest."

She leaned back against the door, for she was trembling with the force of her own fierce effort. That door and the floor on which she stood were now her only links with the actual or material world. She knew of nothing else; it appeared to her as if she had forgotten the material world and knew not whether she lived or died; certainly the power of hope or of fear was leaving her. She became indifferent to everything except the desire to hold her own higher self, her pure soul, in view; her longing to face herself and so find some certainty and knowledge, swallowed up every other desire. She remained a long time, resolutely fixing her whole intensity of will on this, and waited, momently expecting to see the starry figure close in front of her. Once she saw it, quite distinctly; but it was like a marble statue, lifeless. She knew this was no reality, only her own imagining, and her power and strength began slowly to leave her after this cold vision.

If unconsciousness could have come to her now it would have come like rain to a parched land. Her brain was on fire, her heart like lead.

But nothing came to her, nothing became visible. And then she

knew that she had offered up not only the physical senses and emotion, but the psychic senses and power.

Again she fell on her knees, and clasping her hands fell into an attitude as if of prayer. In reality she was in profound meditation. As in a long series of pictures she now saw herself, passing through innumerable experiences. She saw herself, and without anger, regret, or pain, suffer and enjoy. She watched her slow separation from those who loved her, even until now when Ivan left her in the hour of trial.

She had passed through fiery trials and all the tests of the passions and emotions. But these were as nothing beside this mysterious blank, this great chasm of darkness, which seemed to be not only outside her, but actually within her own soul.

How was it to end? Was there any end? Or was this the state to which her labours had brought her triumphantly, and in which she must remain? Impossible. This was not life; it was death. And was not her effort to attain to life in its essential vitality? Death surely could not be the final king!

Fleta, the powerful, the disciple, as she had imagined herself, with knowledge, thus doubted and despaired. Her confidence left her when she saw this blankness which lay before her.

So it must be always with the unknown.

Suddenly a new mood fell on her. She began to dread lest she should see forms and shapes, or conjure up the voice or features of anyone she knew or loved. Most of all, she dreaded to see again the image of Ivan at her side.

"If I see this," she said to herself, "then indeed I shall be fallen back into the world of forms. I must not look for anything but darkness."

At this moment a hand was very gently laid on her hair. Fleta was not so completely unnerved as to tremble or cry out; yet the shock of the sudden contact shook her so that she could not speak or move. Then came a voice:

"My child," said a very gentle voice, which sounded like a woman's, "do you not know that out of chaos must come order, out of darkness light, out of nothingness something? Neither state is permanent. Do not make the mistake of dreading or welcoming the return to the world of forms after having become one with the formless."

Fleta made no answer. She was aware that there was some deep familiarity about this voice which as yet she could not understand. She was at home, like a child with its mother. All fear, all anxiety, all doubt, had dropped from her.

"You must not die under this ordeal," said the voice, "and you have been here many hours. Come with me, and I will take you to a quiet place where you can rest."

Fleta rose; a hand was put into hers. When she attempted to move she realised that she must, indeed, have been here a long time, for she

was entirely numbed and helpless, and found it almost impossible to use her limbs. She put out her right hand mechanically, as if to balance herself, and was much startled by being unable to stretch her arm. Immediately she touched a wall close to her. In a moment she understood that she was in no large hall, but in a small, narrow cell, scarcely wide enough for two steps to be taken in it. This seemed to her very strange, for she had so positively believed herself to be in some very spacious place.

"How wide my fancy is!" she thought, almost smiling to herself. For now she was at peace, without any anxiety, though she knew not where she was or who was with her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DOOR opened and shut. Fleta found herself in a soft, warm atmosphere, lit by a pale rosy light. At first it seemed as if she could not see or distinguish between the objects before her. But after a moment her ordinary sight came suddenly to her.

She was in a very strangely furnished room. Like the room Ivan used at the Dower House, it was hung with tapestry on which were life-size figures so cunningly worked that they looked real at first sight, and always produced the appearance rather of statues than of a flat presentment. The floor was uncarpeted and entirely covered with dried ferns and withered leaves. A quantity of these were gathered into a heap and on them was spread a tiger-skin and a great rug of sheep's wool. This was very near the wide hearth, on which burned a wood fire. It was not a very large fire, but to Fleta's chilled form the warmth from it seemed delicious. The light came from a shaded lamp which stood on a bracket fastened above the chimney. In front of the hearth was a three-legged wooden stool on which was a large and most beautifully chased silver salver, holding bread, and milk and fruit on silver dishes and in Venetian glass of the most delicate sort.

Fleta looked about her with a faint and almost pleased amusement at the quaint incongruity of these furnishings. They gave her the same sense of homeliness which the unknown voice had given her. She was alone now; no one had entered the room with her. After her first glance round she went straight to the fire, and began to eat the cates and drink the milk prepared for her. She sat on the leaf-strewn ground; for there was neither chair nor table nor any thing to be called furniture in the whole room, except this wooden stool.

This was the dead chatelaine's own room. Beyond it stretched a suite of rooms opening one into another, which had all been hers during her life, and were quaintly and barbarously furnished; these were shown to visitors. But this room was never entered. It was said that as during

her life so after her death, the lamp burned in the room at night, and the fire on the hearth night and day, and none knew who tended them.

It was thoroughly the home of a gipsy, a nomad, a creature of the woods and fields. She had slept on that tiger-skin as she might have slept on it beneath the skies. The rich salver and the rich service on it showed out oddly amid these surroundings; but they were characteristic too, belonging as they did to the rich family which she had helped to destroy.

An extraordinary sense of peace and quiet was in this room. It penetrated to Fleta's heart and soothed her more than any living touch could have done.

Presently she rose and laid herself down on the bed of skins and leaves. She did not know that Ivan's mother had lain on this same bed. Doubtless she might have discovered it had she tried, but she was careless. She was content and that was enough. In a little while she was fast asleep.

When she awoke the lamp was out, the curtains were drawn back from the great windows of the room, and the sunlight streamed in through them. The fire on the hearth burned steadily, and the moment Fleta looked at it she saw that it had been fed and tended. The stool stood by it, and on it the salver with all manner of provisions for her to breakfast. She found herself very hungry; for as a matter of fact her physical body was busy recovering from the severe hardships of the recent weeks. There was a fount of natural youth within Fleta, apart from that which depended on the exercise of her will. It was a right of her condition, a permanent fee which she had earned.

After she had breakfasted she went to the window and looked out. A wide pale sea bathed in keen spring sunshine. She longed to go out and feel the air that came from it. Immediately she turned and approached the door of the room, although she dreaded a little passing through the place she had entered by. But there was no sign of this place; and she found at last another door hidden by the tapestry of the room. It opened upon a beautiful bath-room, the floor and bath of marble and the walls painted with dancing figures—a number of guests from a ball, or some other gaiety, dressed in fantastic costumes, appeared to be careering round the room.

She bathed herself in the refreshing water, and then wrapping herself again in her large cloak went through the farther door. This admitted her to a large sitting-room with a magnificent view of the sea. It was very strangely and beautifully furnished, but it did not interest her; and it had the peculiarly dreary feeling which belongs to an uninhabited place. She walked quickly through it and came on to a landing from which a great oak staircase led both up and down. There were other rooms of the same character further on; but she did not care to pursue the study of them; she longed to be out in the open and feel the breath of

the sea. She went down the wide stairway quickly; but suddenly she was brought to a standstill by meeting with a great iron door which was closed, and which absolutely shut the way. Below it, in the steps, were gun holes; and Fleta shivered a little as she stood here, wondering what ugly tragedy in the past this barricade referred to. She never dreamed of its really being closed on her, and tried it again and again. But closed it was, and very safely locked.

She returned and went on through the other rooms. There was no way out from them. She went up the staircase to the rooms above. These were a similar suite, also without any other exit. Then in some wonder she returned to the room she had slept in and began to search for the door by which she had entered. She could not discover it. Evidently it was a secret door and search was useless. Throwing aside her cloak, she went and sat down by the fire, and began to think earnestly over her position.

It was very clear that she was a prisoner. Her mind turned to Ivan. It was he who had ushered her into that place of darkness. Doubtless, then, he had also sent her her mysterious deliverer.

For a little while this thought brought her comfort. But a moment later she saw her folly. Had she not forfeited Ivan's guardianship by her very longing for it?

She was facing the great problem which man still finds before him, even after innumerable incarnations and ceaseless efforts.

Was it indeed impossible for her to sever her link with humanity? Must she always cling to her master and look to his personal self for protection and strength?

It seemed as if for the first time she was able to ask herself this dispassionately. She had freed herself from every other link, from all else that held her back. And now she stood confronted by the rebellion of her own nature.

She sat by the hearth and fell into deep, active thought, in which it seemed as though she held a very serious conversation with herself.

She, the supreme, the powerful, the priestess and heroine in many lives, who in past incarnations had been the accomplished magician and intelligent pupil of the divine teachers, she was brought close now, after ages of development, to the kernel of difficulty in her own heart.

It is the same in everyone who is capable of love, of sympathy, of any tenderness or deep emotion; this kernel exists within. In the selfish man it is given a powerful vitality, and grows so large that it absorbs his whole being. In the man with divine possibilities it grows hourly less and less as he develops, till at last he comes to the terrible moment which Fleta was now suffering. He finds then that there is some one being—perhaps a dependent creature, an invalid, or a little child, who affords him a purpose for which to live.

Fleta knew herself to be on the great white sea of impersonal life.

It was as though she floated on this vast water and saw no horizon nor desired to see any, nor yet to find any resting-place. But there was one tiny fertile island, or one little peopled boat, to which her eyes wandered always. She did not wish to go to it, to reach it, to touch it—only she could not conceive enduring the blank which would be left, if that one speck vanished from the universe and was not. This that she gazed on and that her sight clung to was Ivan, his life, his purpose, his knowledge. She realised now that it was the consciousness that this point was there for her thought to rest on, which had carried her through the ordeal of blankness to which she had been exposed. Therefore, she knew she had not succeeded; she had failed, and the deliverer who had come to her had only come to save her body from exhaustion and illness. That gentle voice had not brought to her the reward of success; only the pity given to the unsuccessful.

Realising this, Fleta set herself to deal with the problem by thought.

This is the hardest way to deal with it. But Fleta was courageous, and having failed in the easier effort, was determined to be successful in this heavier one.

The sun was high in the heavens, and the sea was like shining silver. But Fleta had forgotten sun and sea and the sweet air she had but just now been longing for. The sun fell to the edge of the waters, and still she sat motionless. Darkness came and found her too absorbed in thought to be aware of any change. The fire on the hearth burned out, the lamp remained unlit.

As the time passed on the suffering within her grew more intense, more bitter, more biting. She, the powerful, began to realise her powerlessness.

This spot within her was ineradicable. As, in the past night, she had been physically conscious, through all her phantasies, of that door against which she leaned, and which formed a link between her and the physical world; so now her deep veneration for Ivan's personal character remained as an immovable bond between her and humanity, however she might otherwise raise her whole consciousness.

It appeared plain to her at last that if she succeeded in destroying this she would destroy her own life with it.

As she recognised this, and acknowledged the uselessness of her effort, the soft touch came on her hair again, and the gentle voice fell on her ears:

"My child, be warned. Long not too ardently for success, or you will overbalance yourself on the high place you have reached, and find yourself in the bottomless abyss, a magician and no more, one of the evil ones of the earth. There is yet a third way open to you. Will you serve Ivan like a slave, obeying him as you would obey someone to whom you had sold your very soul, surrendering all judgment to him?"

"No!" cried Fleta, throwing back her head. Her eyes opened on the black darkness of the room. To whom had she spoken? Her strength was gone, and with this cry of defiance and pride, exhaustion overpowered her and she fell back unconscious.

(*To be concluded next Month.*)

A SUFI'S MYSTICAL APOLOGUE.

"Heil den unbekannten Höhern Wesen
Die wir ahnen."

GOETHE.

"Méditez, c'est le grand devoir mysterieux,
Les rêves dans nos cœurs s'ouvrent comme des yeux."

VICTOR HUGO.

1.

Under the magic catalpa tree
Heliotrope odours breathe sweet,
The murmuring bees mutter spells for me,
And their rosary-hymns repeat.

2.

Such odours sink deep in the dreaming heart,
Odours of sunlife richer than here,
Such flowers to the inmost soul impart
Memories of old, of a higher sphere.

3.

Sunk in the deep, ecstatic trance
The sacred vision is granted me,
Dark earth has fled and the soul's clear glance
In the inner sphere discloses Thee.

4.

What flowers bring'st thou from the heavenly land,
From God's bright garden above?
"Forget-me-not from thy love's own hand,
Red rose from the hand of Love."

5.

But where is the Adumbâra flower,
That rarest flower that grows?
"It only blooms in Death's own bower,
We call it Heaven's white rose."

6.

I lived in a tent beneath the tree
Waiting—expecting my love,
But alas! in vain—still I longed for Thee,
Ah why dost Thou stay above?

7.

At last one morn I heard quite near
A step, and the flowers 'gan sigh,
And a gentle voice said "who dwells here?"
And I answered "I, love, I."

8.

Then that trembling voice passed through and through,
These sad words fell on my ear,
"This tent is too small for me and you,
Alas! I cannot dwell here."

9.

Time passed away and my heart felt low,
My Love, he came no more,
I was too unworthy that heart to know
And I longed for death's safe shore.

10.

One eve, the Moon, 'twas a harvest moon,
Shining soft o'er forest and lea,
And I said to my heart "Ah soon! Ah soon!
His heart will come back to thee."

11.

A step came near and I said, Lo! now,
And the Voice said, who dwells here?
And I replied "'tis thou, 'tis thou,
No other can ever dwell here."

12.

My Love then entered and we were blest,
My soul was His—there was only One,
My being was lost when by him caressed,
And the biune life at last had come.

OM. A.J.C 1885.

The original apologue of which this is an amplified paraphrase, was lately given to the world by the late Anna Kingsford in one of her interesting theosophic letters in "Light."

COMMENTARY BY SÂDÎ OF SHÎRÂZ.

IN THE NAME OF GOD—THE MERCIFUL—THE COMPASSIONATE.

THE Sufi who wrote this poem evidently belongs to that school of mysticism (which is true philosophy—the philosophy not of the porch but of the sanctuary, behind the veil, the Holy of Holies), which teaches what is called, in modern, western philosophy, the system of Identity—one being and no second—in short, Pantheistic Spiritualism or Idealism, the "Religion of Spirit," as it is named by Von Hartmann, or Panentheism as a French writer prefers—"all things in God."

The fundamental idea of this philosophy is the complete absorption through knowledge and meditation of all personal wills into the universal Cosmic Will in Soul, in which all things "live and move and have their being." The low initial earth Ego, or personal self, must

abdicate in favour of the only true Ego—the Âtman of the Vedanta—the Holy Ghost or Spirit of the Christians—the Macrocosmic Will, the source of all life and all other temporary wills, and must cease to have any objective or subjective aims or ends other than the aims and ends of the Makrocosm. Freedom is necessary for perfection—freedom from the causal chain of Necessity—and man can only acquire this freedom by getting rid of his imagined, illusive substantiality, and his egotistic-eudämonic self-happiness seeking, and by knowing himself to be in God and God in himself. Thus he becomes truly a teleological instrument of God—a God-Ego for universal ends. The absolute God only is unconditioned, and as such, free; and so long as man remains separate from God he cannot be free—only by conscious unity with God—seeking and finding himself in God can he acquire true freedom.

It is only by this belief that harmony, peace, and calm can enter into, and possess the passion-driven, personal souls of men. There is a formula in Sanskrit to express the whole compass of this philosophy and religion—the celebrated Tat-tvam-asi=That is thou; that is, the souls of all incorporated lives are in their essences that one soul—portions of the universe soul and no other.

The universe is the gradual, progressive manifestation of this Spirit its objectivation in consciousness during the time dreams of personality: when the sleeping soul shall have been enlightened by this knowledge, and have acted up to it, and when it awakes in death from the planetary dream life, then it knows and feels this divine identity, and in such becomes blest in the divine freedom and love.

Verse 1.—This Sufi, sitting under the life-tree of creation, speaks of the sweetness of heliotrope flowers. Flowers in mystical correspondences always mean the affections, and here there is an allusion to the symbolism of that flower: the heliotrope turns to the sun (helios), and thence acquires its entrancing perfume; the Sun is ever the emblem of God, being the central fount of life and light. All planetary life or force is his life and force, and no other; it comes from him and returns to him at the end of the Kalpa, or world epoch, the grand pralaya or destruction, and new birth of our little solar system or cosmic world. The divine affections must enter the soul as the heliotrope odours enter the sense.

It is an old belief that the perfected souls pass from the planets into the Sun-garden—the true Heaven; and one of the Vedic hymns prays for admission "into the sphere of the sun, where all desires of the heart are satisfied." The unfulfilled desires of the enlightened soul are intuitive propheeies of the future—perhaps, too, recollections of the past. This Sun-garden can only be God, as it is only in Him that all wills and desires become one will and one desire.

There is an allusion to bees; they and honey are celebrated in old beliefs. Honey symbolized truth, and in the "Wisdom of the Egyptians"

was sacred to Thoth, the Spiritual God, the prototype of the Holy Ghost. Honey and eggs were eaten on his fête-day, the 19th day of the 1st month of the ancient year, and the day of the "full moon," with these sacramental words, "How sweet a thing is truth." This doctrine of the appropriate food for the children of Thoth, is the truth indeed, inasmuch as the only sweetness to be found in earth-life comes from the absolute surrender of our wills to the will of the Universal Spirit, Thoth, or by whatever other name the Babel-speaking race of men have named the Ineffable, Absolute, unconditioned Being, immanent in all.

The word rosary reminds us of a curious instance of an ignorant mistake in translation. The Buddhistic Sanskrit word for the muttering of prayers, and dropping a bead at the end of each prayer (a practice copied by the Christians from the Buddhists), was a word almost the same as the word for a rose, and from this resemblance came into use by a mistake our word rosary—Rosen-Kranz! Doubtless many other western religious or church dogmas beliefs and practices have arisen from similar mistaken meanings of the recondite, symbolical and mystical meanings of the various Bibles of the East, from the Vedic Hymns to the New Testament.

Verse 3.—Clairvoyance was well known to the ancient Buddhists, and was called by them deva-tchakchus=divine sight.

The five, so-called, supernatural powers of the Buddhists—the Abhidagna*, are 1st, Clairvoyance; 2nd, Clairaudience; 3rd, Knowledge of the thoughts of others; 4th, Remembrance of prior existences; 5th, Supernatural power over Nature and the elements. See "*Lotus de la bonne loi.*"

The "Thee" which is disclosed by this inner sight is the Âtman of the Vedantists—the true self, which can only be discovered when union with the Kosmic spirit has been effected, or, in Christian phraseology, when the natural man has been reborn, regenerated, as it is said in the Bible, "God dwelleth in him and he in God." "I in thee and thou in me."

In the "Autobiography of Saint Theresia," whose abnormal or supersensual faculties were extraordinarily developed, occurs this passage, shewing how all mystics, no matter of what religion, find the same truths, no doubt differently arrayed and named according to the peculiar mythology and psychology in which each was brought up.

In the course of the Saint's reflections upon what she calls the "Prayer of Union" with God, and after having taken the sacrament, she fell into the trance state, and what occurred she describes as follows: "Then the Lord spoke the following words to me: My daughter! the soul annihilates itself, loses itself completely in order to sink itself altogether in me. It is no more the soul that lives, but it is I who from that moment live in it, and because it is not competent to understand what it

* Abhiñña (?) the six transcendent faculties obtained by the Yogis or Arhats, after which come the *Iddhi*, the supernatural powers?—[ED.]

hears or conceives, it hears and conceives all in an inexplicable way."—(18th Chapter).

The Lord here was her own higher Self or Ego, the Âtman of the Vedanta, or that portion of God which was individualized in her.

A Persian Sufi says, "How long, O my God, art thou pleased that I should thus remain between the myself and the Thyself? Take away from me the myself that I may be absorbed into Thyself." The personal earth-ego be lost in the Âtman of the Vedanta.

Verse 5.—The Âdumbâra flower is very often mentioned in Indian writings, it is a species of fig which flowers rarely, and the flowers are so small and hidden, that they almost escape observation; it here probably symbolizes the mysterious condition of the soul (not a place) called Nirvana. This condition (not annihilation) can only arise in the soul through the mystical death of the eudaimonic egoistic self.

In the "Lotus of the good law" it is said, "He who illumines the world is as difficult to meet with as is the flower of the Âdumbâra." The most difficult of all things is to root out Eudämonism or Self-happiness seeking, and the substitution for it of universal aims; it is no wonder that all mysticism recognizes as the necessary means for this process a supernatural intervention or new birth—it is nevertheless a natural evolution of the soul into a higher sphere.

Verse 6.—The tent referred to is the body; that tent is struck and the tent pole broken at every death, until the time of freedom from new births upon planets has been attained.

There is an argument in favour of the doctrine of Reincarnation which seems to have been overlooked. According to the modern metaphysical and philosophical theory of matter and Spirit, viz., the identity or monistic theory, in which both are one force viewed from two aspects, objectively and subjectively, it is evident that the body, or every organism is the effect in consciousness of the objectivation or manifestation of the will taken in its widest sense as the will of a race or the desires based on the primal will or desire to live. This view, so clearly explained by Schopenhauer, lies at the root of the doctrine of evolution, that is of the change of organism so as to suit the changing environment: a change effected by the will, conscious or unconscious. The present human organism has been produced by a very low will indeed, a will and nature undeveloped except as to its mere animal impulses for life and reproduction: fortunately evolution applies to the will as it does to everything else. The idea (in the Platonic sense of the word) or plan of the present human being, like that of his lower progenitors, evidently was to live—to continue to exist—somehow or other; but at all events to continue to exist and to reproduce, no matter how low a life, or at what egoistic expense to other organisms. That is the basic idea of humanity and of human society up to the present epoch, but nevertheless accompanied with a divine unselfish ideality which we call the moral

and religious tendencies, which are in a continual state of civil war with the prior and lower tendencies of man as a sensuous being. There are signs upon the mountain tops of time of the dawn of a higher evolution approaching for man, which will produce a higher and subtler and purer organism, and a change of sensuous feeling and desires, in fact a will reborn of the divine will.

So long however as the formative soul with its objectivated organism remains on this low egoistic plane, and dies in that state, the necessity for a new planetary birth is evident, for that birth is nothing else but the soul anew manifesting itself *as it is*, and this can only take place in a low environment. The soul as long as it remains in that low state could not make use of, or enjoy a higher organism, or a more idealized world, and must therefore incarnate itself anew into an evil world like the present earth, so that by enduring again the ills necessarily accompanying planetary life, it may be gradually developed into a higher, more spiritualized, and better condition. Planetary life is the outcome of this low undeveloped condition of the souls of all things living on the planets. But when the soul shall have attained a higher condition, then its manifestation or incarnation must take place in the midst of an altogether higher environment than now exists, so far as we know, on any planet.

It is probable however that what Goethe says is true, and indeed almost all antiquity held the same opinion even far down into the middle ages, viz., that what we call Spirit never exists in any conditioned being separate from some kind of matter, but that this matter being itself the mere objectivation of the will in contemporary consciousness shall be gradually purified, what we call spiritualized or idealized. This process in evolution is symbolized by the transfiguration of Christ, and by the doctrine of the Spiritual body of the Bible writers, and the *soma augoeides* of the Neoplatonists.

As the will is, so is the organism ; or as the same idea is expressed in the Bible, "where the treasure is, there will the heart (Will) be." If the treasures (will, desires) are valueless, the organism to attain them and the environment out of which both arose, must also be in reality valueless, and useful only as a means to gradual evolution.

The subtler and stronger forces of Nature, electricity, magnetism and radiant matter, enable us to form some idea of the nature of the transfigured body, the "*soma augoeides*" of the future. It is curious that the ancient Egyptians in describing the body of the "justified" after death always describe it as "shining" or radiant ; they had anticipated Mr. Crooke's discovery of radiant matter.

Mr. L. Oliphant (in "Sympneumata," page 18,) gives the following account of death and the formation of the new body. "During this time (the decline of life) the atoms of its now superfluous organization are loosened and attenuated till often their separation from one another, and

their return to the region of forms which is subhuman, occurs so gently that it is painless. The gradual death which men call old age is the gradual growth of the finer matter of the man, which, during vast cycles of past history, has been always obliged to withdraw itself, in this final extraction from its coverings, away from the earth. Full human evolution was not a terrestrial possibility, thus death prevailed."

In the Appendix to Burnouf's translation of the curious Buddhist book, "Saddharma Pundarika" = the "White Lotus of the good law," there is a translation of the celebrated "Sâmānā Phala Sutta," which contains a very curious account of the formation of this new body, in which a Buddhist having attained to an advanced stage of perfection, is described as forming this new body thus = "then having touched his body with his perfected mind—purified in a perfect manner—he remains tranquil and seated, and there is not in all his body a single point (molecule) which has not come into contact with his perfected mind, purified in a perfect manner."—See "*Lotus de la Bonne Loi*," page 475.

The Âtman unites with the new molecular structure, and thus creates the higher pneumatic body. The "Saddharma Pundarika" is evidently a later Buddhist work, subsequent to the 4th century of our era.

The tree beneath which the tent is placed is the material universe, the great mystical tree of life, so celebrated in various mythologies, and by which formation the all-pervading life or Spirit manifests itself, and according to one philosophic theory, becomes self-conscious.

It is remarkable that in many modern scientific works—as in Haeckel's "History of Creation,"—the material universe in its evolution is represented and figured by a tree. In the Norse mythology it is the great tree Iggdrasil (the tree of the creation by Odin, from which name comes our Anglo-Saxon "God"), the roots of which are always being gnawed by the earth serpent Nidhogg (Evil); that relative or comparative evil involved, as a matter of fact, in the upward path from imperfection towards perfection.

It may also be viewed as the Bôdhi tree, or tree of knowledge, under which all the Buddhas (symbols of the human spirit perfected and glorified) sat and meditated until they entered into the final rest of Nirvana, "which is calm," as stated in the "Lotus of the good Law."

The tent, if occupied by a soul ever thirsting for its own egoistic happiness, is too small for the World-Soul to dwell in; for that Soul has only world aims and interests, and requires, in order to enter it at all that it should fill the whole space.

One of the most remarkable statements as to reincarnation and its cessation when the soul state called Nirvana shall have been attained, is to be found in the Dhammapada (153 and 154 verses) being the words uttered by Buddha at the moment of attaining Buddhahood, "Without ceasing shall I run through a course of many births, looking for the maker of this tabernacle—and painful is birth again and again. But

now, maker of the tabernacle thou hast been seen ; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All the rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered ; the mind being sundered has attained to the extinction of all desires."

Verse 10.—The Harvest Moon symbolises the time of spiritual reaping of the harvest of the works done in the body, in several the incarnations. It means Karma. When that final harvest of Karma has been reaped and garnered, then, if the process has been progressive and not retrograde, the time of final union with the universal soul is near at hand.

Goethe (*Faust*, 2nd part, act I.), alludes to this reaping of the harvest of earth life in the profound and harmonious lines, sung by the choir of spirits to the sleeping and dreaming Faust, which describe the Dawn in its dual sense, physical and spiritual, according to the law of correspondence :

" Schon verloschen sind die Stunden
Hingeschwunden *Schmerz* und *Glück :*
Fühl' es vor ! du wirst gesunden ;
Traue neuem Tagesblick !
Thäler grünen, Hügel schwellen,
Buschen sich zu Schattenruh' ;
Und in schwanken Silberwellen
Wogt die Saat der Ernte zu."

All the metrical translations of Faust known to the writer fail to bring out the transcendental meaning of the inspired poet, and in many instances even Goethe himself was unconscious of these meanings, his inspiration coming from the sphere of the unconscious ; and Goethe also professed total ignorance of several poems which he had written in that state of poetic creation out of higher spheres, it is therefore better to translate this remarkable passage literally.

Now the hours have passed away from consciousness,
Pain and *pleasure* both have vanished :
Realize health beforehand and thou shalt become healthy,
Have confidence and faith in the *New-day !*
The valleys grow green, the hills swell out
And the copses offer a shady rest ;
And in rolling—silvery billows
The Cornfields wave *ready for harvest.*

This harvest of deeds sown in earth-life, the Buddhistic " Karma " is to be reaped after the dawn of the New day, beginning after the short and refreshing sleep of death.

It is curious that Göthe in the second line gives the oft-repeated description of that state of the soul called Nirvana, "where there is neither pain nor pleasure, all desires having ceased."

In the third line he seems to have foretold a modern theory of cure,

that disease is curable by the mind itself (spirit operating upon matter, a weaker force, but both of the same essence) operating by what has been named "statuvolence," that is willing persistently and with faith in the power of Spirit the desired state of health, and that state will follow.

Verse 12.—The dual-life is earth-life, which is aggregative not simple, and everywhere pervaded by duality — opposites — what Judge Grove calls "*beneficent* antagonisms." As one illustration, we have *here on earth* everywhere the dualism of misery and happiness, for as we are constituted, now and here, we could not arrive at the concept of happiness without the concept of its opposite unhappiness. These dual miseries causing inharmoniousness of life pervade that small spot of creation known to us and poison it, and to get rid of them is the aim of religious salvation. Another great dualism which must be got rid of is that of Matter and Spirit, as two different and opposing or separate things. This dualism must merge in Monism the doctrine of one force or Will differentiated, and from one point of view considered in animal consciousness, objectively, as matter, and in the other point of view, subjectively, as mind. As to the force itself, and what it is in itself, we know nothing, we only know its manifestations phenomenally. It is perhaps what we call God—the All in All.

Matter and the external objective universe seems to us now as evil and coarse, but that is in truth because the earth-wills whose manifestation it is, are evil and coarse; and just as all the wills on the earth improve by becoming unselfish, then matter too and the external universe with its organisms shall change in correspondence with the nobler wills and become higher and better.

The getting rid of this idea concept, and feeling of duality is the buddhistic "doaya-doyapravritta" "not occupied with dualities." This is that sphere described by the great transcendental poet Emerson:

> "Where unlike things are like
> Where good and ill
> And joy and moan
> Melt into one.
> There the holy essence rolls,
> *One* through separated souls."

A. J. C.

THE READING DESK.

(*Continued.*)

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The original has been expanded, and includes some explanations that the native reader would not require, being familiar with the constantly introduced allusions these stories invariably contain.]

THE Spirit of the Reading Desk addressed the assembled spirits of the pawnbroker's pledges thus:

"My first owner was a gentleman of aristocratic birth, but of small income, whose tastes, or, indeed, personal qualities, did not induce him to follow the then most popular profession of arms; he was more skilled in argument than in fencing or horsemanship. So he entered zealously into the study of literature.

"Classical literature* was but little known outside a limited circle of studious courtiers; but the recent re-introduction of Buddhism (A.D. 542), and the favour it was received with by the Imperial family gave a new impetus to scholarship.

"Desiring to learn more of this doctrine, so altogether different from the ancient spiritual highway, and the Chinese Philosophy and Ethics, a voyage to China, and, if possible, to India, was planned.

"The disturbed condition of the Middle Kingdom, the hostile feeling against Japanese on the sea coast, and other reasons, made it advisable that the route should be through Corea, the North, and towards Tibet; the intercourse between Corea and Japan being much more friendly.

"Departing a young man, he returned by the southern route, an old, old person; but oh, so very learned!

"No one remembered him; all the friends of his youth had passed away; he was a stranger in his own home.

"In course of time, he had me made, under his own personal superintendence. I was to be something most original.

"My stand contains, as you may still perceive, seven drawers, each of which represents the successive celestial cycles of the human spirit. The carved work supporting the top being representative of precipitous hills and profoundly deep chasms, amongst which dwell the souls of those who have attained to a state of higher felicity than ordinary mortals. The five elements are represented by the earthenware lozenges, the metal mountings, the wood of the structure and the fire, and employed in the fabrication of the earthenware and metal. The seven jewels are also used in my mounting, and the carvings on the top are typical of the seven most precious treasures.

"Look at the interior decoration of my drawers and you will still be

* Chinese, Confucius, Mincius, &c.

able to trace emblems of the virtues, vices, properties and faculties of mankind. Indeed, whilst I am extremely typical of the mountain Shumi (Meru), I contain the epitome of the Sacred Doctrine, visible to those gifted with the higher vision.

"Each drawer was made to contain one volume, but I will disclose to you a secret; although these sacred texts have long ago disappeared, within the innermost recesses I still retain one most precious of all, the Secret Doctrine, written in the ancient, sacred, arcane symbols, whilst the others were but Sanskrit, which their owner had learned during his stay in India.

"I should like to relate to you, friends, the wonderful adventures of the *master*, as indeed he was, as well as my owner, during his long years of absence; these I learned in time by hearing them related to some of the great personages who soon became his pupils.

"Having visited the monastery on the *Ten dai* hills, Todo Mirokoshi (China) where the great teacher *Chi-sha-dai-shi* gave instruction to the worthy—my master was capable of estimating the capacity of his pupils, and he apportioned their studies accordingly. So, when the abstruse problems were beyond their comprehension, and they ceased to concentrate their extra mental vigour on their studies, he varied the tasks by recitals of his adventures.

"There were certain episodes, however, that it was long before he revealed; and then alone in the hearing of his most trusty and well-tried pupils.

"Finding in India that the true doctrine had become perverted, he had roamed far and wide, amongst the hills and valleys of the north, till he reached the river of the golden sand. Here he met some pilgrims, from the south-east, searching like himself for teachers of the true doctrine. With fresh information, renewed hope, and revived zeal, they travelled on and on for months, amidst the stupendous towering mountains, and the solemn deep and gloomy gorges.

"When at last, reduced to the greatest straits, almost driven to the last extremities, they were accosted, just as the shades of night were drawing over the hungry shelterless group, by a venerable personage, who demanded whence they came, and whither they were going.

"Hardly pausing to hear their reply he directed them, in commanding accents, to follow him, which of course they gladly obeyed. Losing all consciousness they felt nothing till they were rudely aroused by the clanging of a bell, and behold it was daylight.

"Rubbing their eyes and wonderingly yet guardedly looking about them they discovered themselves to be lying together on a bed of dried leaves and grass, beneath the shelter of an overhanging cliff; before them was a fire, and both cooking utensils and food. A voice then ordered them to eat and fear not.

"Presently the bell rang out its deep notes, again, re-echoing through

the deep valleys from cliff to precipice, and presently the soft murmur of voices, chanting in harmonious unison floated on the zephyrs of the morning air. Their guide of the evening soon made his appearance, and the travellers were shortly afterwards separated, never to meet again in this terrestrial existence. The master learned that some were sent back to whence they came, and others elected to remain. But he determined to study, and return with the glad tidings to his native land, if he proved worthy, was accepted and instructed. As it appears, they had been miraculously preserved from a horrible fate by the great spirit teachers of the Secret Cultus.

"Often indeed had he heard of the *Senorin* (Genii) of *Kompira Tengu* and other beings endowed with superhuman knowledge, and supernatural powers, but here was he, a searcher after true knowledge rewarded for his long and arduous search, many trials and dangers, actually now one of their pupils.

"With such teachers, studies progressed rapidly. Sanskrit and other documents were mastered, and knowledge acquired. Amidst the profound stillness of the pure mountain air there were no mundane distractions, and my master began to give up his hopes of return.

"His teacher, however, now reminded him of his duty from time to time, and incited him to greater efforts, and the wonderful store of knowledge grew rapidly to perfection.

"At last the return journey had to be made, and one evening, lying down to rest, he awoke to find himself in the island* of the northern doctrine, seated before a shrine.

"On his head he had the cap of the Initiate; thrown around him, the robes of the *highest* order, and by his side a parcel of Sanskrit and other sacred texts, his bowl, staff, and chaplet. Here he became familiar with the northern ritual and forms, obtained some valuable writings, and calling upon his masters to aid him, he was speedily transferred across the ocean to the extreme south-east of the great continent to Ceylon, where he studied the southern more materialistic ritual; from thence he found means to travel homewards. Buddhism now, for a time, was not a persecuted religion, and eventually my master's long journey came to an end. Then I was constructed and made the repository of his literary treasures.

"Soon my master's fame spread far and wide, his pupils became disciples, and erected a temple wherein he might dwell and teach his numerous and ever-increasing congregations the great truths. It was but for the few, and those alone, that hidden things were revealed. Long was the probation demanded, severe the tests exacted.

"My master having thus established a nucleus, under trustworthy guidance, handed me over to his most valued pupil, and he disappeared mysteriously, but not to the surprise of his immediate followers, who

* An island in a lake north of Sikhim—the Sacred Isle.

knew whither he had gone. Several of the pupils journeyed afar, and more than one again returned after long, long years."

One of the audience here claimed the privilege of asking what the doctrines were that the master taught.

The Spirit responded to the enquiry in the following manner:

"My master had studied the teachings of the great scholars Confucius and Mencius, the doctrines of Lao tze (Tanist), and of the Aryans (Indians), also of the great Lord Buddha (Shakya), as taught both in the north and in the south. The masters had initiated him into KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THINGS, *now*, *then*, *heretofore*, *hereafter*; with the transcendent capacity of intuition he could judge of all things, good and evil; having, therefore, become approximated closely to the greatest spiritual instructors.

OMORI FU-SO-NO FUMI NITO.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

BLEST hour of eve, when man, his labour o'er,
Hears ringing down the vale the hallowed chime,
That tells of the Eternal Word made Man in time,
Dwelling beside earth's deep-resounding shore!
We listen, and our hearts go out in prayer,
And simple, pious souls their "aves" say,
Closing with heavenly thoughts their weary day,
Till morn bring round once more life's wear and tear.
How sweet their pious faith! But who shall tell
To those who fain would penetrate th' Unseen,
And find the substance underneath the shell—
And who no longer fit the cloistered cell,
Yet seek for rest their hours of toil between—
The *meaning* of thy message, Angelus Bell?

—ADAMANTA.

THE SRADDHA.

(Continued from the June Number.)

AMONGST the various religions which have sprung up from Tartary, the fundamental points are much the same ; yet we find a striking difference in the direction of worship. The sun is more particularly the object of adoration to the Fire worshippers than to the Brahmins ; but the former being a reformation directed against the latter, the Kibla was immediately changed together with the rectangular form of the building. The circle was substituted for the square, the point of adoration was placed on the south, and the entrance to the north.

The Brahmins placed the great entrance to the east, in order that the morning rays should break upon the sanctuary.

The worshippers having performed their ablutions before dawn crowd round the portals, which are thrown open the moment the sun appears ; the temple, indeed, opens on the four sides, but the gates to the east predominated. That the Jews had a difference to mark is shown by the point of adoration being transferred to the *west*, and in a minor degree to the north.

Abraham, on Mount Moriah, turned to the west. The Holy of Holies was placed at the west end. In the vision of Ezekiel (ch. viii.) the vengeance of God is denounced against the Apostate Jews, who had "their back towards the temple of the Lord, and WORSHIPPED THE SUN towards the east."

Christianity, making its difference with Judaism, removed back again its Kibla to the east. The Reformation signified its protest by placing the priest on the *north* of the altar. The Dissenters, like the early Christians, pay no attention to the points of the compass, but the new sect in the Anglican church go round again to the east.

If, then, the professors of a religion which pretends to be spiritual, and in which the turning to the east has been forbidden, because it implies "worship of the sun," and who are, moreover, assured of the immaterial being of their Maker, and his Omnipresence, are thus to be traced in their mutations by imaginary astronomic lines, how much more must they have been important in religions professedly astronomic, and wherein the meditation upon mere geographical points constituted a large portion of their devotion.

But, whatever the point which might have been particularly or successively preferred, they all equally depended upon the accuracy of drawing the intersecting lines. Whatever the object of varying

adoration, the plan itself was connected with that original form of worship out of which the various beliefs subsequently sprang; and, in fact, amongst the earliest on record we find one which especially bore the designation of "Religion of the Cross," which prevailed in China as a reformation of that of Hoang-ti from before the Deluge, to at least the 5th century after Christ. But as this was neither the object of adoration, nor the name of a founder, it must have been the introduction of a ceremony, and not that of a belief; that ceremony, the drawing of the cross, is preliminary throughout Hindustan to this hour to the performing of the Sraddha; thus the cross became the emblem of the ancestral worship.

This operation of drawing the cross is identical with that of the Etruscan augur, when drawing the Cardo and crossing it with the Decumanus, in order to describe the bounds for sacred edifices. The very word cardo is derived from the Zend, and signifies adoration; and amongst the Chinese the mere act of forming the figure of the cross was so esteemed; to this idea no doubt we must refer the turning wheels of the Buddhists, which were originally in the form of a cross. The universality of its adoption from Rome to China, from the Druids to the Mexicans, who worshipped it when presented to them by the Spaniards, proves alike its high antiquity and its use in that lofty and central region to which in so many other points the diverging lines of superstition and belief have severally to be traced back.

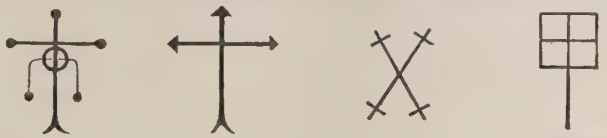
But wherein lay the association with the worship of the ancestors? It lay in the necessity of fixing a point for the sacrifice. This sacrifice was not made at the tomb; there was neither grave, nor funeral pyre; the body was disregarded and cast out; there were then no temples; there was no one spot more consecrated than another; the Pitris belonged to the stars which they were supposed to inhabit; the lines of the heaven were, therefore, to be brought down upon the earth, and the intersection of the *Red Line* of Fire, with the *Yellow Line* of earth, determined by the points of the compass, was supposed to be the fitting place to invoke them down.

Once thus associated it necessarily took hold on the imaginations and affections of men, as implying a knowledge of the deep mysteries of the Universe, as the connecting link with the Invisible. It was, in fact, in matters of faith, what the compass was to the mariner, pointing to them the way of salvation. It was consecrated to their ruling passion, ancestral devotion, and filial piety; and then there was a world largely stocked with affections and rich in love. No wonder that religion received from it a name, and that the emblem has spread to every clime.

I had omitted one point, not to encumber the matter with details, which I now advert to for its argumentative value. Besides food and raiment, the ancestors required drink, and water for ablution. Fire did

not, however serve for conveying water. It was, besides, an element, and constituted the substance of the gods. They had recourse to a peculiar process; it was *suspended*, or poured out, and so supposed to be conveyed to them. Probably *motion* was given to it; this, the wave-offering of the Jews, would suggest. They used fire and sacred fire. The vessel used in sacrifice by the Hindus is called Arghya Natha.* In the Jewish sacrifice the vessel used for receiving the blood was called Aganath.

Amongst the Brahmins and the Buddhists the Cross is known as Swastika, thus:  It was in this very form that it was first adopted by the Christians. I subjoin some of the forms in which it appears on the vases of the Hya and Shang dynasties, cotemporaneous with Noah.



On Sword.

The first letter in the Chinese Alphabet is a Cross in this form:  Their writing being originally ideographic, is is explained as implying "a home, a temple or a niche for an idol. It was anciently an ornament for a temple." On the early Chinese vases this figure  is used to enclose distinguished names, as the oval or cartouche of the Egyptians. The Cross appears also on the sepulchral monuments of the Tartars.

Thus, then, the earliest temples were constructed in the form of a Cross, and the most ancient of those discovered in India are in all points the facsimile of a Gothic cathedral—a form not explained by any inherent use, and referable only to the practice observed in the ancestral worship.

There has been abundance of disquisition on an ancient ornament which we choose to call a "cross." It has suggested learned commentaries and endless explanations, but the *religion* bearing that name has strangely suggested no inquiry.

"The Roman Catholic, or the Greek," says Clarke, "in bowing before the Cross, would be little disposed to believe that centuries before the birth of Christ the same emblem was adored as that of the Resurrection."

Now the figure referred to by the learned traveller is not a cross, nor has it any connexion whatever in its symbolical origin, mythological or national history, with the cross of antiquity. He is speaking of the *Tau* of the Egyptians, which, in its natural sense, was a *key* adapted for the

* Argha or *Arghya*, "libation" and "sacrificial cup"; *Natha*, "lord."—[ED.]

opening of doors, the turning of sluices and, probably, also that ingenious masonic device for lifting stones. It became the key symbolically of the womb and a future life, and thus decorates the hand of Osiris, as it does in its modern shape the escutcheon of the Roman Pontifex. This is what is called the *Crux Ansata*,  being, in fact, the letter (tau) with a handle. Mysticism in abundance was evolved from the figure, which I do not enter into because it is precisely what I want to put aside in order to get at the source.

There is another figure of Indian origin which bears to this a close resemblance, and with which it has, therefore, been confounded, especially as the mysticism which enveloped the one intermingled with that which belonged to the other. The Indian figure, may be represented by an anchor without the stocks, thus :  or as a boat and a mast, standing for the Arghya Natha, typifying the double generative power of nature. The connexion with the Tau is obtained by an easy process in argument, that of reversing it, when it becomes pretty nearly a T. In China, however, there is a TI which also is the letter T, but with a perfectly distinct meaning, and represents the outspread canopy of heaven. That there could be no real connexion between the Egyptian Tau and the Hindu Arghya Natha, appears in this : that the Egyptians did not entertain the doctrines upon which the latter was founded ; for they separated the Linga and the Yoni, of which it was the conjoint emblem.

There were thus two cruciform figures and one cross complete ; we have confounded them together, we have mixed up the ideas from which they sprang, and the myths to which they gave rise. They belong to different nations, to different periods ; they are founded on wholly dissimilar ideas, having different names, and are of different forms. The Tau rising in Egypt, in connexion with that people's notions of a future state ; the Arghya Natha rising in the Himalaya, and having reference to the mysteries of life ; beyond these, we come to the figure represented in the configuration of the plateau of Pamer, the primitive abode of man called "the cross," typifying the motion of the earth and the heavenly bodies, and employed as the process of consecration, of which it contained the idea.

Wherever we find fire worship we have found the ancestral worship. The latter is to be held a distinct religion on which others have been engrafted—not a portion of different creeds ; to this religion, sacrifice was peculiar—fire was its instrument, and the cross its sign.

This is not a theory propounded, but an explanation offered, for as yet no explanation has ever been suggested of *sacrifice*. It has been

strangely overlooked that this rite did not consist in the slaughter of the victim, but on its being *laid on the fire*. It was thus it became "*sacrifice*," being made sacred. *Sacrum faceo;* by that process it was *oblated*, or borne to the gods. Expiation or atonement, the accepted reason of sacrifice had no connexion with its being burnt. No doubt, both expiation and execration came to be associated with the rite; but they bear only on the life of the victim, and noways explain the manner of disposing of the body, in which the value of sacrifice depended. I now come to Iran; having already referred the name of Sraddha to the Zend, we may expect to find it here more clearly defined, and more distinctly represented than in the other systems. This, however, is not the case. In one point, indeed, it gives us a positive assurance of the lineal derivation of the Parsees, from the old Mahabadians with their proper names and designations; for in the Zend-Avesta the enumeration and the invocation of the ancestors, which, without the knowledge of this rite, would be set down to mere vague tradition, becomes a record of legal authority, and there they trace back to Jemshid and Carjoumers. I may here remark that the air of fable connected with the latter arises from the supposed etymology of his name as first man (Mesha); but the first man of the Parsees is a wholly distinct personage—as much as Adam and Abraham.

Beyond this we find little in ceremonial or in monuments to illustrate the ceremony, but in the religion itself we have valuable light as bearing on the metaphysical and dogmatic part; and, in fact, of all the religions of the East, that of the Parsees is the most interesting, as being freest from metaphysics and mythology; as inculcating the purest morals, and as linking together, in a manner nowhere else to be found, the earliest belief of mankind, not with the maxims only, but with many of the most important doctrines of Christianity.

The oblation to the ancestors, or their sustenance, depends upon their being considered as ghosts, for if they passed into another state, either that of judgment, which would allot them a habitation of happiness or of misery, or if they animated their bodies, such oblation would be needless; yet we have concurrently oblation and transmigration. The question then arises whether transmigration was the original creed, and the Sraddha the foreign graft, or the reverse. When, however, a ritual observance is in conflict with a metaphysical conception it is to be inferred that the latter is the ingraft on the former. But we have here the tradition of the introduction of the dogma, together with the explanation of its motive—that of putting an end to bloody sacrifice, whether of man or of animals; and though this is understood as simply affecting the condition of the victim, it was no doubt aimed, although it failed in its effect, at the object of the sacrifice; the sacrifice has been maintained, although the nature of the offering has been altered, or, more accurately, brought back to its original form of libation—fruits, flowers, and sweet odours.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(*To be Concluded next Month.*)

NOTES FROM MY JAPANESE SCRAP BOOKS.

By C. Pfoundes.

Domei Ajari.

THE SACRILEGIOUS BONZE ADMONISHED BY A SPIRIT.

From the original of Uji Shu I Mono Zatari.

Note by Translator.

[Uji Dai Nagon Taka Kimi was a courtier of the 13th century A.D. who annually took a holiday, which he spent at a monastery in the remote rural districts, which was frequented by pilgrims; here he set up a place of rest, and doled out gratuitous refreshments, but asked all his guests to relate some scrap of curious adventure or wonder story.

Many volumes and a large number of stories, from far and near, at home and abroad, even from the far south and west, being the result. The preface states that many of the narratives are Chinese and Indian, genuine, not written down elsewhere.]

DOMEI was the younger son of a Councillor of State, but though an acolyte (Ajari) he was by no means inclined to strict observance of the rules. There was a celebrated beauty at court, with whom he had become entangled, and who frequently visited him clandestinely at the temple. She was a lady in waiting, and their respective duties somewhat interfered with their freedom—so the visits were often at a somewhat late (or early) hour. To while away the time, and also as an excuse for remaining in the temple, away from the apartments of the other priests, Domei would read the prayers (Buddhist Sutra), and having a very fine voice, of which he was exceedingly proud, entertained his mistress in this profane manner, against all the canons of the faith.

On one such occasion, when, tired of lover's talk, he had commenced reading, he was interrupted by the unaccountable appearance of a personage of most venerable presence. Calmly waiting for the priest to recover his composure, and then making his salutations, he introduced himself as the ancient one, dwelling in the shrine at Go-jo Nishi no To In.

Enquiring the reason of the intrusion, at such an hour, unannounced, the venerable one said that the intonation of the prayers had attracted him, and he complimented the reader on having so fine a voice. The priest asked why then the venerable personage did not attend at the temple where he (Domei) read the prayers every day.

To this enquiry the aged one made this reply:—

"When you, sir priest, read prayers in the Temple, if your person (soul and body) is in a state of purity, even the Divines might descend to

hear such good words as you are now reading, and so ably reciting, as you undoubtedly do. I who am but a much more lowly spirit dare not approach such high companionship, even at prayers. But now to-night you mister acolyte, being bodily in a condition of impurity, having neglected the teachings of the most holy *Yei shin no so dzu*, who emphasized the olden time laws that those alone should peruse the sacred texts who were free from impurity of body or of spirit, I have come, therefore, without misgivings of having committed sacrilege, for I am the spirit *Da so-jin*, otherwise called *Saru dai hiko*, the guardian of the highways."

Hereupon the spirit vanished, leaving the sacrilegious young priest profoundly sensible of his impiety.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSCRIT.

Noting the wasting of callyrium, and the increase of an ant-hill, let one make the day fruitful by generosity, study, and noble acts.

By the fall of water-drops, the pitcher is gradually filled ; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth.

The heat-oppressed not so does a plunge in ice-cold water delight, nor a pearl necklace, nor anointing with sandal, as the words of the good delight the good.

The good are like cocoa-nuts ; others are like the jujube, externally pleasing.

Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked—the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

Be not a friend to the wicked—charcoal when hot, burns ; when cold, it blackens the fingers.

Shun him who secretly slanders, and praises openly ; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface.

A chariot cannot go on one wheel alone ; so destiny fails unless man's acts co-operate.

The noble delight in the noble ; the base do not ; the bee goes to the lotus from the wood ; not so the frog, though living in the same lake.

C. J.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

THE object of this work, which is published in the form of twelve pamphlets, each averaging about twenty pages in length, is to prepare the reader for becoming a student of the Science of Healing by means of the Spirit, for this title (though somewhat lengthy) more accurately describes the so-called Science than the cognomen "Christian." "Prepare the reader," is also said advisedly; for the first ten of these pamphlets are chiefly occupied with the thesis that man's beliefs with regard to the existence of matter being erroneous, he is thereby subject to certain illusions with regard to it, the chief of these being ill-health and disease. This is pure Berkeleyan philosophy, if not Platonism itself; Theosophists indeed, may claim for it a far older origin, for does not the early Brahmanic and Buddhist philosophies teach that all outward appearances, all phenomena, are illusion—Maya? However this may be, the application of the principle to the treatment of disease, if not actually new, is here presented to us in a novel form, and with a view to rendering its practice popular. It is philosophy reduced to its simplest expression. It is the physician's highest art made common property. It is another claim to a "secret unveiled," the secret of man's being. And if, as the writer states, the present treatment of disease is the result of man's belief in the reality of matter, it is doubtless necessary to begin by a somewhat lengthy chain of reasoning in order to convince him of his error, for man cannot understand what he really is so long as he pronounces upon himself as he sees only. "Not until he brings his higher powers into action, his discernment and perception, will he begin to perceive the truth about himself, which stands opposed to his own belief of himself. And never till he so perceives and understands will he reverse his decision upon himself. And never till he reverses it, will he grow into the consciousness of what he really is."† He will remain, as the author puts it, in the Adam-state, subject to the law of matter, making to himself "graven images," and falling down and worshipping them. And as "Adam is the model of man as we see and know him to-day, Jesus is the model of what he is to become—consciously, as he is in reality—through his own work of regeneration and redemption." . . . . "It was this consciousness which was perfect realization, which gave him (Jesus) the power he manifested over sin, sickness and death, by which he healed the halt, the sick and the blind; by which he cast out devils and raised the dead."‡ This consciousness is the chief point insisted upon in this stage of the work, for until this is realized, there is no possibility of the exercise of the healer's power, except perhaps in a weak or partial manner. It is not therefore till we arrive at Section X. that the treatment of disease is actually touched upon. In this section we are told that "what man in his ignorance calls health is as much a

* STATEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. *Comprised in eighteen lessons, and twelve sections.* By URSULA N. GESTEFELD. Chicago, 1888.

† Section III. p. 18. ‡ Section VIII. p. 6.

belief as what he calls sickness," and that "putting medicine into a stomach never yet changed a man's conception of himself; but he has changed one conception or belief of his for another in consequence of his belief in the power of the medicine." Conditions of ill-health are said to be nothing "but mental pictures which man creates for himself and believes in religiously." We must therefore learn to dominate all those conditions to which we believe our bodies to be subject. Denial of the false, affirmation of the true, constantly in thought if not in word, is to be the first process for bringing about a change in man's own body first, subsequently in that of others. If we deny sickness and suffering and all kinds of evil as no-things, non-existent, not proceeding from the Infinite Mind, both as regards ourselves and all surrounding us, for all are parts of one Universal Whole (which is another purely Vedanto-Buddhistic tenet), we shall, by this transformation of the inward gradually act upon and cause a transformation of the outward, and overcome all discordant conditions, be they called sin, or suffering, or sickness. And as man is the creator of every form of sin and suffering, so is he also the transmitter of these through "Thought Transference"; diseases are communicated by this means "instead of through physical germs." * The healer by means of "Christian Science" must attack the root of all disease, man's belief about himself and others; he must treat the sufferer for his faults and for sin, of which his diseases are but the extreme expression, one disease being the same as another to a scientific healer. In treating little children, it is mainly the parents who have to be dealt with, their beliefs about the child, their fear and their anxiety.

The last section closes with some instructions as to the attitude and deportment of the healer towards his patient, but the whole treatment is to be spiritual, above and beyond the plane of material being.

Such is an imperfect digest of the teaching contained in Mrs. Gestefeld's twelve pamphlets. A candidate for "Christian Science" would have to study them in all their details; for it is only by dwelling and meditating on the principles therein set forth that one can arrive at the state of mind necessary for realizing the results to be attained. The Science of Being can be summed up in few words, but it cannot be so easily imparted, and many difficulties naturally occur to the student which require to be separately answered. A few of these must be stated at the outset.

To begin with, why premise by giving to a Science a qualification which does not belong to it? Why start with a *misnomer?* Why call it "Christian" rather than "Sufic," "Buddhist," or better than all, the "Yoga Science, the aim of which is preeminently to attain union with the Universal Spirit? We are told by the author, as also by several other professors of this new school, that it was through this *Science* that Jesus healed, and that it was this Science which he taught. We demur to the statement. There is nothing whatever in the New Testament to lead to such an idea or even suspicion; and there are no other documents known more authoritative to the Christians than the Gospels. The Sermon on the Mount, which is the very embodiment of Christ's teachings—Christianity in a nut-shell, so to say—is a code of preeminently *practical* as also impracticable rules of life, of daily observances, yet all on the plane of matter-of

* Section XI, p. 12.

fact earth-life. When you are told to turn your left cheek to him who smites you on the right, you are not commanded to *deny* the blow, but on the contrary to assert it by meekly bearing the offence; and in order not *to resist evil*, to turn (whether metaphorically or otherwise) your other cheek—*i.e.*, to invite your offender to repeat the action.

Again, when your "Son," or brother, or neighbour, asks of you bread, you are not invited to *deny* the hunger of him who asks, but to give him food; as otherwise you would indeed give him instead of fish "a serpent." Finally, sins, wickedness, diseases, etc., are not *denied* by Jesus, nor are their opposites, virtue, goodness and health, anywhere *affirmed*. Otherwise, where would be the *raison d'être* for his alleged coming to save the world from the original sin? We know that "Christian Scientists" deny every theological dogma, from Eden downwards, as much as we do. Yet they affirm that which Jesus ever practically denied; and affirming (is it for the sake, and in view of the Christian majority in their audiences?), they are not in union with the Universal Spirit, which is—TRUTH.

Again, is it safe to entrust this occult power (for such it surely is) to the hands of the multitude? Did not Jesus, whom we are expressly told to take as our model, himself say:—"To you (who are disciples, initiates) it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven; but to others in parables"? Is there no danger that one who acquires this power of controlling the will and thoughts of others, and the conditions surrounding them, should fall from his high estate, and use his influence for bad purposes—in other words, that the *white* magic should become *black*? The very fact that Mrs. Gestefeld warns the healer never to give a treatment for any purpose but to make the Truth of Being manifest, "never for any personal gain," points to this possibility; she also warns, or I may say threatens, that if this should be attempted, the would-be healer will "descend at once to the plane of mortal mind." Perhaps this implies that the power will depart from him, but that this salutary consequence will accrue is scarcely made clear to the reader. She says, indeed, "You will be no Christian Scientist, but a mesmerist." But to certain people this would be no objection. Where then is the guarantee, the hall-mark, of the true Christian Scientist, by which he can be known to the unwary? If this, like other spiritual things, can only be "spiritually discerned," the patient must be equal to the healer, and will have no need of him.

Again, is it true that all our diseases are the result of wrong beliefs? The child, who has no belief, no knowledge or conception, true or false, on the subject of disease, catches scarlet fever through the transference of germs, not through that of thought. One is tempted to ask, like those of old, did the child sin or his parents? Will the answer of the Great Healer fit the case, *i.e.*, "Neither did this child sin nor his parents, but that the glory of God might be made manifest"? The "glory of the new *Christian* Science," then?—the "new" wine in very, very old bottles? And are there not among the renowned teachers of the new science, who are themselves afflicted by disease, often incurable, by pain and suffering? Will Mrs. Gestefeld, or some one nearer home, explain?

Then further, in the case of widespread epidemics, such as cholera, we

know that to a certain extent these are the consequence of man's sin, his neglect of hygienic laws, of cleanliness and good drainage, and, in proportion as these laws are obeyed, to a certain extent preventible. But there are also climatic conditions, as in the last visitation of cholera in 1884, when the epidemic seemed confined to certain areas, following some law of atmospheric currents, or other undetected, but not undiscoverable, physical cause. Can these be overcome by Christian Science? How is it they do not yield to a whole nation's fervent prayers?—for prayer, when in earnest, is surely, at least, when accompanied by virtuous living, a *mode* of Christian Science, of intense WILL? And do we not see the holiest and the best, and those, too, not living in ignorance or in defiance of law spiritual, moral, mental, or hygienic, fall victims to disease, and only able to preserve life at all with the utmost, almost abnormal, care and precaution?

But "Christian Science" goes further than that. At a lecture, in London, it was distinctly asserted that every physical disease arises from, and is the direct effect of, a mental disease or vice: *e.g.*, "Bright's disease of the kidneys is always produced in persons who are untruthful, and who practise deception." Query, Would not, in this case, the whole black fraternity of Loyola, every diplomat, advocate and lawyer, as the majority of tradesmen and merchants, be incurably afflicted with this terrible evil? Shall we be next told that cancer on the tongue or in the throat is produced by those who backbite and slander their fellow men? It would be well-deserved Karma, were it so. Unfortunately, some recent cases of this dreadful disease, carrying off two of the best, most noble-hearted and truthful men living, would give a glaring denial to such an assertion.

"Christian" (or mental) *Scientists* assert, furthermore, that the healer can work on a patient (even one whom he has never seen) as easily thousands of miles away, as a few yards off. Were this so, and the practice to become universal, it would hardly be a pleasant thing to know that wherever one might be, occult currents are directed towards one from unknown well-wishers at a distance, whether one wants them or not. If, on the one hand, it is rather agreeable, and even useful, in this age of slander to have other people *denying* your faults and vices, and thus saving you from telling lies yourself; on the other hand, it would cut from under one's feet every possibility of amending one's nature through personal exertion, and would deprive one at the same time of every personal merit in the matter. Karma would hardly be satisfied with such an easy arrangement.

This world would witness strange sights and the next one (a reincarnationist would say "the next rebirth,") terrible disappointments. Whether viewed from the standpoint of theists, Christians, or the followers of Eastern philosophy, such an arrangement would satisfy very few minds. Disease, mental characteristics and shortcomings, are always effects produced by causes: the natural effect of Karma, the unerring Law of Retribution, as we would say; and one gets into a curious jumble when trying to work along certain given lines of this "Christian Science" theory. Will its teachers give us more definite statements as to the general workings of their theories?

In conclusion, were these theories to prove true, their practice would only be

our old friend magnetism, or *hypnotism* rather, with all its undeniable dangers, only on a gigantic universal scale; hence a thousand times more dangerous for the human family at large, than is the former. For no magnetizer can work upon a person whom he has never seen or come in contact with—and this is one blessing, at any rate. And this is not the case with mental or "Christian" Science, since we are distinctly told that we can work on perfect strangers, those we *have never met*, and who are thousands of miles away from us. In such case, and as a first benefit, our civilized centres would do well to have their clergy and Christian communities learn the "Science." This would save millions of pounds sterling now scraped off the bones of the starving multitudes and sunk into the insatiable digestive organs of missionary funds. Missionaries, in fact, would become useless—and this would become blessing number two. For henceforth they would have but to meet in small groups and send currents of Will beyond the "black waters" to obtain all they are striving for. Let them *deny* that the heathens are not Christians, and *affirm* that they are baptized, even without contact. Thus the whole world would be saved, and private capital likewise.

Of course it may so happen that our "heathen" brethren who have had the now called "Christian" science at their finger ends ever since the days of Kapila and Patanjili, may take it into their head to reverse the current and set it in motion in an opposite direction. They may *deny* in their turn that their Christian persecutors have one iota of Christianity in them. They may *affirm* that the whole of Christendom is eaten through to the backbone with diseases resulting from the seven capital sins; that millions drink themselves to death and other millions (governments included) force them to do so by building two public houses to every church, a fact which even a Christian Scientist could hardly make way with if he denied it till the next pralaya. Thus the heathen would have an advantage over the Christian Scientist in his denials and affirmations, inasmuch as he would only be telling the truth; while, by denying disease and evil, his Western colleague is simply flying into the face of fact and encouraging the unwary mystic to *ignore* instead of *killing* his sinful nature.

The present criticism may be a mistaken one, and we may have misunderstood the "Science" under analysis, in which, however, we recognise a very old acquaintance, namely, Dhyâna, "abstract meditation." But so much the greater the necessity for a definite explanation. For these are questions we would fain have answered, precisely in the interest of that *old* Science reborn under a new mask, and because it must be the desire of every true follower of Eastern Theosophy to see the doctrine of self-oblivion and altruism, as against selfishness and personality, more widely understood and practised than at present.

Correspondence.

IS THIS RIGHT?

. . . . In the T. P. S. publications we know that the views of individuals are given. But it does not seem right that basic principles should be misstated and pass through the T. P. S's. hands unquestioned, when they may mislead earnest students. Mr. Harbottle says (page 7 of No. 6,) that "it cannot be supposed . . . . it will always be possible for the Karma to find precisely the right field for the working out of its effects, etc." That "there must be a certain amount of injustice done" (and he says it is so in nearly every case of rebirth) and "this injustice meets with compensation in Devachan." So the perfect law—itself pure justice—is shown working with hitches and flaws, and compensating its errors! ! ! That a portion of Karma may lie over through several lives, he does not seem to remember. Now I myself have seen correspondents, eager seekers, who though plain people and semi-educated, see such flaws at once, and are needlessly puzzled at their coming through an official source, so to say, like the T. P. S. Minor occult points—visible to the advanced only—are unimportant. But should such glaring errors regarding the basic truths be so printed? . . .

J. C. V. P.

ANSWER.

Your correspondent, and my critic (or perhaps I should say the critic of the officers of the T. P. S.), should, I think, remember that, unless he is writing with an authority to which I lay no claim, he is using a somewhat strong expression in speaking of my view of the operation of Karma in Re-incarnation as a "glaring error."

I can only say that, for my own part, I should be glad of an authoritative statement from the Editors of Lucifer, but, meanwhile, I will endeavour to show the grounds upon which I hold the view objected to by J. C. V. P.

It is always easy to take a paragraph away from its context and apply a wrong meaning to it, and I can understand that, taken by itself, the paragraph quoted might convey the impression that I was accusing the law of Karma of being an unjust law. I do not think I need defend myself from any accusation of having to this extent distorted one of the "basic truths" of Theosophy; and yet unless this is the meaning of J. C. V. P. I fail to see the *raison d'être* of his criticism.

If J. C. V. P. will turn to p. 3 of the same paper, he will read in the second paragraph, in reference to the Devachanic state, "It is purely a state of bliss, in which man receives compensation for the undeserved misery of his past life."*

* Quite correct; but it is not the *injustice* or *mistakes* of Karma which are the causes of such "undeserved misery," but other causes, independent of the past Karma of either the producer or the innocent victim of their effects, new *actions* generated by the wickedness of men and circumstances; and which arouse Karmic law to fresh activity, *i.e.* the punishment of those who caused these new *Nidânas* (or casual connections), and the reward of him who suffered from them undeservedly.—[Ed.]

To be consistent, J. C. V. P. should object to this also, yet I have herein only embodied the idea which I have gathered, and I believe accurately, from one whom I venture to look upon as an authority. I appeal to the Editors of LUCIFER to uphold me, or to contradict me; in the latter event my whole contention falls to the ground.

It is, however, my conviction, that this statement as to Devachan is not a glaring error,* and that being so I contend that the paragraph objected to by J. C.V. P. is a natural corollary to the other. Undeserved evil in any particular incarnation, is injustice, so far as that incarnation is concerned If this be, in the opinion of J C.V.P., the working of the Perfect Law—in itself, pure Justice —with hitches and flaws, etc., so be it; I prefer to take the broader view and to believe that not in one life, or in two, but in the numberless series of lives through which the Ego passes, full justice is done, and full return made for evil as for good. If this view were not the one to which I have given expression throughout the paper, J C.V P. might have some basis for his selection of the paragraph he criticises, but I deny that, as it stands, his charge has any validity.

J.C.V.P. asserts that I have forgotten "that a portion of Karma may lie over through several lives." If he will read my paper again (a process which might be advantageous to his understanding of it) he will see that on p. 4, in speaking of the Karma generated by a murderer and his victim, I refer *expressly* to this very point. But surely if bad Karma can be held over, a man may be said to be unjustly treated in any given life, as justice punishes as well as rewards, and the absence of merited punishment is consequently the absence of justice. The very point which J.C.V.P. suggests as the reason for condemning my paragraph is its absolute and complete justification. Further, if bad Karma can lie over why not also good? so that the other side of the medal presents the same aspect.

I will not pursue the subject further because I feel that I have some claims in this instance to the good offices of those who are responsible for the publication of my paper, and should my case not be arguable, or my defence weak, I ask, and think I have a right to ask, for instruction on the point at issue.

T. B. HARTBOTTLE.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—For one acquainted with the doctrine of Karma, and after this explanation, the objection taken by our American correspondent seems to rest on a misconception of Mr. Harbottle's meaning in his article. But no more can the correspondent be taken to task for it. Removed several pages from the said justifying paragraph, and standing by itself, the sentence under criticism did seem to imply and warrant such a construction. One can never be too cautious and too explicit, when writing upon such abstruse subjects. As the defendant has risen and explained, however, the short debate may be closed. Both plaintiff and defendant now stand accused: one of judging too hastily and on appearance; the other, of having written too loosely, and without due caution, upon a subject of the utmost importance. Both, therefore, may be left to their respective *Karma*.]

* Explained in this sense it is not.—[ED.]

ASTROLOGICAL.

MAY I be allowed to ask through the columns of LUCIFER a few questions on astrology?

1. We are told that Saturn and Mars are *malefic*. Are they malefic in their nature or only in their effects?

2. We find that ♄ 120° from the ☉ is a Benefic and when 90° is a malefic, will your astrologer explain how, why and where the malefic influence begins and *vice versa?*

3. What *is* planetary influence and how does it act on man?—Yours truly,

MAGUS.

Rose Mount, Keighley, April.

1. I do not consider any planet esssentially malefic. Dirt has been wittily defined as "matter in the wrong place." So a planet becomes really malefic only when badly placed or aspected. Nevertheless, there is this important difference between the so-called malefics and benefics, that certain positions and aspects which are good with the latter are evil with the former; hence the benefics produce the most good.

2 This is determined by the orbs of the planets, which are given, with slight variations, in the text-books The more exact the aspect, the more powerful the effects; but when the planets are distant from the exact aspects *half the sum of their conjoint orbs*, the influence of that aspect is said to commence or end, according as the aspect is applying or separating. I believe, however, that this only applies to the stronger aspects; and that for the weaker ones, much smaller orbs of action must be taken.

3. Certain occult planetary influences which, for want of a more scientific term we may call magnetic, converge upon the notice at the moment of birth; these influences determine the *tendencies* of the future years of life. But it should never be forgotten that astrology does not teach fatalism, and that we can overcome to a great extent the evil tendencies, and develop the good. "The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them."

NEMO.

WHAT IS GOD?

I WISH to thank you for reply to my former communication. I find I agree to an extent with your thought, but not wholly. With your permission I will open out my thought on this great subject a little more, if useful.

I have no conception of Infinite and Boundless as positive existence. The Eternal or Absolute Void may be said to be Infinite and Boundless, but this Void is nothing, and of which nothing can be predicated; so that Infinite or Boundless and Absolute in this respect are non-existent.* You seem to identify Deity with the Original Nothing, the absolute Negation. But such

* To some minds, very likely. In the opinion of a Vedantin or an Eastern Occultist this "Boundless" is the one deity and the one reality in this universe of Maya, and it is the one *everlasting and uncreated* principle—everything else being illusionary, because finite, conditioned and transitory. —[ED.]

Deity has nothing to do with what we call the Something or the Real, and existence is quite independent of it.* If Deity or God is the same as Absolute Nothing, and all things came from Him or It, then something has come from nothing, which, philosophy declares, cannot be.† The real, as opposed to the unreal, can alone produce that which is real, whatever kind of reality it be, divine, spiritual or natural. In plain words nothing can produce nothing. Something only can produce itself in varied differentiations.‡ Nothing is the Infinite. The Something (universal reality or the all) in the Finite; but (if you like) Infinite in this sense that, being all-inclusive, it is bounded by nothing beyond it. If Deity has originated form, size, number and motion as attributes of the concrete—spiritual or nature §—how could He (allow me to use this pronoun) so have done unless these in some way are in Himself. As He has originated *all* conditions, He surely possesses in Himself the original of these conditions; and though He is not conditioned by anything beyond or greater than himself, yet He is Himself the sum total of conditions. That is, He is the *all* of conditions.‖ As I take it, Deity is the All of the Universe in its first, original or originating form, and what we call the evolved universe is Deity in his last or ultimate form. It is as if Deity out-breathed Himself forth into vastitude, then in-breathed Himself back into minutude.¶ He is thus the all of substance as to Being, and the all of Form and of motions as to Truth. It is an alternation of states, the one the state of concentration, the other the state of diffusion or expansion. The Alpha and Omega, making true the saying, "the first shall be the last, and the last shall be the first." The Microcosm becomes the Macrocosm (? !) and this again resolves itself back into the Microcosmic form and state. The going forth of Deity from the self to the not-self and back again to the self constitutes in the motions the Age of ages or Eternity, and is the all of Truth, the all of cosmic and universal history.**

Of course the evolved, universal form, being a result, as to state, is not absolute or personal Deity, but only his image or reflection; the shadow of the real as it were, an administration of the Original Being. I may here be expressing the same as you mean, when you call phenomena Maya or illusion, not being absolutely permanent. Yes, yet phenomena are real as appearances.

* It cannot be *independent*, since "existence" is precisely that Deity which we call "Absolute Existence," of which nothing can be "independent."

† Which philosophy? Not Eastern philosophy and metaphysics—the oldest of all. *Nothing* cannot come out of or from another nothing—if the latter word is accepted in our finite sense. All comes from Nothing, or NO-THING, En-Soph, the Boundless (to us) *nothingness!* but on the plane of Spirit the noumenon of ALL.—[ED.]

‡ Our correspondent is very little acquainted, we see, with occult Eastern ideas and true metaphysics. The deity he calls "Nothing" and we "No-thing" can produce nothing, for the simple reason that IT is in itself ALL, the Infinite, Boundless and Absolute, and that even IT *could never produce anything outside of itself*, since whatever manifests is ITSELF.—[ED.]

§ Lightning is produced by electricity, and is an *aspect* of the concealed Cause. And because that Cause originates the phenomenon shall we call it "lightning" and a "He"?—[ED.]

‖ And why not "She," the ALL? Just as natural one as the other, and, in our opinion, quite as incongruous."—[ED.]

¶ Say, at once, "itself," instead of "Himself," and do not make it a personal (on our plane) *conscious* action and you will be nearer the mark of our occult teachings.

** This is Kabalistic and, on the whole, correct, but too indefinite for esoteric philosophy. Does our critic mean to say that it is the microcosm which becomes the Macrocosm, instead of the reverse? (See Editors' *Notes* at the end).—[ED.]

The Mayavic World is real while it is Mayavic, just as a snowflake is until it melts.

I have said that the All, as the *little* Universe evolves itself into the form and state of the vast universe; but in the process it exhausts its potencies, and at this stage the evolution begins to cease, and involution begins; and Deity the *little* is recuperated by re-absorbing the substances and forms of the Mayavic Universe, which thus in the process of ages ceases to be, returning to the Nirvanic state of Deific concentrated. Now—a Vedantist would say—Brahm sleeps on the lotus, and will awake anew to create another Mayavic Universe.*

These imperfect attempts at statement are but general, and do exclude all that can be conceived and known of the manifold planes and ranks of intelligent beings that exist in the manifold universe. You seem to think I am very materialistic in thought. But mystical thought that denies form to Spirit and thus to Deity, is no proof of superiority or spirituality of intelligence.†

You will perceive the point toward which my line of thought strains. The beings on the highest ranges of the Universe are far more glorious in form than those on the lower ranges. Those on the terrestrial globes, such as ourselves, are the most shadowy, as to our outer forms. He who centres the myriadal hosts of His children, must be the most and all-glorious.‡ But surely this is because He must be the most *concentrated* in substance and the most *complex* in his form, inconceivably so. The human forms of the Elohim are as floating shadows compared to Him. His form, as to organization and shape, is the Human, the dual human.(!) The infinitesimal cells in His body are the germ points of Solar Systems, to be realized during the ages in the Mayavic expanses.§

Each plane of existence is organic, and the most refined is the most dense and vital and potential. All Spirits are human forms, all the Elohim (if you like)—male and female—or two in one—are human forms. In fact, existence is form, Life is form, Intelligence, Love and the human affections are based upon and held in the continent of the human organization, and all lesser or fragmentary formations of mineral, vegetable, animal or sphered world, are its production. It is the one Truth, the eternal, the uncreated and unimagined,

* Aye, Brahmâ "sleeps" on the lotos during the "nights," and between the "days" of Brahma (neuter). But Brahmâ, the Creator, *dies* and *disappears* when his "age" is at an end, and the hour for the MAHA PRALAYA strikes. Then NO-THING reigns supreme and alone in Boundless Infinitude and that No-thing is non-differentiated space which is no-space, and the ABSOLUTE, "The most excellent *male* is worshipped by men, but the soul of wisdom, THAT in *which there are no attributes of name or form* is worshipped by Sages *(Yogins)*, (Vishnu Purâna). This, then, is the point of difference with our correspondent.

† None whatever. It only denotes better knowledge of metaphysics. That which *has form cannot be absolute.* That which is conditioned or bounded by either space, time, or any limitation of human conception and growth—cannot be INFINITE, still less ETERNAL.—[ED.]

‡ Undeniably so, "He who centres the myriadal Host" is not ABSOLUTE DEITY, not even its LOGOS. *Aja* (the unborn), but at best Adam Kadmon, the *Tetragrammaton* of the Greeks, and the Brahmâ-Vishnu on the Lotos of Space, the HE which disappears with the "Age of Brahm."—[ED.]

§ Just so, and this is Adam-Kadmon, the heavenly man, the "male-female" or the symbol of the material manifested Universe, whose 10 limbs (or 10 Sepheroth, the numbers) correspond to the zones of the universe, the 3 in 1 of the upper and the 7 of the lower planes.—[ED.]

the continent of universal particulars, The All Father-Mother in whom we and all things live and move and have our being.—Respectfully yours,

April 30th, 1888. J. HUNTER.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—The writer seems a little confused in his ideas. He launches in one place into verbal pantheism and then uses language embodying the most curious anthropomorphic conceptions. Deity, for instance, is regarded as "outbreathing himself into Vastitude," and as the "*all* of substance as to being, the *all* of forms and motions." Later on "he" is described as an apparently gigantic organism: "His form is *the human*, the *dual human*." The "*all* of Forms" and conditions, merely an enormous hermaphrodite? Why not a monkey or elephant, or, still better, a mosaic pieced together out of all the different organic types? It is unphilosophical to regard such a *thing* as the "*All of forms*," if it only reproduces the *human* organization, though it may be strictly *theological*.

In another place the writer speaks of this anomalous creature—the "All Father-Mother"—as "unimaginable." After allusions to the function of its organic cells, its human organization, its substance and relation to the Universe etc., this epithet appears sufficiently bewildering. We are also assured that "what we call the evolved universe is Deity in his last or ultimate form." Has Deity, then, several forms or states? Obviously so, if our critic is identifying him with plane after plane in this summary fashion. Such an interpretation would, however, result in the dethronement of the big Hermaphrodite, the only form Deity patronizes, according to his present biographer.

All argument based on the idea of reading such qualities as "form, size, number and motion," etc., into Deity is necessarily worthless. It utterly ignores the distinction between Substance and Attribute. Notice, also, such obvious objections as the following:—(1.) If Deity is a *form*, he cannot be Infinite because form implies a boundary line somewhere. (2) If Deity can be *numbered*, polytheism is a truth. (3.) If it possesses *size*, it is no longer Absolute, size being a relative notion derived from phenomena. (4.) *Motion* again involves limitation, inasmuch as it only means the passage *through space* of an object. Deity if infinite can have nothing to traverse, and like contradictions.

Our critic objects to being classed among materialistic thinkers; unfortunately for him it is his own writings that denounce him as such. For a Deity in form, obviously possesses *all the qualities which make up matter*, viz., extension in space, form, size, etc. He must even possess that of colour, to be distinguishable from other objects of perception according to him! Where then are we to stop?

Mr. Hunter's conceptions are, in fact, so extremely unspiritual, that they far outvie in "materialism" the utterances of the most "advanced" agnostics, who, at least, grasp one fact, viz:—that the realm of matter and the realm of mind cannot be jumbled up at random.]

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: ITS MISSION AND ITS FUTURE.

[AS EXPLAINED BY M. EMILE BURNOUF, THE FRENCH ORIENTALIST.]

> "It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige many who are not."—SENECA.

> " . . . . . The veil is rent
> Which blinded me! I am as all these men
> Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
> Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
> For them and me and all there must be help!
> Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
> Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
> They cannot save! I would not let one cry
> Whom I could save! . . . ."
>
> THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

IT has seldom been the good fortune of the Theosophical Society to meet with such courteous and even sympathetic treatment as it has received at the hands of M. Emile Burnouf, the well-known Sanskritist, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (July 15, 1888) —"*Le Bouddhisme en Occident.*"

Such an article proves that the Society has at last taken its rightful place in the thought-life of the XIXth century. It marks the dawn of a new era in its history, and, as such, deserves the most careful consideration of all those who are devoting their energies to its work. M. Burnouf's position in the world of Eastern scholarship entitles his opinions to respect; while his name, that of one of the first and most justly honoured of Sanskrit scholars (the late M. Eugène Burnouf), renders it more than probable that a man bearing such a name will make no hasty statements and draw no premature conclusions, but that his deductions will be founded on careful and accurate study.

His article is devoted to a triple subject: the origins of three religions or associations, whose fundamental doctrines M. Burnouf regards as identical, whose aim is the same, and which are derived from a common source. These are Buddhism, Christianity, and—the Theosophical Society.

As he writes page 341 :—

"This source, which is oriental, was hitherto contested; to-day it has been fully brought to light by scientific research, notably by the English scientists and the publication of original texts. Amongst these sagacious scrutinizers it is sufficient to name Sayce, Pool, Beal, Rhys-David, Spencer-Hardy, Bunsen. . . . . It is a long time, indeed, since they were struck with resemblances, let us say, rather, identical elements, offered by the Christian religions and that of Buddha. . . . During the last century these analogies were explained by a pretended Nestorian influence; but since then the Oriental chronology has been established, and it was shown that Buddha was anterior by several centuries to Nestorius, and even to Jesus Christ. . . . The problem remained an open one down to the recent day when the paths followed by Buddhism were recognised, and the stages traced on its way to finally reach Jerusalem. . . . . And now we see born under our eyes a new association, created for the propagation in the world of the Buddhistic dogmas. It is of this triple subject that we shall treat."

It is on this, to a degree erroneous, conception of the aims and object of the Theosophical Society that M. Burnouf's article, and the remarks and opinions that ensue therefrom, are based. He strikes a false note from the beginning, and proceeds on this line. The T. S. was not created to propagate any dogma of any exoteric, ritualistic church, whether Buddhist, Brahmanical, or Christian. This idea is a widespread and general mistake; and that of the eminent Sanskritist is due to a self-evident source which misled him. M. Burnouf has read in the *Lotus*, the journal of the Theosophical Society of Paris, a polemical correspondence between one of the Editors of LUCIFER and the Abbé Roca. The latter persisting—very unwisely—in connecting theosophy with Papism and the Roman Catholic Church—which, of all the dogmatic world religions, is the one his correspondent loathes the most—the philosophy and ethics of Gautama Buddha, not his later church, whether northern or southern, were therein prominently brought forward. The said Editor is undeniably a Buddhist—*i.e.*, a follower of the esoteric school of the great "Light of Asia," and so is the President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel H. S. Olcott. But this does not pin the theosophical body as a whole to ecclesiastical Buddhism. The Society was founded to become the Brotherhood of Humanity—a centre, philosophical and religious, common to all—not as a propaganda for Buddhism merely. Its first steps were directed toward the same great aim that M. Burnouf ascribes to Buddha Sakyamuni, who "opened his church to all men, without distinction of origin, caste, nation, colour, or sex," (*Vide* Art. I. in the *Rules* of the T. S.), adding,

"My law is a law of Grace for all." In the same way the Theosophical Society is open to all, without distinction of "origin, caste, nation, colour, or sex," and what is more—of creed. . . .

The introductory paragraphs of this article show how truly the author has grasped, with this exception, within the compass of a few lines, the idea that all religions have a common basis and spring from a single root. After devoting a few pages to Buddhism, the religion and the association of men founded by the Prince of Kapilavastu; to Manicheism, miscalled a "heresy," in its relation to both Buddhism and Christianity, he winds up his article with—the Theosophical Society. He leads up to the latter by tracing (*a*) the life of Buddha, too well known to an English speaking public through Sir Edwin Arnold's magnificent poem to need recapitulation; (*b*) by showing in a few brief words that Nirvana is *not annihilation*; * and (*c*) that the Greeks, Romans and even the Brahmans regarded the *priest* as the intermediary between men and God, an idea which involves the conception of a *personal God*, distributing his favours according to his own good pleasure —a sovereign of the universe, in short.

The few lines about Nirvana must find place here before the last proposition is discussed. Says the author:

"It is not my task here to discuss the nature of Nirvâna. I will only say that the idea of annihilation is absolutely foreign to India, that the Buddha's object was to deliver humanity from the miseries of earth life and its successive reincarnations; that, finally, he passed his long existence in battling against Mâra and his angels, whom he himself called Death and the army of death. The word *Nirvâna* means, it is true, extinction, for instance, that of a lamp blown out; but it means also the absence of wind. I think, therefore, that Nirvâna is nothing else but that *requies æterna*, that *lux perpetua* which Christians also desire for their dead."

With regard to the conception of the priestly office the author shows it entirely absent from Buddhism. Buddha is no God, but a *man* who has reached the supreme degree of wisdom and virtue. "Therefore Buddhist metaphysics conceives the absolute Principle of all things which other religions call God, in a totally different manner and does not make of it a being separate from the universe."

The writer then points out that the equality of all men among themselves is one of the fundamental conceptions of Buddhism.

He adds moreover and demonstrates that it was from Buddhism that the Jews derived their doctrine of a *Messiah*.

The Essenes, the Therapeuts and the Gnostics are identified as a result of this fusion of Indian and Semitic thought, and it is shown that, on comparing the lives of Jesus and Buddha, both biographies fall into

* The fact that Nirvana does *not* mean *annihilation* was repeatedly asserted in *Isis Unveiled*, where its author discussed its etymological meaning as given by Max Müller and others and showed that the "blowing out of a lamp" does not even imply the idea that Nirvana is the "extinction of consciousness." (See vol. i. p. 290, & vol. ii. pp. 117, 286, 320, 566, &c.)

two parts: the ideal legend and the real facts. Of these the legendary part is identical in both; as indeed must be the case from the theosophical standpoint, since both are based on the Initiatory cycle. Finally this "legendary" part is contrasted with the corresponding features in other religions, notably with the Vedic story of Visvakarman.* According to his view, it was only at the council of Nicea that Christianity broke officially with the ecclesiastical Buddhism, though he regards the Nicene Creed as simply the development of the formula: "the Buddha, the Law, the Church" (Buddha, Dharma, Sangha).

The Manicheans were originally *Samans* or Sramanas, Buddhist ascetics whose presence at Rome in the third century is recorded by St. Hyppolitus. M. Burnouf explains their dualism as referring to the double nature of man—good and evil—the evil principle being the *Mâra* of Buddhist legend. He shows that the Manicheans derived their doctrines more immediately from Buddhism than did Christianity and consequently a life and death struggle arose between the two, when the Christian Church became a body which claimed to be the sole and exclusive possessor of Truth. This idea is in direct contradiction to the most fundamental conceptions of Buddhism and therefore its professors could not but be bitterly opposed to the Manicheans. It was thus the Jewish spirit of exclusiveness which armed against the Manicheans the secular arm of the Christian states.

Having thus traced the evolution of Buddhist thought from India to Palestine and Europe, M. Burnouf points out that the Albigenses on the one hand, and the Pauline school (whose influence is traceable in Protestantism) on the other, are the two latest survivals of this influence. He then continues:—

"Analysis shows us in contemporary society two essential elements: the idea of a *personal God* among believers and, among the philosophers, the almost complete disappearance of charity. The Jewish element has regained the upper hand, and the Buddhistic element in Christianity has been obscured."

"Thus one of the most interesting, if not the most unexpected, phenomena of our day is the attempt which is now being made to revive and create in the world a new society, resting on the same foundations as Buddhism. Although only in its beginnings, its growth is so rapid that our readers will be glad to have their attention called to this subject. This society is still in some measure in the condition of a mission, and its spread is accomplished noiselessly and without violence. It has not even a definitive name; its members grouping themselves under eastern names, placed as titles to their publications: *Isis*, *Lotus*, *Sphinx*, LUCIFER. The name common to all which predominates among them for the moment is that of *Theosophical Society*."

* This identity between the *Logoi* of various religions and in particular the identity between the legends of Buddha and Jesus Christ, was again proven years ago in "Isis Unveiled," and the legend of Visvakarman more recently in the *Lotus* and other Theosophical publications. The whole story is analysed at length in the "Secret Doctrine," in some chapters which were written more than two years ago.

After giving a very accurate account of the formation and history of the Society—even to the number of its working branches in India, namely, 135—he then continues:—

"The society is very young, nevertheless it has already its history. . . . . It has neither money nor patrons; it acts solely with its own eventual resources. It contains no worldly element. It flatters no private or public interest. It has set itself a moral ideal of great elevation, it combats vice and egoism. It tends towards the unification of religions, which it considers as identical in their philosophical origin; but it recognises the supremacy of truth only. . . ."

"With these principles, and in the time in which we live, the society could hardly impose on itself more trying conditions of existence. Still it has grown with astonishing rapidity. . . ."

Having summarised the history of the development of the T. S. and the growth of its organisation, the writer asks: "What is the spirit which animates it?" To this he replies by quoting the three objects of the Society, remarking in reference to the second and third of these (the study of literatures, religions and sciences of the Aryan nations and the investigation of latent psychic faculties, &c.), that, although these might seem to give the Society a sort of academic colouring, remote from the affairs of actual life, yet in reality this is not the case; and he quotes the following passage from the close of the Editorial in LUCIFER for November 1887:—

"He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or a poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist."—(LUCIFER No. 3.)

"This declaration," continues M. Burnouf, "is not Christian because it takes no account of belief, because it does not proselytise for any communion, and because, in fact, the Christians have usually made use of calumny against their adversaries, for example, the Manicheans, Protestants and Jews.* It is even less Mussulman or Brahminical. It is purely Buddhistic: the practical publications of the Society are either translations of Buddhist books, or original works inspired by the teaching of Buddha. Therefore the Society has a Buddhist character."

"Against this it protests a little, fearing to take on an exclusive and sectarian character. It is mistaken: the true and original Buddhism is not a sect, it is hardly a religion. It is rather a moral and intellectual reform, which excludes no belief, but adopts none. This is what is done by the Theosophical Society."

We have given our reasons for protesting. We are pinned to no faith. In stating that the T. S. is "Buddhist," M. Burnouf is quite right,

* And—the author forgets to add—"the Theosophists." No Society has ever been more ferociously calumniated and persecuted by the *odium theologicum* since the Christian Churches are reduced to use their tongues as their sole weapon—than the Theosophical Association and its Founders. —[ED.]

however, from one point of view. It has a Buddhist colouring simply because that religion, or rather philosophy, approaches more nearly to the TRUTH (the secret wisdom) than does any other exoteric form of belief. Hence the close connexion between the two. But on the other hand the T. S. is perfectly right in protesting against being mistaken for a merely Buddhist propaganda, for the reasons given by us at the beginning of the present article, and by our critic himself. For although in complete agreement with him as to the *true* nature and character of primitive Buddhism, yet the Buddhism of to-day is none the less a rather dogmatic religion, split into many and heterogenous sects. We follow the Buddha alone. Therefore, once it becomes necessary to go behind the actually existing form, and who will deny this necessity in respect to Buddhism?—once this is done, is it not infinitely better to go back to the pure and unadulterated source of Buddhism itself, rather than halt at an intermediate stage? Such a half and half reform was tried when Protestantism broke away from the elder Church, and are the results satisfactory?

Such then is the simple and very natural reason why the T. S. does not raise the standard of exoteric Buddhism and proclaim itself a follower of the *Church* of the Lord Buddha. It desires too sincerely to remain within that *unadulterated* "light" to allow itself to be absorbed by its distorted shadow. This is well understood by M. Burnouf, since he expresses as much in the following passage:—

"From the doctrinal point of creed, Buddhism has no mysteries; Buddha preached in parables; but a parable is a developed simile, and has nothing symbolical in it. The Theosophists have seen very clearly that, in religions, there have always been two teachings; the one very simple in appearance and full of images or fables which are put forward as realities; this is the public teaching, called exoteric. The other, esoteric or inner, reserved for the more educated and discreet adepts, the initiates of the second degree. There is, finally, a sort of science, which may formerly have been cultivated in the secrecy of the sanctuaries, a science called *hermetism*, which gives the final explanation of the symbols. When this science is applied to various religions, we see that their symbolisms, though in appearance different, yet rest upon the same stock of ideas, and are traceable to one single manner of interpreting nature.

"The characteristic feature of Buddhism is precisely the absence of this hermetism, the exiguity of its symbolism, and the fact that it presents to men, in their ordinary language, the truth without a veil. This it is which the Theosophical Society is repeating. . . . . "

And no better model could the Society follow: but this is not all. It is true that no *mysteries* or esotericism exists in the two chief Buddhist Churches, the Southern and the Northern. Buddhists may well be content with the dead letter of Siddârtha Buddha's teachings, as fortunately no higher or nobler ones in their effects upon the ethics of the masses exist, to this day. But herein lies the great mistake of all the

Orientalists. There *is* an esoteric doctrine, a soul-ennobling philosophy, behind the outward body of ecclesiastical Buddhism. The latter, pure, chaste and immaculate as the virgin snow on the ice-capped crests of the Himalayan ranges, is, however, as cold and desolate as they with regard to the *post-mortem* condition of man. This secret system was taught to the *Arhats* alone, generally in the Saptaparna (Mahavansa's *Sattapani*) cave, known to Ta-hian as the *Chetu* cave near the Mount Baibhâr (in Pali Webhâra), in Rajagriha, the ancient capital of Maghada, by the Lord Buddha himself, between the hours of *Dhyana* (or mystic contemplation). It is from this cave—called in the days of Sakyamuni, Saraswati or "Bamboo-cave"—that the Arhats initiated into the Secret Wisdom carried away their learning and knowledge beyond the Himalayan range, wherein the Secret Doctrine is taught to this day. Had not the South Indian invaders of Ceylon "heaped into piles as high as the top of the cocoanut trees" the *ollas* of the Buddhists, and burnt them, as the Christian conquerors burnt all the secret records of the Gnostics and the Initiates, Orientalists would have the proof of it, and there would have been no need of asserting now this well-known fact.

Having fallen into the common error, M. Burnouf continues:

"Many will say: It is a chimerical enterprise; it has no more a future before it than has the New Jerusalem of the Rue Thouin, and no more *raison d'être* than the Salvation Army. This may be so; it is to be observed, however, that these two groups of people are *Biblical Societies*, retaining all the paraphernalia of the expiring religions. The Theosophical Society is the direct opposite; it does away with figures, it neglects or relegates them to the background, putting in the foreground Science, as we understand it to-day, and the moral reformation, of which our old world stands in such need. What, then, are to-day the social elements which may be for or against it? I shall state them in all frankness."

In brief, M. Burnouf sees in the public *indifference* the first obstacle in the Society's way. "Indifference born from weariness; weariness of the inability of religions to improve social life, and of the ceaseless spectacle of rites and ceremonies which the priest never explains." Men demand to-day "scientific formulæ stating laws of nature, whether physical or moral. . . ." And this indifference the Society must encounter; "its name, also, adding to its difficulties: for the word *Theosophy* has no meaning for the people, and, at best, a very vague one for the learned." "It seems to imply a personal god," M. Burnouf thinks, adding: "Whoever says personal god, says creation and miracle," and he concludes that "the Society would do better to become frankly Buddhist or to cease to exist."

With this advice of our friendly critic it is rather difficult to agree. He has evidently grasped the lofty ideal of primitive Buddhism, and rightly sees that this ideal is identical with that of the T. S. But he has not yet learned the lesson of its history, nor perceived that to graft

a young and healthy shoot on to a branch which has lost—less than any other, yet much of—its inner vitality, could not but be fatal to the new growth. The very essence of the position taken up by the T. S. is that it asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions; the truth which is true and undefiled by the concretions of ages of human passions and needs. But though Theosophy means Divine Wisdom, it implies nothing resembling belief in a personal god. It is *not* "the wisdom of God," but *divine* wisdom. The Theosophists of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonic school believed in "gods" and "demons" and in one *impersonal* ABSOLUTE DEITY. To continue:—

"Our contemporary habits of life," says M. Burnouf, "are not severe; they tend year by year to grow more gentle, but also more boneless. The moral stamina of the men of to-day is very feeble; the ideas of good and evil are not, perhaps, obscured, but the *will* to act rightly lacks energy. What men seek above all is pleasure and that somnolent state of existence called comfort. Try to preach the sacrifice of one's possessions and of oneself to men who have entered on this path of selfishness! You will not convert many. Do we not see the doctrine of the 'struggle for life' applied to every function of human life? This formula has become for our contemporaries a sort of revelation, whose pontiffs they blindly follow and glorify. One may say to them, but in vain, that one must share one's last morsel of bread with the hungry; they will smile and reply by the formula: 'the struggle for life.' They will go further: they will say that in advancing a contrary theory, you are yourself struggling for your existence and are not disinterested. How can one escape from this sophism, of which all men are full to-day? . . . ."

"This doctrine is certainly the worst adversary of Theosophy, for it is the most perfect formula of egoism. It seems to be based on scientific observation, and it sums up the moral tendencies of our day. . . . . Those who accept it and invoke justice are in contradiction with themselves; those who practise it and who put God on their side are blasphemers. But those who disregard it and preach charity are considered wanting in intelligence, their kindness of heart leading them into folly. If the T. S. succeeds in refuting this pretended law of the 'struggle for life' and in extirpating it from men's minds, it will have done in our day a miracle greater than those of Sakyamouni and of Jesus."

And this miracle the Theosophical Society *will* perform. It will do this, not by disproving the relative existence of the law in question, but by assigning to it its due place in the harmonious order of the universe; by unveiling its true meaning and nature and by showing that this *pseudo* law is a "pretended" law indeed, as far as the human family is concerned, and a fiction of the most dangerous kind. "Self-preservation," on these lines, is indeed and in truth a sure, if a slow, suicide, for it is a policy of mutual homicide, because men by descending to its practical application among themselves, merge more and more by a retrograde reinvolution into the animal kingdom. This is what the "struggle for life" is in reality, even on the purely materialistic lines of political economy. Once that this axiomatic truth is proved to all men;

the same instinct of self-preservation only directed into its true channel will make them turn to *altruism*—as their surest policy of salvation.

It is just because the real founders of the Society have ever recognised the wisdom of truth embodied in one of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Burnouf's excellent article, that they have provided against that terrible emergency in their fundamental teachings. The "struggle for existence" applies only to the physical, never to the moral plane of being. Therefore when the author warns us in these awfully truthful words:

"Universal charity will appear out of date; the rich will keep their wealth and will go on accumulating more; the poor will become impoverished in proportion, until the day when, propelled by hunger, they will demand bread, not of theosophy but of revolution. Theosophy shall be swept away by the hurricane. . . ."

The Theosophical Society replies: "*It surely will, were we to follow out his well-meaning advice, yet one which is concerned but with the lower plane.*" It is not the policy of self-preservation, not the welfare of one or another personality in its finite and physical form that will or can ever secure the desired object and screen the Society from the effects of the social "hurricane" to come; but only the weakening of the feeling of separateness in the units which compose its chief element. And such a weakening can only be achieved by a process of *inner enlightenment.* It is not violence that can ever insure bread and comfort for all; nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and "food for all," to be conquered by a cold, reasoning, diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men's inner SELVES, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of Justice and equality for all can ever be inaugurated. This is the first of the three fundamental objects for which the Theosophical Society was established, and called the "Universal Brotherhood of Man," without distinction of *race, colour or creed.*

When men will begin to realise that it is precisely that ferocious personal selfishness, the chief motor in the "struggle for life," that lies at the very bottom and is the one sole cause of human starvation; that it is that other—national egoism and vanity which stirs up the States and rich individuals to bury enormous capitals in the unproductive erection of gorgeous churches and temples and the support of a swarm of social drones called Cardinals and Bishops, the true parasites on the bodies of their subordinates and their flocks—that they will try to remedy this universal evil by a healthy change of policy. And this salutary revolution can be *peacefully* accomplished only by the Theosophical Society and its teachings.

This is little understood by M. Burnouf, it seems, since while striking the true key-note of the situation elsewhere he ends by saying:

"The Society will find allies, if it knows how to take its place in the civilised world to-day. Since it will have against it all the positive cults, with the exception perhaps of a few dissenters and bold priests, the only other course open to it is to place itself in accord with the men of science. If its dogma of charity is a complementary doctrine which it furnishes to science, the society will be obliged to establish it on scientific data, under pain of remaining in the regions of sentimentality. The oft-repeated formula of the struggle for life is true, but not universal; it is true for the plants; it is less true for the animals in proportion as we climb the steps of the ladder, for the law of sacrifice is seen to appear and to grow in importance; in man, these two laws counter-balance one another, and the law of sacrifice, which is that of charity, tends to assume the upper hand, through the empire of the reason. It is reason which, in our societies, is the source of right, of justice, and of charity; through it we escape the inevitableness of the struggle for life, moral slavery, egoism and barbarism, in one word, that we escape from what Sakyamouni poetically called the power and the army of Mâra."

And yet our critic does not seem satisfied with this state of things but advises us by adding as follows:—

"If the Theosophical Society," he says, "enters into this order of ideas and knows how to make them its fulcrum, it will quit the limbus of inchoate thought and will find its place in the modern world; remaining none the less faithful to its Indian origin and to its principles. It may find allies; for if men are weary of the symbolical cults, unintelligible to their own teachers, yet men of heart (and they are many) are weary also and terrified at the egoism and the corruption, which tend to engulf our civilisation and to replace it by a learned barbarism. Pure Buddhism possesses all the breadth that can be claimed from a doctrine at once religious and scientific. Its tolerance is the cause why it can excite the jealousy of none. At bottom, it is but the proclamation of the supremacy of reason and of its empire over the animal instincts, of which it is the regulator and the restrainer. Finally it has itself summed up its character in two words which admirably formulate the law of humanity, science and virtue."

And this formula the society has expanded by adopting that still more admirable axiom: "*There is no religion higher than truth.*"

At this juncture we shall take leave of our learned, and perhaps, too kind critic, to address a few words to Theosophists in general.

Has our Society, as a whole, deserved the flattering words and notice bestowed upon it by M. Burnouf? How many of its individual members, how many of its branches, have carried out the precepts contained in the noble words of a Master of Wisdom, as quoted by our author from No. 3 of LUCIFER? "He who does not practise" this and the other "*is no Theosophist*," says the quotation. Nevertheless, those who have never shared even their superfluous—let alone their last morsel—with the poor; those who continue to make a difference in their hearts between a coloured and a white brother; as all those to whom

malicious remarks against their neighbours, uncharitable gossip and even slander under the slightest provocation, are like heavenly dew on their parched lips—call and regard themselves as *Theosophists!*

It is certainly not the fault of the minority of *true* Theosophists, who do try to follow *the path* and who make desperate efforts to reach it, if the majority of their fellow members do not. It is not to them therefore that this is addressed, but to those who, in their fierce love of Self and their vanity, instead of trying to carry out the original programme to the best of their ability, sow broadcast among the members the seeds of dissension; to those whose personal vanity, discontentment and love of power, often ending in ostentation, give the lie to the original programme and to the Society's motto.

Indeed, these original aims of the FIRST SECTION of the Theosophical Society under whose advice and guidance the second and third merged into one were first founded, can never be too often recalled to the minds of our members.* The Spirit of these aims is clearly embodied in a letter from one of the Masters quoted in the "Occult World," on pages 71 and 73. Those Theosophists then,—who in the course of time and events would, or have, departed from those original aims, and instead of complying with them have suggested new policies of administration from the depths of their inner consciousness, *are not true to their pledges.*

"But we have always worked on the lines originally traced to us—some of them proudly assert.

"You have not" comes the reply from those who know more of the true Founders of the T. S. *behind the scenes* than they do—or ever will if they go on working in this mood of Self-illusion and self-sufficiency.

What are the lines traced by the "Masters"? Listen to the authentic words written by one of them in 1880 to the author of the "Occult World":

. . . "To our minds these motives sincere and worthy of every serious consideration *from the worldly stand point*, appear *selfish*. . . . They are selfish, because you must be aware that the chief object of the Theosophical Society is *not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellow men*. . . . and in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness, if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire *for self-benefit, or a tendency to do injustice even there where these exist unconsciously to himself*. Yet, you have ever discussed, but to put down, the idea of a Universal Brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism. . . ."—("Occult World," p. 72.)

But another letter was written, also in 1880, which is not only a direct reproof to the Theosophists who neglect the main idea of Brotherhood, but also an anticipated answer to M. Emile Burnouf's chief argument.

* *Vide* Rules in the 1st vol. of the "Theosophist," pp. 179 and 180.

Here are a few extracts from it. It was addressed again to those who sought to make away with the "sentimental title," and make of the Society but an arena for "cup-growing and astral bell-ringing":—

". . . . In view of the ever-increasing triumph and, at the same time, misuse of freethought and liberty, how is the combative natural instinct of man to be restrained from inflicting hitherto unheard-of cruelties, enormities, tyranny, injustice, if not through the soothing influence of a Brotherhood, and of the practical application of Buddha's esoteric doctrines? . . . Buddhism is the surest path to lead men towards the one esoteric truth. As we find the world now, whether Christian, Mussulman, or Pagan, justice is disregarded and honour and mercy both flung to the winds. In a word, how, since that the main objects of the Theosophical Society are misinterpreted by those who are most willing to serve us personally, are we to deal with the rest of mankind, with that curse known as 'the struggle for life,' which is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows, and all crimes? Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer: because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for this earthly life, while each of them, always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death. Therefore do we find that 'struggle for life' raging most fiercely in Christian countries, most prevalent in Europe and America. It weakens in the pagan lands, and is nearly unknown among Buddhist populations. . . . Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and an illusion, that it is but our own Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our saviour in future lives—and the great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity. . . . The world in general and Christendom especially left for two thousand years to the regime of a personal God, as well as its political and social systems based on that idea, has now proved a failure. If Theosophists say: 'We have nothing to do with all this, the lower classes and the inferior races [those of India for instance, in the conception of the British] cannot concern us and must manage as they can,' what becomes of our fine professions of benevolence, reform, etc.? Are these professions a mockery? and, if a mockery, can ours be the true path? . . . . Should we devote ourselves to teaching a few Europeans, fed on the fat of the land, many of them loaded with the gifts of blind fortune, the rationale of bell-ringing, cup-growing, spiritual telephone, etc., etc., and leave the teeming millions of the ignorant, of the poor and the despised, the lowly and the oppressed, to take care of themselves, and of their hereafter, the best they know how? Never! Perish rather the Theosophical Society. . . . than that we should permit it to become no better than an academy of magic and a hall of Occultism. That we, the devoted followers of the spirit incarnate of absolute self-sacrifice, of philanthropy and divine kindness

as of all the highest virtues attainable on this earth of sorrow, the man of men, Gautama Buddha, should ever allow the Theosophical Society to represent the embodiment of selfishness, to become the refuge of the few with no thought in them for the many, is a strange idea. . . . And it is we, the humble disciples of the perfect Lamas, who are expected to permit the Theosophical Society to drop its noblest title, that of the Brotherhood of Humanity, to become a simple school of Psychology. No! No! our brothers, you have been labouring under the mistake too long already. Let us understand each other. He who does not feel competent enough to grasp the noble idea sufficiently to work for it, need not undertake a task too heavy for him. . . . .

"To be true, religion and philosophy must offer the solution of every problem. That the world is in such a bad condition morally is a conclusive evidence that none of its religions and philosophies—those of the civilized races less than any other—have ever possessed the TRUTH. The right and logical explanations on the subject of the problems of the great dual principles, right and wrong, good and evil, liberty and depotism, pain and pleasure, egotism and altruism, are as impossible to them now as they were 1880 years ago. They are as far from the solution as they ever were, but. . . . .

"To these there must be somewhere a consistent solution, and if our doctrines will show their competence to offer it, then the world will be the first one to confess, that ours must be the true philosophy, the true religion, the true light, which gives truth and nothing but the TRUTH. . . . ."

And this TRUTH is not Buddhism, but esoteric BUDHISM. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. . . . ."

INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSCRIT.

Like moonbeams trembling on water, truly such is the life of mortals. Knowing this, let duty be performed.

The soul is a river whose holy source is self-control, whose water is truth, whose bank is righteousness, whose waves are compassion; bathe there, oh, son of Pandu, for not with water is the soul washed pure.

The mind of a king being severed, like a bracelet of crystal, who is the master to unite it?

Of a gift to be received or given, of an act to be done, time drinks up the flavour, unless it be quickly performed.

When the weak-minded is deprived of wealth, his actions are destroyed, like rivulets dried up in the hot season.

TO LOVERS OF "LUCIFER."

As this is the last number of the first year of LUCIFER'S existence, the Editors wish to tender their thanks to their supporters, and think it right to call attention to the following facts:—

1. The publishing business of LUCIFER is solely in the hands of the "Theosophical Publishing Company Limited" and all business is conducted at the office of the Company, No. 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.
2. It has been found necessary to increase the subscription price of the Magazine to 15/- per annum and the price of single numbers to 1/6, dating from the September issue. This is to permit of a permanent increase of eight pages in the size of the Magazine, and to afford a sound financial basis for its future conduct.
3. Although the price is increased, the Proprietors assure their supporters that any profit arising from the sale of the Magazine will be devoted to spreading the knowledge of Theosophy.

Consequently the Editors request those who are interested in the subjects of which LUCIFER treats to assist them, by subscribing directly through the Office to the Magazine, and by making it known as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances.

All communications and subscriptions should be addressed to

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR,

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ADELPHI.

LONDON, W.C.

THE SRADDHA.

(Concluded from the last Number.)

ARIANISM was a reform of Brahminism; "Given against the Divas," was the title of the sacred writings. They are required to resist the sacrilege of burning, or burying, the body. They devote Indra to execration, and in fact attack the then existing system as directly as the United Colonies attacked the English Parliament, or as the Reformation attacked Catholicism. But Zoroaster lived in the sixth century before Christ, when the Parsees were an oppressed people, enslaved to the Assyrians, and situated at a great distance from India, where at that time the Buddhist reform had prevailed over Indra; besides the Parsees, when they regained national independence, had to struggle with the tribes and religion of Turan; Zoroaster himself fell a sacrifice to the political power and religious hatred of that race, who for a time prevailed over his country and faith. Thus entirely cut off from India, the Parsees were, moreover, engaged against two powerful enemies, the Assyrians to the west, the Turanians, or (as they are expressly called by the compilers of the Dabistan) Turks, to the north.

These doctrines must, therefore, have belonged to another epoch, and in fact Zoroaster professes only to restore "the religion of Jemshid," whom we may safely identify with the first Zoroaster, and the connexion is rendered indubitable by the ancestral sacrifice. The Arians who were established in India, were there conquered by the Hindus; but as the latter came from Tartary, Brahminism had been there established at a still earlier period, and so was in contact with the Arians on both fields and during a long period of time. Now the date which, after all the light which has been thrown on chronology, is assigned by the best authority to the origin of the Mahabadian dynasty, is not less than the twenty-third century before Christ, admitting a possible margin beyond that period of several centuries, the Oriental writers carrying it up to thirty-seven centuries B.C. We may, therefore, take the Parsee doctrines as a record of the ideas existing about the time of the Deluge, it being then a reform of a still more ancient system, which system is now admitted to date in India from 3,102 years B.C.

But Arianism seems to have been a reform of the religion of Hoang-Ti no less than of Brahminism, for it denounces the gravest imaginable penalties against a practice which that religion especially consecrated—that of mourning and lamentation.

The Hindus had a "river of hell" (Veitarani) which flowed with the tears of relatives; the Arians carried this river round their Paradise, so

as to render it unapproachable by those whose relatives supplied the lugubrious waves; thus was the screaming ghost hurried away to that worse region, appropriated, as in Dante's Hell, to those who had neither virtues to recompense, nor crimes to punish. If this hypothesis be correct, the religion of Hoang-Ti must have co-existed with Arianism in Tartary no less than Brahminism.

Metempsychosis, though it did not prevail against the Sraddha, may have obliterated other doctrines; as, for instance, that of a Final Judgment, the Resurrection of the body, and a Future state of Penalties and Recompenses, with all which it was incompatible, being itself a final judgment, the spirits passing according to their acts into other human bodies, or into those of beasts, or into Divine natures; and each of these bodies would have an equal claim to the spirit which had inhabited them. Now the Parsees have a Paradise; a Resurrection in the Body, and a Final Judgment; we may therefore infer that such was the general belief prior to the introduction of metempsychosis. The ideas of the Hill tribes in many points support this conclusion, and traces of the Resurrection are to be found in the notion of the Hindus, of the restoration to the spirit of the organs that had been destroyed by the funeral pyre.

It would be sufficiently striking to find the doctrines enunciated in Judea by Christ and his disciples, in an Oriental creed. How much more so to discover that they belonged at one time to the whole ancient world. This issue depends on the superior antiquity of the Sraddha to the Metempsychosis; so that, however objectionable the form it may have assumed, the Sraddha is the evidence of the primitive and universal simplicity of faith.

I cannot here omit mentioning one of the most beautiful of allegories which have descended to us from these times. The soul could reach the Paradise of the Arians only by a long narrow bridge. The ghost as he approached it was met by a spectre, which proved either a hideous monster, or a guardian angel. It is to lead him across, or to scare him into the gulf. He asks his name and is answered, "I am the spirit of thy life!"

To us nothing can appear more repugnant in itself, or more revolting to every feeling of reverence for the dead, than the exposure of the dead body; and our conclusion would be that the ancestral worship could not possibly have arisen amongst a people addicted to so horrid a practice. But the fact is, their reverence followed the soul and not the flesh, and the corpse was disregarded by the survivors, having been abandoned by its own life. Porphyry has preserved to us a corresponding idea. He says, dead flesh is in itself not impure; but that of man is so because, having been united with a portion of the Divine Spirit, when that departs it is rejected. Thus they fell upon the process which Nature herself employs for preventing putrefaction. A Tartar brought

to the capital of this kingdom, and made to comprehend the process of burial and its consequences, might, religious ideas apart, be as much filled with disgust and indignation as any traveller from Europe in witnessing the method practised in his country. The Parsees have also, in this respect, alone, of the great systems, retained the original practice; and this is again important as showing that the worship of the elements was like Metempsychosis, a more recent invention. It is true that they held burial, cremation, or the confiding of the ashes, or the body, to the waters, to be a sacrilege against the elements, but it does not follow that that was the motive which introduced, in the first instance, the exposure of the body to birds and beasts. The Chinese as stated by Meng Tseou in the "earliest antiquity," threw out their parents into the ditches by the roadside; afterwards they hermetically closed them up in coffins, with the view of preventing the desecration of any of the elements: the Hindus still specially set aside, at the funeral obsequies, a portion for dogs and ravens, as if in compensation for their vested right in the corpse.

Turning to Tartary, we find conjointly practised all the methods of the Chinese, the Arians, the Buddhists, and the Hindus. They burn the body, bury it, expose it to the air, immerse it in water, or abandon it to animals and birds. The last prevails amongst the tribes of the desert. "The true nomadic tribes," says Huc, "convey the dead to the tops of hills, or the bottoms of ravines, there to be devoured by the beasts and birds of prey. It is really horrible to travellers through the deserts of Tartary to see, as they continually do, human remains, for which the eagles and wolves are contending."

In Thibet dogs are employed as sepulchres. The practice is so extraordinary in itself, and at the same time so valuable as a means of identification, in consequence of it having been remarked by the ancients, that I collate a recent description of it in Thibet, with what has been reported of the ancient Parthians, Caspians, Hyrcanians, and Bactrians.

"This marvellous infinitude of dogs arises from the extreme respect which the Thibetians have for these animals, and the use to which they apply them in burying the dead. There are four different species of sepulture practised in Thibet; the first, combustion; the second, immersion in the rivers and lakes; the third, exposure on the summit of mountains; and the fourth, which is considered the most complimentary of all, consists in cutting the dead body in pieces and giving these to be eaten by the dogs. The last method is by far the most popular. The poor have only as their mausoleum the common vagabond dogs of the locality; but the more distinguished defunct are treated with greater ceremony. In all the Lamaseries, a number of dogs are kept *ad hoc*, and within them the rich Thibetians are buried."

Justin says of the Parthians that "their burial was effected by means of dogs and birds," and that "the naked bones strewed the earth."

Porphyry relates the same of the Caspians. Cicero says of the Hyrcanians that the people supported *public dogs*—the chief men, private ones—each according to his faculty, to be torn by them, and that they deem this to be the best kind of sepulture. Of the Bactrians Strabo says :—"In the capital of Bactria they breed dogs, to *which they give a special name, which name, rendered into our language, means buriers.* The business of these dogs is to eat up all persons who are beginning to fall into decay from old age or sickness. Hence it is that no tomb is visible in the suburbs of the town, while the town itself is all filled with human bones. It is said that Alexander abolished this custom."

The Turks have two names for dogs, independently of those of different breeds. The proper name is Et, or It; but that in common use for those scavengers of the street is Kopek; Kapak is to "cover." Though no longer used for the original purpose, they are maintained by the public for a similar one, and present the otherwise inexplicable anomaly of being at once objects of charity and aversion. In the cuneiform inscription of Behistun, Darius no less than five times enumerates Sraddhas, but the translators, unacquainted with the ceremony, have not known what to make of the passages. Colonel Rawlinson has ingeniously made out the word which he renders *Thrada* to govern the sentence, and after exhausting every etymological and constructive resource, translates it "performance," or "record," and supposes it to be some "allusion to the ancestors of Darius." By the knowledge of this word four or five other words connected with it might have been made out.

While borne on the full tide of discovery, and swept along by the breath of applause, the bark freighted with hieroglyphical investigation has well nigh been wrecked upon a sunken rock—the Chamber of Karnak. This is an apartment without windows, and only a single door, having all around in four rows the kings of Egypt arranged in a peculiar and anomalous fashion. They are placed back to back, beginning from a perpendicular line facing the entrance; you see them as you enter, looking to the right and to the left, until, at the extremities on either side, there is the king whose name the chamber bears, Tothnes III. standing making his offering. But not only is he repeated on the right and on the left in face of these lines of Lares, but on each side he is figured twice in two compartments, one above the other. How so solemn a representation should have been enclosed in a secret chamber, shut out from the gaze of men, and yet not connected with a sepulchral edifice, remained a mystery wholly unfathomable. Nor less comprehensible nor more reducible to any established order, was the number of these princes. The lists of Manetho and Eratosthanes were in vain sifted and assorted anew. The successions, as made out by previous enquiry, were re-examined afresh, but no key was found. The learned

were at their wits' ends, but this was not all; the names, as deciphered were no less intractable than their numbers.

Now, had any of the Egyptian travellers who happened to be attended by a Hindu servant, thought of applying to him, and asking him to explain the enigma, he would have done so at once; he would have told him that it was *the Sraddha*, either *Kamya or Vridi;* that is to say, a special votive offering before undertaking a war, or upon its successful issue. If then asked if these ancestors were the predecessors of the king, he would have answered: "By no means; they are his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-grandfather's brother, son, etc., on the paternal and maternal sides, and he presents them various offerings, making oblation with the part of his hand sacred to the manes." If asked why they are placed back to back, and why the king does not perform the ceremony at once to all, he would answer: "They are so divided because they composed his paternal and maternal ancestors, the first of which are adored with their faces to the east, and the latter with their faces to the north." If asked why they were divided again into two sets, as the king is not repeated twice, but four times, he would answer: "There are two classes of progenitors; the *Nandimukth*, or great ancestors, being addressed as *Pitris*, and as gods, are worshipped differently from *Viswadawas* or immediate ancestors; and as there are four classes of ancestors, greater and lesser, paternal and maternal, so must there be four Sraddhas." Finally if asked why so solemn a ceremony should be represented in a hidden and secret chamber, he would answer: "Because the ceremony itself could only be performed in a spot carefully enclosed; neither gods nor progenitors will partake of the food if the obsequial rite be looked at by a eunuch, an outcast, heretic, drunkard, sick or unclean person, mendicant, cock or monkey."

I cannot omit an identity in the form of adoration in the two ceremonies, and the form of expression in the two languages. "I adore with my arms," is the expression of the hieroglyphics. In the Puranas it is said, that a man having no means to perform the oblation shall repair to a forest and lift up his arms to the sun and other regions of the spheres, and say aloud: "I hope the progenitors will be satisfied with these arms tossed up in the air in devotion." When, then, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson treats the fact of the Indian sepoys, during the occupation of Egypt, prostrating themselves in the Egyptian temples as a mere result of their ignorance, and as an incident which might equally have happened in any Gothic cathedral which contained the sculpture of a cow, it is only to be regretted that he had not made himself better acquainted with the religion of Brahma, and the customs of Hindustan.

The connexion between the present and the future state was thereby established in such a manner as to interweave future punishments with present existence; assigning the terror of punishment inflicted in this world on those who had taken their departure for the next. This was

the check imposed upon absolute power; this it was which secured the balance of the constitution without parliaments or press, and which gave a sanction to law beyond that of penal enactments; hence that maxim of Civism which Cicero lays down as constituting the highest excellence of a free state, according to which each man should consider his remotest ancestor, and his furthest posterity in the same light as his nearest living relative. This end was attained under those despotisms from which the idea was transmitted, not by schools and philanthropy, but by *superstition*.

Amongst the Jews, of course, there was no ancestral sacrifice, but the traces of it as belonging to their old faith (that is to say, of the system to which Abraham had originally belonged) are impressed in indelible characters upon their ideas, laws, and institutions. To it we must refer the desire for children, the disgrace of a childless condition; and if it were sought to interpret these feelings by general instincts or considerations, the answer is to be found in the law by which the wife of the deceased brother, if he died childless, was taken by the next brother in order to raise up to him seed. The first child of such a marriage did not belong to the father but to the uncle, and inherited his property. This was the rite of Levirate, which constitutes so important a chapter in their civil law. The case was one in which the property would not have gone out of the line, for there was the collateral male branch; and the institutions of Moses so particular in respect to the descent of property, did not regard the descent by the family, but by the tribe. The object was not to establish primogeniture. The Levirate was therefore no portion of the system; it was wholly extraneous, and is explicable only by the worship of the ancestors.

The lamentations of the Virgins of Israel over a premature death, is explained by us as losing the chance of giving birth to the Messiah.

The whole of the representations on the monuments of Egypt consist of Sraddhas. The oblation of Sraddhas to the living as well as to the dead was not unknown to the Hindus.

We thus see the progress of faith running parallel in Hindustan and in Egypt; the ancestors worshipped as gods, and the gods reigning as kings, for the gods of the old world, that is, of the idolatrous one, were the *lares* of sovereigns. These Pantheistic associations point not only to a common faith, but to an original race. After those personages, with whom we are acquainted, or at least with whose names we are familiar, had passed to the rank of Divinities, belief might be propagated by the ordinary methods of conversion; but in the ordinary form that was impracticable, not only initiation but affiliation was required.

The religion of the forefathers thus reached in the first instance Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece and Italy, as seen in the Heroes, Manes, Lares, Patres and Penates, constituting at once a general faith and genea-

logical bond in particular families. So the distinction of the deities of the "Majorum et Minorum Gentium," reproducing the greater and lesser Ancestors of the Sraddha.

Whatever theoretical or social distinctions may have arisen in the religion of Asia, they noways interfered with the uniformity of this ceremonial, which was, in rites, identical from the Yellow Sea to the Mediterranean, and to Abyssinia. The objects figured on the monuments of that Egypt which two thousand years ago descended to the tomb, correspond with the Chinese oblations two thousand five hundred years before that period, and with those offered to this hour in Hindustan. The eldest of religious practices remains as firmly seated to-day as the oldest of human monuments; and as the Pyramids stand amongst structures, so amongst ceremonies does the Sraddha.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

POSSESSION.

He found a diamond gleaming where it lay
Half hidden, guarded by the jealous earth.
Caught by its glitter, he was fain to stoop
And garner it, but guessed not half its worth.

Into the world, with gay and careless air,
Unconsecrate, he wore the precious prize;
Unmindful that it drew the curious glance,
Or baleful gleam of eager, covetous eyes.

But worth so true no usage could debase,
Nor gaze, howe'er unhallowed, could impair
The beauty wiser men beheld amazed
That he so lightly held a thing so fair.

Yet he could not forget its lowly birth,
Or that no eye admired it till his own;
And proudly thought its splendid radiance due
To its grand setting, and to it alone.

And still men envied him the matchless gem.
And still he wore it, blind to its true worth,
Till death, one day, all suddenly revealed
That he—not it—held kinship with the earth.

And then he knew the jewel he had deemed
Naught but the vassal of his royal will,
When he should be but common dust, would shine
Serene and pure, a priceless diamond still.

MARY R. SHIPPEY.

WAVES OF SYMPATHY.

(True Facts from Life.)

MANY years ago there were two sisters in much sympathy with each other, although of widely different characters. The elder was clever, with a strong, firm mind in a healthy, bright body.

The younger was not clever, neither did she read or learn, and she was fragile. She clung to and looked up to her elder sister.

They were very happy in those girlish days, and as an instance of the sympathy in these widely differing characters, they found the same joys in nature and music. The 1st of May was their favourite day, and they would mount their horses in the very early morning and ride off to the hills, bringing home garlands of lovely, white, wild flowers with which to deck themselves and their rooms. They used to spend the day singing together, their voices being different, like themselves, the elder a rich contralto and the other a high soprano. This 1st of May and its lovely May blossoms had an influence on the life of the younger sister.

As time went on, the elder married and went to a far country, and in another year the younger married too, and settled in England. Some years later their mother and a younger sister went to stay with the one far away, who was living during the summer in the country; and the sister in England often pictured to herself the happy party amongst the trees. At this time, not being well, she had to lie in bed one day, when she had the following vision dream.

She found herself looking on at a scene in a room which had the appearance of a bachelor officer's apartment.

She noted well all the furniture. On one side was a sofa, and on it the figure of a very tall man, for his legs hung down over the end. The upper part of his body and head were covered with what appeared to be a dark shawl, which she thought she recognised as one belonging to her sister.

Immediately she knew that the husband was lying there dead. Then quickly appeared in the room her mother, with hands over her face, weeping, and the little sister looking on with a frightened expression. Her elder sister, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, was speaking excitedly to the mother. The sister in England *heard* all that was said (but she cannot write it), and then she knew the shock had been too much for her loved sister.

She awoke and wrote this down. Her husband told her not to be superstitious—it was "only one of your dreams."

In those days it took a week to get a letter in England from that

country. The week ended and the letter came. The husband was dead and the day and hour were the same as those of the dream.

The elder sister had all her life when in sorrow or joy thought at once of the sister in England, and when startled would call out her name So it is easily explained why the "wave" ever rushed towards her sister-soul in the midst of every great agony.

When they all came to England the mother said the description was correct (except about the shawl). It had been sudden death in a room where they were to meet that day coming up from the country.

But it was not a shawl she saw over the body ; it must have been a dark shadow which her imagination conjured into her sister's shawl, and intuition telling her that the form she saw was her brother-in-law.

As she learned after, the poor form had been removed before her sister came in. Therefore she must have first seen it on the sofa and the scene with her mother and sisters after.

This shifting of scenes is usual in all her visions—a whole series of pictures passing before her inner sight both in waking and sleeping visions like dissolving views, and bringing the full event to her mind.

This happened 40 years ago, but the scene is still vivid in her memory.

Another Dream Vision of the same Person.

Many years later, when she was getting oldish, a younger brother had gone to live in the East and had taken with him one of her sons, quite a youth. This son was not demonstrative, but had a deep nature, extremely daring and quite foolhardy as to danger. In his uncle's house he had rooms on the flat roof from whence there was egress into the street, and on one occasion a robber had got into his room and robbed him. These rooms were shut off from the rest of the house and he wondered whether a robber could manage, by letting himself down on to the ledges of the windows of a gallery below, to get into the house. These windows were generally left open. His mother had never been in that country nor had she any idea what her brother's house was like.

One night she had a dream. She found herself in a large Eastern house and felt it her duty to go into a gallery to open a window. She did not know the house or which way to go, but went on as if led. The moon was shining and she saw the windows shut as she passed along ; but to her horror she came, towards the end of the gallery, to one behind which she saw the face of her son, outside. It spoke his thought, and seemed to say : "Oh, mother! what a fool I am to give you this agony—nothing can save me!"

She opened quickly the window and dragged her son in ; he had been hanging by the tips of his fingers to the window ledge and was just going to drop—and if he had, he would have been dashed to pieces in the courtyard below.

The dream ended with the son clasped tight to his mother's bosom.

She wrote the next day to him to ask if all was well, but it took a month to receive an answer; and so she thought it was a foolish dream. Yet she could not forget it.

Three years later that brother came to see her in England. He had been as a son to her, and had lived with her when a boy and gone to school from her house; he had sympathy with his sister and did not think her superstitious.

She told him of her dream, and gave him the date, and found that all had happened on that moonlight night as she had seen it. He had gone after midnight alone along the gallery and there saw his nephew's face as in the dream, and had dragged him in just in time to save his life. The nephew begged he would not distress his mother by telling her what a fool he had been in risking his life for such an experiment.

This may be explained that the brother being in sympathy with his sister, the mother of the boy, felt the pang for her when reading the expression on his face at the window. And so the wave of thought from brother and son had flowed sympathetically on to her and produced the vision.

E. C. H. C.

A NEW LIGHT.

As one who, born and bred in brooding night
Of some deep mine, and drank not other ray,
But torches' glimmer, first beholds the dawn
Grow in the east and glorify the earth,
First hears the birds' sweet rapture, first beholds
The blossomed trees, fair flow'rs, and pastures green,
First hears old ocean's anthem, sees the waves
Ride thund'ring on the rocks—*so feel I now.*
One ray of Mystic Truth has touched my life
To hope, to love, to godlike aims and ends.
The seed in husky death so long enrolled
Has burst to light and blossomed life. I feel
Great chains of painful yearning draw my life
Up from the deep abyss of doubt and dread,
And with a smile I shake my errors down,
As æronauts drop sand to speed their flight
From the receding, cloud-encompassed earth.

M. Martin Ryan.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins and ——— ———.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE whole nobility of her nature had risen up to resist that fierce and awful temptation placed before her in the moment of her greatest weakness. To be his slave! She knew it now, as she had never known it before; she knew that she loved him. She, who had interpreted the highest mysteries to Otto and to Hilary! She, who had burned her soul on the altar! Yes, it was so. Purified utterly, deprived of every gross quality—yet it remained, it was love.

What a temptation was this, so suddenly offered her, when she had almost maddened herself by her despairing efforts! What a revulsion of feeling rushed over her! It was unendurable. She had the courage and the power to refuse it before she succumbed to the emotion it produced.

When she awoke again it was to realise all this in a flash. And, as she awoke she suffered a sensation never yet known to her while she had been Fleta, the strong. It was the sharp sting of a tortured heart.

O, that moment of waking! How dreadful it is.

But Fleta had gathered some strength from her sleep. She had no idea how long it had lasted.

She awoke to such a turmoil of feeling as she had not experienced in the whole of her strange life. Hitherto, she had been able to hold herself above emotion; conscious of it, yet apart from it. But now it seemed as though she were paying a long debt all at once.

"I am a woman still, after all," she said wearily to herself. Then she sat up and looked round her.

While she slept, the room had been made like a home again. The light burned softly, the fire was lit, and the silver tray stood ready for her. A sense of fierce exhaustion took possession of her at the sight of it. She sprang up and ate some food, but while she ate and drank she moved restlessly about. This was not the quiet, powerful Fleta who had conquered and won in so many strange battles. But in those former battles she had fought against the passions of others; now she was fighting herself.

She set down the cup of milk, and clasping her hands behind her

began to pace to and fro, to and fro, all the length of the great room, from end to end. Her trailing dress swept the withered leaves hither and thither, till a long bare pathway was made where she moved.

As she was turning back from the curtained window she saw the door open, and Ivan entered the room. He stood still and regarded her very earnestly.

"The tiger within you is strong." he said. "I need not tempt it. Know this, that I think it needless to practise such tests on you as you yourself have had power to use with Hilary Estanol, else I would have sent my shadow to mock and tempt you. It is unnecessary. Your imagination is powerful enough to bring before you every temptation from which it would be possible for you to suffer. Why then should I tease you with images?"

Fleta made no answer, though he paused. She stood silently gazing before her, as though something was visible to her which held all her attention.

"Do you see your own image?" he said, with a faint smile, noticing this look in her face. "Yes, it has accompanied me always since you entered this place. Be careful; you are creating a creature with which you will have to wrestle. Do not let it grow too strong, or there will come a day when you must test your strength against it—and perhaps you may succumb in the battle. Are you pleased with it? Do you like it? It does but reflect your thoughts. You have refused to listen to those thoughts, but they were strong enough to create this image of a passionate woman which follows and annoys me wheresoever I go. Come, be strong, and banish it as you banished Adine."

Fleta drew herself up and seemed to rise far above her usual height, and raised her hands with a commanding gesture. A moment later she fell back a step, she seemed to dwarf suddenly, to stoop as if old age had fallen upon her.

"It is well," he said, "you have destroyed that creature. Now it is easier for you to work on. Rouse yourself, listen to me. Do you know who has waited on you here, and guarded you?"

"No," she answered dully.

"You have been haunted—visited by a gentle shape of airy elements, once my mother's servant—nothing else. It knew you must have a friend and so it came to you in this shape. More than that—it has kept this place for you and for your work here."

"Was it foreseen then?" enquired Fleta.

"Certainly, this spot is full of the elements you want, and they have been preserved for you. But the service is over. The poor ghost, as ignorant people supposed it to be, has dwelled in this abnormal shape long enough for your use. Wake yourself, rouse yourself, for you have to be sole guardian of your own fate henceforward. Otherwise you must surrender this effort."

"I shall not surrender it," replied Fleta. "I am ready to go on, at any cost."

"Be it so," he said. "Then I have a history to tell you. Listen."

He went to the hearth and stood by it, leaning against the mantelshelf. Fleta remained standing, as she had stood since his entrance, but now, instead of looking vaguely before her she fixed her gaze on him.

"My ancestors came to this country with an army of conquerors, but they came to save the land and implant a growth upon it which should redeem it in its unhappy future. The conflicting forces on this island are terrific; it is eaten up by a giant growth of materialism springing from the blackness of its psychic nature. Listen, Fleta, you must remember these things. There is a wind that comes across England bringing with it a whole mass of invisible beings which settle on it and spread over it and darken the psychic and moral atmosphere. It is they who make it so great although it is so small; it is they who bring it power and wealth. But they obscure the sky above. They are like the thoughts of men, which, when centred on matters of one form of life too steadily, make a mental veil which conceals from them the conception of larger and wider forms of life. In fact, these beings are little else than such thoughts individualised and grown powerful. There is a great belt of the globe in which they live most powerfully, being led always by the races of men who dwell in that belt and who continue through century after century, and æon after æon, in living within the horizon of materialism. But there is another power, a counteracting one, also on this island. Through all history and before it there has been a profound life dwelling side by side with this other dark one, and the knowledge of the obscure and great facts of existence have found a narrow but permanent home here. There are points in England which, when an occultist looks at the country, shine out like flames. They are the ancient and hereditary centres of this inner life. London, Birmingham, Manchester, show on the maps, and stand out in most men's minds; and the railways lead to these places. But there is a shining track right across and through the island visible to a seer; and the points on this track have always the astral flame alight. This castle is one of them. This room has been preserved absolutely, darkness never having been allowed to reign in it, until last night when you, in your struggle with yourself, permitted it to enter. Here is a perfected atmosphere, but it is quiescent. I have come to this country to fulfil one of the duties of my life. I have to wake this atmosphere, to make it again a living thing. When it has been done here it has to be done at other points on the track. This must be done now, or the track would grow faint and the power would pale, and in the next generation it would be harder to find. This task I want your aid in."

Fleta made no answer. It did not appear to her that any answer was possible or necessary.

She had experienced a dull and bitter shock while he was speaking. She recognised at once that it was part of her training, and although she scarcely understood its character immediately, she accepted it without complaint, even in her heart.

But now in the silence that followed, and which Ivan did not break for some time, the knowledge came to her of what this pain was which hurt her so keenly.

She who had lived so long for others, who had sacrificed herself so utterly for their salvation, was hungry for some help for herself, some personal guidance, some stray word of help or encouragement. Instead, she was given a more impersonal task than any she had yet undertaken. A bitter sense of the uselessness and hopelessness of life overcame her. Of what use was aid given to the crowd of men if, after all, the persons who made up that crowd were indeed to have no greater sum of happiness? This question took shape in her mind, and at last seemed to fill it. She was standing moodily, her eyes now fixed on the ground. Suddenly some impulse made her look up, and she saw close beside her a creature, neither man nor woman, yet human in shape, with fierce eyes burning with passion, which were fixed on her and appeared to express by their gaze the thought in her mind. A moment, and the shape was gone—a dim cloud which had been in the room was gone also; and Ivan was standing quietly before her, regarding her very seriously.

"That is one of the beings from whom I desire to deliver this race of men," he said.

So saying he turned and left the room.

Wearied out, and very sad, Fleta lay down on the rugs which made her couch, and closing her eyes, tried to rest. But immediately this creature which she had seen returned to her, and appeared more vivid and real than before.

But its shape was altered; or rather it changed by degrees before her eyes. It was like a horrible nightmare to watch the change, for Fleta had enough knowledge to be perfectly aware that she herself, by her suppressed thought and emotion, was actually forming this thing into a human shape. It was Ivan who stood before her after a few seconds; Ivan, with the sternness gone from his face, and a gentle light upon it instead.

He approached her, and Fleta watched him with a fascination which seemed to hold her like fetters of iron.

"Because you work for humanity there is no reason to sacrifice your own happiness," he said, in a softer voice than she had ever heard from his lips. "I shall claim your absolute devotion to the work, it is true; but, remember, you will be associated with me through it all; we shall be together. The very nature of the work will bring us together. Will not that give you a little pleasure? We need not be apart any more, Fleta, now that you are with me in my work. Be it so; the order and

law of life have decreed this. We have not looked for the pleasure for ourselves. It has come to us. Why not take it without question, as the flowers take the sunshine?"

He drew a step nearer to her, and this one step seemed to break the spell that held Fleta; it was more than she could endure. With a wild shriek she sprang to her feet.

"Go, devil!" she cried out. "I am stronger than you, subtle though you are!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How dark—how dull, and quiet, and still!

Fleta woke to this consciousness and to nothing more. All life, and fire, and hope, seemed to have left the world. And why? That was what she asked herself the moment she awoke. But before she could attempt to answer the question she wondered from what she had awakened. It had not been sleep. What sort of unconsciousness had it been?

A moment later and a full knowledge of it all came to her.

She was like a person who has seen death suddenly, and been deprived by death of the one beloved creature in all the world. Yes, that was the meaning of this unutterable pain.

She looked back and saw herself—how long ago she could not tell—banishing from her the being she had so dearly loved; banishing him so utterly in that form, that he was, in fact, dead.

She desired him as her master, not as a lover, not even as a friend.

She had talked and thought of this act of renunciation before now many a time; but, as happens always with any great event in life, she had had no conception of the reality and agony of the thing until it was upon her. It was like tearing out her heart-strings. And the pain went on, or rather grew in intensity.

Through ages she had suffered alone and stood alone and acted alone. But she had never before faced that last and final and most awful isolation of the occultist; she had never been without love for any human being. Her heart had always clung to someone, perhaps often to someone weaker than herself. But now there was nothing for its tendrils to cling to. She had destroyed the last image left her, the last idol which had not already been destroyed by the development and circumstances of life. She had struck a death blow to the power of her imagination in connection with Ivan, and now that it was done she knew, looking back, how for years of her life that figure created by her imagination had been beside her. Never had she consciously recognised it till now, when her stronger and finer nature had instantly taken the initiative and killed it out; but she had been consoled and comforted, and indeed supported by it through her severest struggles in the past.

Well, it was gone; and she was utterly alone, even in thought.

The pain which was caused by this state arose from the sense of dullness, darkness, void. With an effort she thought of Ivan; and the thought was weariness. His image no longer brought her enthusiasm faith, longing, as it used to do.

What then was there to live for? Nothing. That was what she said to herself as she lay listlessly on her strange couch of withered leaves and furs and looked wearily at the strange, bare room. Her eyes closed from mere want of purpose. But they had hardly shut before they were opened wide again and she was staring before her with a gaze of horror. Slowly she raised herself up and sat there like one petrified. No horrid sight, no ordeal, had ever stricken her soul like this! Was it possible to go on living, without interest, without affection, object-less, heart-less? No! For no ghost or devil could vie with this unutterable void within for horror.

She crouched—yes, Fleta, the powerful, the confident—she crouched before this vision of her own emptiness!

It was impossible to go on living in this manner. Yet to Fleta there was no alternative as there is to ordinary men and women. Suicide offered no opportunity to her. She knew that she had advanced too far to find oblivion anywhere. Death would bring no respite; she would carry memory with her, and wake to it afresh, as people wake to the pain of some new grief after sleep. She saw herself going on through æons of existence, blank, hopeless, heartless, for what was there to fill her horizon? what was there to hope for? who was there to love? None! Nothing! These were all her answers. And she needed none but herself to answer them; she questioned her own soul and found her replies within it. She desired no speech of anyone, not even of Ivan, for she could not imagine that any comfort could come to her from it. Poor Fleta! she tasted now the complete bitterness of failure and the despair it brings.

And comfort was what she wanted! Yes, her whole being was hungry for it. But there was none for her. She found herself back, far back, ranged beside the stoic philosopher. What an arid, intolerable waste was life thus viewed!

The moments were so weary and so full of pain that it appeared as if each were an eternity in itself. She rose at last goaded by disgust of her endurance, and began to pace the room to and fro, to and fro, in a kind of madness. How long was it since she had suffered like this? Not since that flowery long ago, that age of bloom and pain beneath the wild apricot trees. She was as blind, as full of longing, of a wild and useless desire for action now as then. Was it then, wasted, all this long and terrible noviciate of hers? Wasted? As the thought came to her, she stood, passion-struck, her hands clasped rigidly together. If so then indeed there was no choice. Madness must be king and hell the kingdom.

We all know, as the span of human life wears itself out, the agony of anxiety and the despair of loss, which personal love brings with it. To us all, sooner or later, must come the overpowering pain, the one consummate moment of distress, when a personal love is for ever torn away from the soul. Fleta was not ignorant—she was blind, for the wall she faced had no way through it, no window in it. But she was not ignorant. She knew the ordeal she was enduring, she knew its nature. This knowledge seemed to add the keenest sting, the final torture. For she knew that if she could not endure she must sink back into the blank darkness of ordinary human life. She was at the door of initiation; she knew it—and none may linger there—he must enter or turn back.

And it seemed to her—to Fleta the strong—that entrance was impossible. She could not endure this pain—she had not the strength.

She turned back in her thoughts to Hilary Estanol—could she have lived for him, even in this one life? Impossible! She would have wearied of the bondage of love in an hour. She could not even have given him any happiness, so immeasurable was the distance between them. What use was it to look back, knowing this? Otto—no! still less. And then her mind swung back to the thought of Ivan; and Etrenella's words flashed into her memory:

"You must go to the door of hell to find him."

Well, she was there now! But what folly had Etrenella spoken! It was absurd to suppose she had any power to save Ivan—it was absurd to suppose that he could love her even for an instant—except as his pupil. And yet what was that figure which had sickened her so utterly by its temptings? Was not that the figure of Ivan? No—she answered herself—it was a phantom, born of her own passion. In that sense, then, all Etrenella said might be true—she prophesied this hideous moment. And this hell now yawning before Fleta might be as much of a phantom as Ivan's image!

"Bid it go," said a gentle voice, "and it will vanish as Ivan's image vanished.

Fleta recognised the voice of the tender presence which had twice come to her before in her bitterest moments. Without moving or looking round she replied:

"But how am I to save my master's soul? Surely that must have been a lie?"

"Draw on your cloak and follow where I lead," was the answer.

Fleta obeyed. Her cloak lay where she had thrown it when she had come back to this room disgusted at finding herself a prisoner. She put it on and turned to follow her guide, but no one was visible; and for a moment she stood confused and bewildered. A moment later and she had recalled her knowledge. She knew that she must simply obey her instinct.

She left the room and went through the next and out on to the stairway. The great gate stood open; she passed down and found herself in the great hall of the castle. The door stood ajar, and she went out into the air.

Now came a certain perplexity again—which way was she to turn? But she had will enough to control her vague desire for guidance, and to compel herself to follow her own spiritual instinct. It was late in the evening and the stars shone; she looked at them and at the dark sea—what desolation there is in the beauty of nature only those know who have really suffered.

She hurried away over the grass, determined to let her feet find their own way and use her will to silence her mind. This was how she had found Ivan in this, to her, unknown country. She had to find him again in the same manner; it seemed a little more difficult to compel herself to the task now, because her soul was so full of fierce rebellion.

In a few moments she was at the door of Ivan's cottage. She went in without hesitation, for the door stood open. She paused on the threshold of a lighted room, looking in wonder at the scene before her. It seemed to be full of people, so real did the figures on the tapestry appear. Ivan sat at a large table which had nothing on it but a great map outspread. Fleta's occult knowledge, not utterly lost to her, awakened fully in the rapt atmosphere she found herself in. Ivan sat a long while studying the map, and then looked round at the figures on the wall. These changed in appearance sometimes, and Fleta knew at once that they were to him what the lay figure in her laboratory had been to her. But she had never had the power to control more than this one, though she could impose upon it a series of personalities, while here she saw Ivan influencing a great number of persons by the same magical process; and after a few moments' observation her heart began to beat high, for she saw with what great stakes he was playing. These figures had taken on the characters of kings, princes, emperors, diplomats, politicians. The fate of Europe, and, later on, the fate of the whole civilised surface of the globe, appeared to lie in this man's hand, or rather in his thoughts. Fleta, looking from the walls to the map, saw that the central point of the whole drama which was being enacted was that monastery in her father's forests. This was protected, made powerful, kept hidden; and in order that this might be so war devasted whole countries. The sight, made so plainly visible to her filled her soul with compassion, and she uttered a cry of dismay. Ivan turned and looked at her.

"Oh, have pity!" she said. "What does the fate of our order matter compared to that of these poor wretches, these masses of humanity who have no life but in humanity?"

There came on Ivan's face a faint smile of extraordinary sweetness.

"My child," he said, "understand that the Order exists upon earth

and in human form simply for the benefit of these masses of humanity, to save them from a darkness and helplessness worse than hell. It is right, then, that they should give their lives to preserve it in existence from one generation to another. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered reluctantly, "but it is terrible to see these sufferings! these dead men, these broken hearts, these desolate homes! Oh, master, have pity!"

"Is your heart empty now?" said Ivan.

"No!" she cried out, absorbed by her thought. "It cannot be till I have helped these people. Oh, master, let me help them! Show me the way."

"Follow in my path," answered Ivan. "It is the only one. Help their souls, not their bodies. Put aside the illusion now before you, the imagination which makes me seem to you heartless, cruel, because my sight and knowledge reaches farther than yours and calculates for greater distances of time. Put this illusion aside as you have put the others—for your hell is banished already from you by the great love for man which has burst out in your heart—put this one aside also, and try to stand beside me. Work for the spirit of humanity, not for the pleasure of its individual members, and you will find yourself a part of it, and, therefore, never alone or loveless again. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she said slowly. As she spoke she became aware that there were others besides herself and Ivan in the room. Looking round at them she started and trembled; for here were the pale, passionless faces of the Brothers of the White Star. How beautiful they were; how tender!

"To-morrow night," said Ivan, "you shall enter the Hall of Learning. You have earned the right and obtained the power. Go back now to your resting-place and reflect. Go in peace."

Fleta turned and left the room immediately, and slowly retraced her steps.

How near the stars seemed now! How soft the sea!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THAT was a night of peace for Fleta, such as she had not had for a long time. She lay down on the tiger-skin in the corner of the haunted room—a place no man in the county would have entered alone after dark, even for a king's ransom—and slept like a tired child.

When she awoke it was dawn, and a dim, soft light came into the room through the wide windows. A profound sense of tenderness, of companionship, filled her heart. What a wonderful and beautiful thing was life when full of love like this. She was amazed at her own content, and set herself to understand the cause of it. Immediately she

saw innumerable human faces, just touched faintly by the light of the dawn and stirring slowly towards the life of the day. Processions of men and women passed through her consciousness—working people, beggars, toilers of all sorts; kings, queens, and counsellors, passed by also, but more faintly, for they had not the same power of number, of duplication and re-duplication, of types repeated and reproduced with endless and scarcely perceptible variation. It was this, the likeness, the similarity, among the ant-like multitudes that attracted and fascinated her, and warmed her heart with a new and hitherto unknown feeling. Before her inner vision passed all sorts of pictures—homes with sleeping children, seamstresses rising early with faded eyes to begin another day, as like the last as each of the women was like the one next her! Men roused from deep sleep at the first sign of daylight to go out in gangs and engage on hard work, fit only for beasts; yet, perfectly natural and satisfying to their unaroused natures. Men working underground in mines, among the gnomes and salamanders, knowing as little of the gladness of sunshine as of the inspiration of the spirit. The unnumbered great race of men engaged in offices all over the world, busy with produce and money, clerks, ambitionless, alike, shrewd and yet without knowledge, their souls asleep. Women living in the streets of the cities, and in the countless houses that trade in vice, women even more alike than the men of the cities, women that are of only three or four types, and numbering millions under each of these types, as similar as the peas in one pod are to each other. Men and women with money, with wealth, not working, but looking always for pleasure and amusement—what thousands of these, too, and how little difference among them, and how little and narrow the field in which they looked for pleasure! Oh, this great surging sea of human life, what a grand, giant force would it be if once awakened, if once intelligent, impersonal, united, aware of its own spiritual dignity and meaning. "I see it! I see it!" cried out Fleta. "I see your power, your possibilities, you, the human race that I am such a small fragment of. Oh, let me speak to you, rouse you, help you, work for you!"

She sprang to her feet, full of a new energy. The dawn had come fully now, the day had begun, and her work must begin too. She did not know yet what her work was to be, but, nevertheless, she knew she must be ready for it. All weariness had fallen from her, had left her for ever, as it seemed. She went into the next room and stepped into the great bath which stood there, filling it full of keenly cold water. With its freshness came a lightness as though her youth had come back. She laughed to herself at the fancy. She could never lose her youth again, for the human race is young always as well as old! This was the thought that made her glad. For, indeed, what could it any longer concern her whether she had youth or age, beauty or ugliness, seeing that all these alike are parts of human life, forces in human nature? And

with this indifference—or perhaps it would be better to say, with this wider possibility of content—came a new look on her face—a look neither of youth nor beauty, age nor illness—something indefinable, but more permanent than any of these.

"It is well," she said to herself. "I need not be a magician any longer, or take the trouble to work miracles on myself or on others. For if I am weak, what does it matter? I shall be in the great stream of life still, and weakness can be ennobled as well as strength."

As she moved to leave the room she came unexpectedly opposite to a great mirror. She stood for some moments, her brows knitted in perplexity. She scarcely recognised herself at first, her face was so changed. Its brilliance had gone, and in the place of it was an expression of quiet like that on the Egyptian statues. Her eyes wandered down, after a long, intense look at herself, to the dress she wore. And now for the first time did she realise how great an ordeal she had passed through, how far within herself she had retreated in these last hours. For she could not recollect for whom she wore this black dress. Hazy memories of different lives passed before her, when she had lost lover, husband, child, and worn this hateful colour. Who was it now? What grief was that which had unseated her reason and destroyed her memory? As she looked and wondered, at last her eyes fell on her helpless and disfigured arm. The memory of the battle in which that injury was received came suddenly back to her.

"I am Fleta!" she exclaimed. "I remember myself now, and the dark tragedies through which I have lived."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHE went out of the castle and walked over the lawn to the Lady's Walk, where she had met Ivan on her arrival. It was quite deserted now; but the sun made it pleasant, and she walked to and fro the whole length of it, with slow deliberate steps, thinking.

"Of what use is it to think!" she cried out suddenly, stopping in her walk. "Have I ever learned or done anything by thought? No—I must look to some higher place for guidance."

She left the Walk and went down a long flight of steps cut in the cliff, which took her to the edge of the sea.

O, the magical charm of that morning, with its freshness and sweetness and clear light! Like a child's, Fleta's heart beat higher with the excitement of the morning sea. She walked at the edge of the waves, playing with their movements, and forgot all anxiety, all concern for herself or others, in the pleasure of the moment. Presently, looking up, she saw that someone was walking on the cliff. It was a black, gaunt figure, looking strangely out of place in the sunshine. In another mo-

ment she recognised Amyot, wearing his monk's dress. It was very natural he should be here, since Ivan was.

"My poor servant," she said to herself, "I had forgotten him."

She went to the steps in the cliff and climbed them. When she reached the top, she looked down the sunlit path and could not at first see Amyot, but soon she found that he had seated himself on the bench that faced the sea. She went quickly and sat down beside him; but Amyot took no notice of her.

"Speak to me, Amyot," she said, gently.

He raised his head and turned his haggard face and sunken eyes towards her.

"What shall I say?" he replied.

"Have you no word of greeting?"

"None. I know you no longer, you have passed in, while I am still outside."

"I have not yet passed in," replied Fleta. "I have to demand entrance. I was told that I had to bring two souls with me, one in either hand. I have learned that this cannot be, that such a delusion was only a trick by which chains might be bound on me and on others. Yet, must I indeed go in utterly alone? You should take your place at my right hand, a child of the Brotherhood, saved by your own knowledge, your own sense of truth."

"No," answered Amyot, "it cannot be. I am weary. I do not want to go in. I have served the Brotherhood well, but I cannot give them that last thing, the kernel of my soul, the self that is me. No, I cannot, Fleta, you are a child in the world's ways beside me. Yet I have been your servant and am no more than that now. I am too strong for success in this effort."

"Too strong! Impossible!" said Fleta.

"And yet true," answered Amyot gloomily. "I am so knit up with this world, so strongly compounded of its elements, that I cannot be separated from it without an unendurable agony worse than any sort of death. I have done all that man could do. When I found that by no other aid could I force myself to follow the necessary laws of life, nor acquire the necessary concentration, I offered myself for the service of religion. I have served truly. I, that am lost, have saved souls without number, I have done the work of the Brotherhood in the world. I, that have done that, am now devoured by the world. Yes, it is useless. This life, in which I have endeavoured expiation, in which I have worn this dress, has been blameless, has brought to me only suffering. But the darkness of the past is on me still. I cannot escape from it. Do you know why you are to enter to-night?"

"No," answered Fleta, a little surprised by the abrupt question.

"It is the dawn of the year; the full moon of that dawn. It is the

seventh year of seven years, the twenty-seventh of twenty-seven years. Do you know how old you are?"

Fleta rose suddenly, and walked away down the path without answering him.

And there, straight before her, stood Ivan. He immediately began to speak to her. There was something in his face which overawed and silenced her, something so strong and powerful that she stood trembling to await the exercise of this force which she recognised in him.

"Amyot speaks well," said Ivan, "but it is not for you to listen to him. It is not you who can help him to enter among the initiates. You! How have you carried out your mission? After ages of degradation, in which you have sold your soul for magical powers, you are no stronger to help others than when first you came upon this earth, a savage and untaught creature. You are strong, Fleta, but, like Amyot, you are too strong. But he is a chosen one, and will remain guarded and cared for, because he desires no power for his own use, only power with which to help others. And you, who have had touch of the lofty order of the White Star, that brotherhood which lives for humanity, you have carried yourself so imperiously that you have not chosen to do good except by doing evil. Is it not so? Have you not, through innumerable lives, valued your power over Hilary Estanol so highly that you could not surrender it? Did you not give yourself beauty and charm in order that you might read love in his eyes? Weary as you were of him and of his weakness, did you not still enchant him in order to feel the pleasure of his love for you? And that, too, long after it was possible for you to love any creature, when I had purified your soul utterly from passion. Oh, Fleta, this hunger for the exercise of power is indeed your destruction. Why did you not call on the White Brotherhood to save Otto, instead of endeavouring the task alone? You were driven back upon your old magical rites that you practised in the dark days when you and Etrenella worked together. Sorceress! Witch! Do you think you helped Otto to his salvation? Do you think that in using such destructive and gross forms of power you could aid his divine spirit, or help to free it? Not so. Awake from these delusions. You are a woman still, and cannot escape from the love of power and the love of pleasure, those laws which govern the life of sex. You no longer love; but are you any better because you no longer love like other women? Not so; you have transferred the emotions of sex on to a higher plane, and have, therefore, sinned more deeply than if you had left them on the simple plane of ordinary human nature. Because you are freed from the ordinary passions which affect men and women, is it any better to desire to dominate, to charm, to fascinate, to control? You, that have the divine possibility in you, the vigour and strength necessary for the occultist, is it possible that you are not yet

aware of the mire in which you are still wandering? Rouse yourself; look to the divine consciousness; fix your attention on that vision of humanity which I have given to you; think of no person and of no persons, but of all; forget that you are a woman, with power to charm; forget that you are a magician with power to control. You know that sorcery is of the same order as the passion of sex; it is selfish, it desires to acquire, to intensify all that is personal. You know this, for you have learned it from me; you have known it for ages. Yet you have madly let yourself follow this passion, in its nobler form, and refused to see that by merely elevating it you did not change its character. Hilary Estanol, from the cruel wound you inflicted on him when you flung him from you, will be able to learn the lesson you have failed yet to learn. He will not love again; he will no longer desire to have or to hold. He is free. He has lived through the experiences of sex; the blossom has fallen. There is no more illusion for him, for you killed the possibility of it in his soul by your heartless acts. It is over. But he has found the fruit. His soul has dissolved within him; it is soft, utterly tender, capable of all unselfishness. When you least knew it you gave him his salvation. Now he can no longer suffer at your hands. The thraldom he fell under ages ago in that wild apricot orchard, when he first loved you, and you showed him the fierce power that you possessed—it is at an end. He has been your slave, tormented and maddened; but now he has escaped. He suffers like one in physical torture, so great is his despair; but he is opening his soul to the divine power, and he will when he is born again to renew his effort, find himself strong, calm, no longer passionate, no longer a man; a divine being, impartial, indifferent, unselfish, all-loving, ready for my service. And you? Amyot has told you that this is a day which is a date in your life. To-day you must learn the truth, and cast the glamour from your eyes."

Fleta trembled, shuddered, and drew back a step. What glamour was there left to take from her? Had she anything left to lose? She uttered no word, for Ivan continued to speak:

"Did I not tell you that to-night you should enter the hall of learning? It is true; but only after you have fulfilled certain conditions. You will fulfil them, I know; for had you not contained the power to do this within you, you would long since have lost my aid and the protection of the White Star. At sundown this day, you have your chance; the dial there will show you the moment when you must seize it. When the moment of sundown comes you can enter the hall if you choose, and become a true pupil of the divine teachers. But your spirit must be freed. I shall not help you to enter the hall; for you will never again see me, in the flesh or in the spirit. You must of your own free will give up my help and my guidance. You are a magician and have the power, if you choose, to make a semblance of me which will supply my place. You must give up all these delusions; you must root out

your adoration for me from your heart and free me from it. I have to go on into another life, and you must willingly separate yourself from me utterly. You must give up for ever your love of power, and swear solemnly within yourself that you will never use the powers you possess for your own ends again. You must do this willingly. Go over in your mind the many delusions to which you have allowed yourself to succumb. Consider this last and subtlest of all, in which you fancied yourself about to become my ally and servant in keeping these astral pathways ready for later humanity. The experience helped you towards the idea of impersonal work; and therefore I put you through it. But though your spirit was pure enough to resist that counterfeit presentment of myself which bade you remember that in doing this work you would be doing it with *me*—though you resisted that, were you strong enough to drain every drop of the delicious poison from out the chalice of your heart? Was there not the faint fond feeling there that you would not be utterly alone? That even if you might not adore me yet you might serve me? Root out these delusions utterly, Fleta. You have to forget you are a woman; more, you have to forget you are a person. Was not that dream that you must save two other souls, and take them with you into the hall, only another form of your passion for power? Who was it gave you that order? Was it not your own imperious soul? Did you not hope to pay for your entrance by giving earnest at the doorway, of your power over others? Oh, Fleta, be honest with yourself. When I came to you, now, were you not on the threshold of another folly? Had not Amyot's sad words tempted you to believe that in him you might find one of these souls you had to save? Fond madness! Did it not thrill you with a sense of new glory, the fancy that you might carry to the hall one so great as Amyot! Be courageous, and face the fact that you are nothing in yourself, that you are only a fragment tossed on the tide of the great powers that sweep over the world. You are a part of these; yes, in your inner self, you are, and cannot be entirely separated or cast off from them. But you have kept yourself a fragment instead of a part of the whole. Become that, dissolve your being in the infinite love, and it will be to you as death; but the re-awakening will be a new birth such as you have never known. For in you will be not the strength of one poor human being, poor indeed, magician though you are, but the strength of the whole consciousness that makes the worlds. Come, Fleta, to that divine estate! The dark power that made you a sorceress will make more keen and vivid, when translated and transmuted, the sublime power which will make you divine. Come! But forget yourself, forget your power. Be courageous. Are you ready? Are you willing to surrender me, your master and friend, and let me go free, without any longing or lingering thought, from you? Are you ready to be utterly alone, without human face or voice, either near you in the world, or present

in the world of thought within you? Are you ready to put me out of your memory?"

Fleta stood, as she had stood ever since he began speaking, motionless, save for that one shudder of pain; gazing on him as if she were turned to stone. For a moment she remained thus, statue-like, and as if all her senses were paralysed, and she could neither speak nor move. But suddenly she seemed to regain power over herself; she flung out her hands with an imperative gesture. "I am ready," she said, "and your greater life is ready for you. I see it, shining gloriously. From those splendid heights of thought and feeling, from that noble place of self-sacrifice, it would be hard indeed for you to touch one so mistaken, so deeply stained as I am. Your pupil shall not fail, my master, mine no longer. I will forget you. I will detach every thought and memory from you. I am ready. Go!"

He turned and walked away down the path. Fleta watched him till he was out of sight. Then she turned and looked for Amyot; but he, too, was gone. She was alone, before the sea and sky. Then she remembered the sundial and went to look for it. It was a long search, for an old rose-bush had clambered all over it and she had to tear the branches away with her hands. She fell on her knees beside it and there remained through the silent hours of the sunny afternoon.

Alone. At first that one word filled the whole horizon of her thought. She could not escape from it; she could not remove the ghastly consciousness from her vision.

When intense physical pain continues without intermission, the sufferer begins to battle against it, and succeeds at last, when no other remedy is possible, in retreating to another place of consciousness where the pain becomes tolerable, and then to a place where it suddenly transforms itself into pleasure. This is the whole secret of that mystery spoken of by occultists, that pleasure and pain are the same. It is so, for both are sensation, and there is no true means of discriminating between the kinds of sensation. What is pleasure to one person is pain to another. Had Fleta been a magician at heart and nothing more, this solitude, this utter loneliness, would have wrapped her round with comfort, as a garment might. It would have given her opportunity for personal thought, for plotting and scheming. But she was not that; she was only a magician, because of her innate power and the blindness of her ignorance. Her heart was tender now, full of love; but she knew not how, with this love in her, to forget her utter loneliness.

Yet it must be forgotten. She succeeded in changing her attitude towards it, in retreating from the agony and making it only sensation, which it was possible to regard as pleasure. At last it became pleasure. But she knew it had to be more than this. It had to be nothing!

It came at last, suddenly, this *un*-consciousness. The fact that she was

alone, that everything and everyone had fallen away from her, was nothing. And why—because *she* was nothing.

And then a new vigour flashed into her being. Something so strong it was, as though light ran through her veins instead of blood. Something so pure, it blotted out all memory of self. She rose to her feet.

"For all that lives, I live!"

Her voice rang out on the air and startled herself. It seemed unrecognisable, it was so bell-like. She looked down, and her glance fell on the dial. It was sun-down.

For a second, which seemed like a superb eternity, she stood quite still, her mind, her soul, her being, bathed in an unconsciousness which was more vivid than any consciousness. And then she fell forward, her face upon the earth, beside the rose-bush, among the flowers. . . . . .

EPILOGUE.

Two months later the agent visited the now deserted Dower-house, and, then the castle. He found the door of the haunted room standing open for the first time in his experience. He looked in timidly, and saw nothing but a few autumn leaves, seemingly blown by the wind about the bare floor. Shuddering, he closed the door and went away.

Some wayward impulse prompted him, before leaving the castle grounds, to go down to the Lady's Walk and look at the sea. But he did not look at it, for the moment he entered the Walk he saw a figure lying among the flowers, and his whole attention was given to that. A woman—motionless, richly dressed, and with beautiful hair, which had fallen loose and lay beside her on the earth. What could it mean? Nerving himself, he approached and touched her. Instantly he knew she was dead, and, with a shudder of dread, turned the face upwards. Ah, what a sight! None could tell this had been a human face save by the bones.

Where was Fleta's beauty now? Where was Fleta?

THE END.



THE ARYAN BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Aryan Theosophists of New York have opened a day headquarters at 117, Nassau Street (Room 46), N. Y. City, which is open to F. T. S. and enquirers.

It is full of Indian pictures, will have a large album of members from all parts, books, theosophical magazines and so on. This is a good idea, and in other cities the example should be followed.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

THE DREAM.

A wingless Love men feigned, when Time was young;
  A beauteous god, too happy, too divine,
  Amid earth's purple grapes, to crave for wine
Pressed sweet from sorrow; rose-crowned was he sung.
  And dreaming snow of marble held exprest
  The rapture, and the longing of each breast
That Love should be of earth: hearts yet unwrung
  By passion and anguish that fringe love like foam
  The gleaming wave, fabled our world his home.
And tossed and trembling to the sweet dream clung,
  Till struck awake, morn broke, and Love had fled,
  And joy with him, life's roses wan, and dead,
Fragrant no more, on thorny drooped sprays hung,
Their God had fled; their sweet faith was down-flung.

II.

THE AWAKENING.

And earth grew songless: hot tears dimmed the white
  Of marble Loves, that answered not, nor gave
  One rose of comfort to make sweet the grave
Sad silence of the world: days waned, and night
  All stars and softness, sank down o'er the sea,
  And still the people wept all hopelessly,
For Love had left them; and o'er brows once bright
  With happy thoughts, in fair verse blossoming,
  A black cloud hung, till they forgot to sing,
And drooped and faded far from Love's sweet light.
  The very sun, flashed from his car of gold
  No more the wild fair radiance of old,
His snowy coursers grew dim to their sight—
And all things languished in a sickening blight.

III.

THE REALISATION.

Then one smote on his harp, whose broken strings
  Held but a ghost of music; "Love," he sang,
  "With sweet lips full of laughter, which outrang
Like silvern bell at morn that falling clings
  To the caressing air, that Love is dead;

Yet to our souls a fairer Love is wed,
The Love that like a rose from anguish springs
In the dim spirit-land: death can reveal,
So seek I death, that Love your woes may heal!"
Heart-pierced he fell; and as to one who flings
Gold grain to doves, a flutter and a rush
Of hasting pinions, then the soft deep hush
Of full content, so now, thro' tears clear rings
A voice divine, "true Love hath ever wings!"

EVELYN PYNE.

THE VAMPIRE TREE; OR, THE SUICIDE'S OLD PINE.

A TRUE TALE OF MODERN YEDO (TOKIO).

NOT very far from the present British Legation, on the western side of the Citadel, there is a bridge that crosses the moat, very deep and wide at this place, leading from one of the principal streets of that quarter of the city to a highway running round the inner edge of the moat, at the rear of the Imperial pleasure grounds.

At the Citadel end of the bridge there is a magnificent specimen of the Japanese Pine, the branches of which stretch out far over the moat.

Remarkable amongst numberless other fine trees, giants of the forest, this tree has an especially striking aspect—gaunt and weird-like, the huge limbs are contorted into grotesque shapes, suggestive of monster reptile-like forms.

Whatever its aspect in the daytime, by moonlight it becomes intensely suggestive, and the moaning of the passing breeze, in that exposed situation, through its leaves, is a mournful wailing accompaniment to the movement of its branches, and the play of moonlight and shadow.

The tree has an evil reputation, well known to residents in the neighbourhood, and no one aware of its story will venture to pass it in the dark alone; nay, men fear it even when carrying lighted lanterns.

Suicide by hanging is not uncommon, amongst the poorer classes especially; disappointment in love, pecuniary loss, and other causes, as with ourselves, producing the state of mind that results in this awful crime of self murder.

Now this tree is the scene, and the gallows, of many such tragedies; it has happened that lovers have died together here, by the same means.

One of the branches hangs over the stone-faced ramparts of the moat,

in such a way that it is not difficult for the unfortunates contemplating the rash act to tie the fatal noose, usually a girdle, and then throw themselves off the bank, when they will swing high above the steep slope of the moat, which will be very many feet below.

Can it be wondered that the tree and the neighbourhood should have a fearful notoriety, and be avoided by not only timid women and craven-hearted men, but even by the more robust. There are legends, too, of crimes having been committed under the shadow of this awful tree, and that the ghosts of the victims hover round the spot.

The sensation hunter might have noticed the large number of incense offerings and other votive relics — although discouraged of late, and always discountenanced by the authorities. Indeed, it was seriously contemplated to cut down the tree; but only some of the limbs and branches were sacrificed, some strong feeling of opposition having been exhibited in influential quarters.

It is firmly believed by well-informed persons, acquainted with the locality and its history, that this was the remains of the site of an ancient shrine, the construction of the moat having swept away the greater part of the area occupied, and that this shrine was erected in a spot dedicated to the ancient cultus. It is one of the more elevated parts of this section of the higher levels of the great city, and traditions relate some memorable battles in the vicinity.

The current belief is that the ghoulish spirits inhabiting the tree live upon the "life" of the victims that die beneath its branches—that is the "life principle" that escapes when death seizes the human body.

The native occultist treats the matter in a very serious spirit, and this furnishes us with a clue to the opposition raised when it was suggested that the tree be cut down.

The wholesale felling of trees grown on "sacred" spots is strongly opposed, for reasons that we cannot now enter upon.

This is not a solitary instance of a tree endowed with some diabolical power, and visiting the spot more than once, after hearing the story, one can hardly wonder or be at all surprised whilst viewing the scene of so many domestic tragic acts.

The imagination need not be much strained to fancy the gaunt arms, octopus-like, beckoning to their victims, entwining themselves around, and drawing into a horrid embrace the hapless mortals who ventured within reach. The moaning of the wind, too, recalls the wailings of grief of the desperate, heart-broken, wretches who died in this now dreadful spot.

"Japan is a very wonder land, indeed, the Folk Lore and local traditions are full of the marvellous. A nation of occultists, suppressed by modern civilization.

OMORI FU-SO-NO FUMI NITO.

ATLANTIS.

FROM THE TIMÆUS AND CRITIAS OF PLATO.

AFTER establishing his famous code of laws, Solon,* the renowned Athenian legislator, left his native country for ten years. At Saïs, in the Nile delta, he was honourably received by the priests of Neïth,† for both Athens and Saïs were under the protection of the same goddess. In conversing with the learned guardians of the temple on the antiquities of their respective countries, he discovered that there were records in the sacred edifice of events which had happened nine thousand years previously and in which the inhabitants of his own country had played a conspicuous part. Solon had spoken of the deluge of Deucalion and Pyrrha, giving the orthodox Greek chronology of the time; on which an aged priest exclaimed: "O Solon, Solon, you Greeks are always children and aged Greek there is none!" And then he proceeded to explain to the astonished Athenian the astronomical meaning of the myth of Phaëthon, and how that there are successive cataclysms of fire and water, destroying whole nations, and that a noble race had once inhabited the land of Attica, whose deeds and institutions were said to have been the most excellent of all, and how they conquered the inhabitants of the Atlantean island, and both themselves and their enemies were destroyed by terrible earthquakes and deluges. On his return to Athens, Solon composed an epic poem embodying the information he had gleaned from the Saïtic records, but political troubles prevented the entire accomplishment of his undertaking. Now Dropides his fellow kinsman, was his most intimate friend and fully acquainted with the whole story; this Dropides was father of Critias the elder, who had many times delighted his young grandson, the Critias of the dialogue and afterwards the most notorious of the thirty tyrants, with a recital of these wonderful chronicles.

Among the many glorious deeds of the noble autochthones of Attica, was their victory over a mighty hostile power from the Atlantic Ocean, which had pushed its conquests over all Europe and Asia. Facing the Pillars of Hercules ‡ was an island larger than Africa and Asia § put together. Besides this main island, there were many other smaller ones, so that it was easy to cross from one to another as far as the *further continent*. ‖ And this continent was indeed a continent and the sea, the real sea, in comparison to which "The Sea" ¶ of the Greeks was but a bay with a narrow mouth.

* Circiter 638—558 B.C. † Athena. ‡ The Straits of Gibraltar.

§ As known to the Greeks; that is to say, the northern coasts of Africa as far as Egypt and Asia Minor.

‖ America. ¶ The Mediterranean.

In the Atlantic island a powerful confederation of kings was formed, who subdued the island itself and many of the smaller islands and also parts of the further continent. They also reduced Africa within the Straits as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia.* Further aggression, however, was stopped by the heroic action of the then inhabitants of Attica, who, taking the lead of the oppressed states, finally secured liberty to all who dwelt within the Pillars of Hercules. Subsequently both races were destroyed by mighty cataclysms, which brought destruction in a single day and night, the natural features of the Attic land were entirely changed and the Atlantic island sank bodily beneath the waves.

Such is the general sketch of this terrible episode in ancient history, given by Critias in the Timæus, and so interested were his audience, that they requested some fuller account of these famous and highly civilized nations of antiquity. To his Grecian hearers the primæval polity and history of their own race were naturally the greater interest. As, however, the Atlantean conflict was the climax of the narrative, Critias proceeds to give an account of their history and institutions. And thus he begins with their mythical traditions:—

In the centre of the Atlantic island was a fair and beautiful plain. In the centre of this plain and fifty stades † from its confines, was a low range of hills. There dwelt an earth-born couple, ‡ Evenor and Leucippe, who had an only daughter Clito; after the death of her parents, the god Poseidon, to whom the island had been assigned, became enamoured of the maiden. To make his love a safe dwelling-place, he surrounded the hills with alternate belts or zones of land and water, two of land and three of sea, each in its entire circumference equally distant from the centre. He also caused a hot and cold spring to flow in the centre island and made every kind of food to grow abundantly. Ten male children were born to the god in five twin-births. When they had grown to manhood, he divided the island into ten parts, giving one to each. And to the first born of the eldest pair he gave his mother's dwelling and allotment, for it was the largest and best, and made him king over his brethren and the others governors of land, giving them dominion over many people and great territories. And the eldest he named Atlas, and from him the whole island and sea were called Atlantic. So they and their descendants dwelt for many generations, holding extensive sway over the sea of islands, and extending their power as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia. By far the most renowned however, was the race of Atlas, the kings ever handing down the succession to their eldest sons, and being possessed of such wealth as no

* The Etruscan states in early times extended their sway over the greater part of Italy and furnished Rome with her polity and religious institutions.

† Nearly six miles.

‡ The names were originally Egyptian, but Solon, having studied the science of the power of names, translated them into his own tongue.

dynasty ever yet obtained or will easily procure hereafter. Now this wealth was both drawn from foreign tributary countries and from Atlantis itself, which was very rich in minerals, especially its mines of orichalcum, now a mere name, but then the most precious of all metals save gold. The country also was exceedingly rich in timber and pasturage. Moreover there were vast numbers of elephants. Spices, gums and odorous plants of every description, flowers, fruit trees and vegetables of all kinds and many other luxurious products, this wonderful island, owing to its magnificent climate, brought forth, sacred, beautiful, wonderful and infinite in number. Nor were the inhabitants content with the natural advantages of their glorious island, but displayed a marvellous industry and skill in engineering and the constructive arts. For in the centre island they built a royal palace, each succeeding king trying to surpass his predecessor in adorning and adding to the building, so that it struck all beholders with the greatest admiration. Now the formation of the zones or belts round the ancient abode of the god was very regular, the circumference of each zone being equally distant from the common centre ; and the outermost zones of sea and of land were each three stades* broad, and the next pair of two stades each, the succeeding zone of sea being of one stade, while the central seat itself had a diameter of five stades. And they bridged† over the water zones, making a way from and to the palace, and dug a great canal‡ from the sea to the outermost zone of water, wide enough to admit the largest vessels.

They also made water-ways through the zones of land, wide enough for a trireme§ to pass, and roofed them over, for the height of the land zones above the water was considerable. Moreover, they enclosed the island, zones and bridges with stone walls, placing towers and gates at the bridges. The stone they quarried from the face of the centre island and from both faces of the land zones, at the same time fashioning a line of docks on each bank of the water zones, leaving a natural roof of rock.

The stone was of three colours, white, black and red, so that many of the buildings presented a gay appearance. The whole circuit of the wall of the outer zone was covered with brass, which they used like plaster, of the inner zone with tin, and of the acropolis itself with orichalcum, which was of a glittering appearance. The palace within the acropolis was constructed as follows. In the centre was the sacred shrine of Poseidan and Clito, surrounded by a golden enclosure. Hard by stood the great temple of Poseidon,‖ of a different style of architecture to the Greek. The exterior was covered with silver, except the

* A stade is about 606 feet.

† The width of the bridges was a plethrum, about 101 feet.

‡ Three stades broad, a plethrum wide and fifty stades long, some six miles.

§ A ship with three banks of oars.

‖ It was a stade long, three plethra broad and of a proportionate height.

pediments and pinnacles, which were lined with gold. Within, the roof was a magnificent mosaic of gold, ivory and orichalcum, and all the walls, pillars and pavements were covered with orichalcum. The most remarkable object of the interior was a gigantic statue of the god, equal in height to the building, mounted on a chariot drawn by six winged horses, and round the car were a hundred Nereïds riding on dolphins; there were also many other statues and numerous votive offerings of the citizens. Round the exterior were placed golden statues of the princes and princesses of the royal blood, and statues erected by the kings and also by private individuals both of the city and of subject states. There was also an altar of proportionate magnificence. And they had baths for summer and winter, supplied by the hot and cold springs, there being baths for the royal family, for men, for women, for horses and other animals. By a system of aqueducts, the water of the springs was carried to the two land zones and utilized for the irrigation of plantations and beautiful gardens. In these zones were many temples of other gods, gardens and gymnasia both for men and horses. Indeed, in the larger belt was a splendid race-course, extending throughout its entire length, a stade broad, and lined on either side with barracks for the household troops. Those, however, of them who were conspicuous for their loyalty, were lodged in the smaller zone, and the most faithful of all in the citadel itself. Moreover, the docks were filled with shipping and naval stores of every description. At fifty stades from the outer water belt or harbour in every direction, another wall was built, enclosing the whole city and meeting the great canal at the sea entrance. The space between this wall and the first water belt was thickly built over and inhabited by a dense population; and the canal and largest harbour were crowded with merchant shipping from all parts, and the din and tumult of their commerce continued all day long and the night through. Such is a general sketch of their wonderful city. Now as regards the rest of the country; it was very mountainous with exceedingly precipitous coasts, and the plain surrounding the city was itself surrounded by mountain chains, broken only at the sea entrance. And the plain was smooth and level and of an oblong shape, lying north and south, three thousand stades in one direction and two thousand in the other. And the mountains were said to be the grandest in the world for their number, size and beauty; they were inhabited moreover by many prosperous and wealthy villages, for there was an abundance of rivers and lakes, meadows and pasturage for all kinds of cattle and quantities of timber. They surrounded the plain by an enormous canal or dike, the size of which is almost incredible for a work of human undertaking.* By it the water from the mountains was conducted round the plain and flowed out to sea near the entrance of the great canal. Moreover,

* 101 feet deep, 606 feet broad, and upwards of 1,250 miles in length.

parallel dikes * were cut from the upper bounding canal to that on the sea side, one hundred stades distant from each other, and these were again joined by transverse water-ways. They also employed the canals for irrigation and so raised two crops in the year. And the plain was divided into sixty thousand wards or sections, each supplying a certain contingent of men to the army and navy ; and the army consisted of war chariots and a kind of light car, holding two warriors, one of whom dismounted and fought and the other drove, men-at-arms, archers, slingers, stone-shooters, javelin-men and light-armed troops.† Such was the military system of the city. And the other nine cities of the confederation had slightly different systems, which it would be tedious to narrate.

Now as regards the polity of the Atlanteans, the kings exercised an autocracy over the people ; but in their dealings with each other and for the common welfare, they followed the traditional law of their divine progenitor, which was also inscribed on a column of orichalcum by the first kings, and the column placed in the temple of the deity. Thither they assembled every alternate fifth and sixth year to decide any disputes that might have arisen between them. And these are the ceremonies they performed before proceeding to their decision. There were sacred bulls grazing in the precincts of the temple. And the ten kings, after first praying to the deity, armed only with staves and nooses, proceeded to capture one of the herd, and sacrificed him on the column over the inscription.

There was also an oath written on the column, invoking dire curses on those of them who infringed the statutes of their divine parent And filling the sacrificial chalice,‡ they cast in a clot of blood for each, and purifying the column, they burnt the rest with fire. Then, with golden cups, they dipped from the chalice and poured a libation on the fire of sacrifice ; and swearing to do justice according to the laws on the column, and neither to rule nor suffer the rule of any of their number contrary to these ancestral laws, after invoking the prescribed curses both on themselves and their descendants, if untrue to their solemn pledge, they drank and deposited the cups in the temple. Then, having eaten the sacrificial meal and busied themselves with the other necessary offices, when evening grew on, clad in most beautiful dark blue robes they sat in darkness on the ground round the now cold embers of the sacrificial fire ; and through the night they judged and were judged, but when morning came, they inscribed their decisions on a golden tablet and deposited it, with their robes, in the temple as a memorial. And the chief of these enactments were that the kings should never wage war one against the other, but should ever give mutual aid should any

* 101 feet broad.

† Their standing army consisted of upwards of a million men ; their navy of 240,000 and 1,200 ships.

‡ Crater or mixing bowl.

of the cities try to destroy the royal race; and the chief power was assigned to the Atlantic race; nor could any king put to death a kinsman, without first getting a majority of votes from his royal colleagues. For many generations, then, so long as the nature of their divine ancestry was strong within them, they remained obedient to these laws and well affected to their divine kinship. For they possessed true and altogether lofty ideas, and exercised mildness and practical wisdom, both in the ordinary vicissitudes of life and in their mutual relations; and looking above everything except virtue, they considered things present of small importance and contentedly bore their weight of riches as a burden; nor were they intoxicated with luxury, but clearly perceived that wealth and possessions are increased by mutual friendship and the practice of true virtue, whereas, by a too anxious pursuit of riches, both possessions themselves are corrupted and friendship likewise perishes therewith. And so it was that they reached the great prosperity that we have described.

But when their mortal natures began to dominate the divine within them, through their inability to bear present events, to those who can truly perceive, they began to display unbecoming conduct and to degenerate, destroying the fairest of their most valuable possessions. To those, however, who cannot perceive that true mode of life which leads to real happiness, they appeared most glorious and happy, though actually full of aggrandizement and unjust power. Zeus, however, the god of gods, who rules according to Law and can perceive such things, wishing to recall a once honourable race to the practice of virtue, assembled all the gods and said:

* * * * * * * * *

E. E. Θ.

[Here, unfortunately, the text of the dialogue ceases abruptly.]

THE DAILY SACRIFICE.

TIME was when men believed their deities
Appeased by scent of seethed and burning meat;
They have grown wiser now, and cannot cheat
Themselves with such illusions. Yet the cries
Of slaughtered victims sink not, but arise
From countless sty and shamble. In the street
The moan of ox, and lamb's pathetic bleat,
Mount in one constant chorus to the skies,
And call for Karma—Karma that surely falls
As fevered passion, or as foul disease,
With callous hearts of blighted sympathies,
And narrowing lust of cruel blood-bought pelf.
God's temple is profaned—within its walls
Priest—altar—idol—one Almighty Self.

MARY W. GALE.

A FRAGMENT.*

FROM a manuscript, so old no man knows when it was written, commencing where it treats of "The Beginning," we read the following:—

Silence is Power. Power is the Real. Silence, then, must be the Real. That which lives, moves, and gives being, of itself the Real, lies always in the Silence. When all manifestation has ceased, Silence *is*. Consequently, the Real must be, even if there is no manifestation.

Examine personal sense. There could be no manifestation from that source, for two reasons; first, there was no personal sense before manifestation, and second, there was no manifestation. There was darkness. There was dissolution, or unbinding of all law. Everything was set free. There was nothing but existence, into which all things had merged. The Real, the Silence had absorbed all things into itself. In this, which is now the Universe, was only Unity—the Unity of Brahma—God withdrawn.

Through cycles of æons IT, in-drawn, has meditated, conscious of nought but the action of its own thought—the thought which is ITSELF. It perceives not Itself because It is That Self, intent on the connected current or sequence of that in which It is concerned, and not in the thought itself, or Himself. There is no time. There is no space There is nothing but the Oneness.

That which lies in sequence is accomplished. The desire to perceive the consequences of the onflowing thought manifests. It is the first step in manifestation. In considering the conditions of Supreme Intelligence, remember all states and forms are the same to Unity. Light and darkness, life and death, motion and inaction, are not known as differences within the grasp of Infinite Thought.

The Creative Thought, acting from the desire for manifestation, clears, and steadies itself within the circumference that is boundless. Within is the centre. Thought reaches from the centre to the circumference. As man's thought clears itself; as his mentality steadies, after long-continued strain, and the thing which was hidden or doubtful seems lighted by the clearness of his perception, so the Creative Thought of Infinite Power, acting in the same manner, produces light as the very first outward sign of manifestation. As a man awaking from sleep becomes settled in mentality, so the light of Creative Thought from

* Read before Ramayana Theosophical Society, Chicago, Ill., June 24th, 1888, by Mrs. M. M. Phelon, F.T.S.

THAT, reservoir of all thought,* breaks upon the darkness, multiplying the memories of that which was by the deductions of that which may be the resultant or outcome of the long sleep or withdrawal of Brahmâ.

The line of Creative Thought moves on. Forms of beauty, shapes of harmony, and the untold millions of sequences fill that which has hitherto been the Silence. But it is still the Silence. That which we apprehend through personal sense, is apprehended only by Unity as the onflowing of the current of Creative Thought. No sound as we know it ever breaks upon ITS consciousness. No emotion of sight, as we perceive it, is ever cognised by IT. Between IT and us, as one broad ground of approach is simply motion—motion which is life. The Creative Thought projected by its own potency sets in motion all the ingathered forces of Unity.

The rolling millions upon millions of stars; the conditions of all the Universe, are simply ITS robings—manifestations—the coverings of Brahma, or God manifested. One pole is the Infinite and Eternal One, the other is the manifestation, or shadowing forth of the Perfect Man, named by all the wise, as the Christ of the Ages.

The Logos thinks.† Potency vibrates; all existence surrounding the central line of thought, the line of experience and knowledge, also vibrates. Through these vibrations, this thought, in its grosser form called Ether,‡ can be recognised, understood and studied. From it spring all the phenomena that man considers the result of law.

Law, then, is the Creative Thought. From its *dictum* there is no escape, and so the manifested move on in the sequence, which is awakened thought in involved and involving cycles, until that thought shall have perfected itself.

When the sequence shall have reached its bounds then the law ceases to act. All things bound under the law are again dissolved and set loose. It is the ripening and the garnering of the perfected results moving back again into the Silence which is darkness and inertia.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and without Him, was nothing made that was made. It was the beginning of an Infinite cycle, extending through immensity, and ending in the countless. As the evening and the morning were the first day, so Brahm and Brahmâ are Unity and Law.

* In Indian philosophy this absolute Deity is always referred to as "THAT" (TAD) and "IT." It is "the reservoir of all thought" because it is *absolute* thought; which having no relation to the finite and the conditioned, cannot be premised as something individual or separate from the universal mind, and minds. It is the causeless cause of every manifesting intellection, the eternal Source of ALL.—[ED.]

† Because the Logos is manifested; but the ever-concealed Deity *does not*, since It is ABSOLUTE THOUGHT, and cannot be spoken of as we would of an individual *personal Thinker*. But then the Logos in the East is the synthesis, the collective aggregate of all the Gods or Powers in the manifested universe.—[ED.]

‡ And in its highest it is AKASA.—[ED.]

MY UNCLE'S STRANGE STORY.

I WAS passing through Chicago lately on my way home from India to England, *viâ* San Francisco, having been engaged for several years in engineering work for the British Government in Bengal, when it struck me to look for an uncle of mine who lived in that city. I had but a vague idea of him, for he emigrated before I was born, and had kept up no correspondence with our family. All I knew of the old gentleman was, that in his youth he had given great promise as a physician, but that he had unaccountably thrown up a large and growing practice in London, and had gone to reside in Italy, where he married; and that soon after his marriage he sailed with his wife to the United States. We had once heard casually that he settled in a Western city, where he had considerable reputation as a "mad doctor," and we had lately learned that he had retired from practice and was living with his wife in a suburb of Chicago.

The doctor's name was in the Directory, and I was received most kindly. I found him a fine-looking old gentleman, tall, dignified, and courtly, and retaining more than the traces of the beauty of form and feature which were a tradition about him in our family. My aunt I found to be a very handsome old lady, white-haired and erect, with large dark eyes, and a smile that put me at my ease at once. They insisted that I should occupy their spare room during my stay in Chicago—an offer I very willingly accepted.

We had been talking one evening about those strange cases of insanity, in which not even the slightest trace of structural injury is found in the brain after death.

"I have seen so many cases of functional disorder cured," said the doctor at last, "that I am confident most of them would yield to continued care and treatment. In general, however, people have not the necessary time to devote to crazy relatives, and send them to an asylum instead. But, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "suppose we have our supper?"

"Why, gracious me!" exclaimed my aunt, glancing at the clock, and putting down her knitting, "I had no idea it was so late! I have not heard the girl come in, and I fear the fire will be out. Tell him about that patient of yours in the Alps, while you are waiting." With that she hurried away.

My uncle fairly jumped round in his chair to stare after his wife, uttering the monosyllable "What!" in a tone that rendered it expressive of a whole vocabulary of astonishment.

"Pray do, sir," said I, seeing that he seemed to hesitate.

"I don't know that I ought to tell it to you," replied my uncle. "Still, as your aunt has suggested it, I will do so. But it is so strange a story, that I hardly believe it myself at times, although I have every reason to know it to be true."

Then lighting another cigar my uncle began his narrative:

"In the summer of 1845," he said, "I stopped for a few days at the village of Abendbrod in the Austrian Alps. I was then thirty years of age, and had taken my medical degree in London five years before. I had been for several months on the Continent, visiting lunatic asylums, having made insanity my special study. I had stopped last at Vienna, until the heat there had made me feel the necessity of rest and change, as I had for a long time been almost living among lunatics. For several weeks I had been in constant attendance at the State Asylum for the insane in that city, where I had been the guest of Dr. Otto Von Streidlitz, first resident physician, a young man of the highest order of intellect, between whom and myself a very strong friendship sprang up during our too short acquaintance. It was the month when Von Streidlitz should have taken his short holiday, but he was detained by the constant arrival of distressing cases, which were then being collected in all the provinces and sent in by order of the emperor, of mad persons found chained up by relations, or living in a wild state in deserted places. Von Streidlitz had urged me not to wait for him, promising to join me in the mountains as soon as he could get away.

"One evening I was sitting in the big hall of the inn at Abendbrod, listening to the gossip and tales of the villagers. The stories that evening turned chiefly on murders and robberies, for the village mind was excited by the lawless doings of a gang of escaped convicts, four of whom had been seen that day within a few miles of the place. Suddenly the door was flung open, and in strode a young Austrian artist, who was also a guest at the inn. He was greeted with acclamation, as he had usually some amusing adventure to tell.

"'Well, my friends,' he cried, 'I have seen your lovely madwoman, and, by the gods, I had an escape of my life. I should say she *is* mad, and beautiful too. Oh what a model she would make if we could catch and tame her!'

"Between mouthfuls of bread and cheese, he proceeded to tell us that after a long hunt he had found the cave in which mad Gretchen lived, which was situated about five miles from the village, and on one of the roughest mountain slopes. He approached it cautiously, and was peering into its darkness, when a stone whizzed close to his head and fell shattered from the rocky wall beside him; and turning, he beheld, within a few yards of him, the personification of fury, in the shape of the mad woman herself—ragged, erect, with gleaming eye and open nostril. He attempted to explain that he was only a harmless artist who had

lost his way, but she advanced on him, brandishing a formidable knife, and he beat a hasty retreat.

"Loud laughter followed this recital and many were the jokes at the young man's expense. On enquiry, I learned that this young woman had 'arrived from the West,' three years before. She was then travelling in good style with her father, who, however, was taken suddenly ill when passing through Terrino, a village which lies at the other side of the mountain, within the Italian frontier, and about eight miles from Abendbrod. The old gentleman soon died, which was such a shock to his daughter, then 17 years old, that the villagers had to nurse her through a fever; but she had almost recovered when one night she disappeared, and the next tidings of her was that she had taken up her quarters in the cave that the artist had visited, and was a raving maniac. Many but futile efforts had been made to induce, or even force her, to leave her wretched abode; she would allow no one to approach her, and would have probably perished during the winters, had not the kind-hearted villagers left supplies of food where she could find them. No friend or relation had ever enquired for her, and nothing was found among her effects which gave a clue to her identity. She was seldom seen in the day-time, but wandered round at night, sometimes singing in a strange, weird voice.

"This is one of the kind of cases that the authorities were looking for, and the cave was in Austrian territory, so I determined to try my luck with mad Gretchen as they called her. I have always got on well with lunatics, and when I was young I prided myself upon this power over them; besides, I had a strong curiosity to see this girl whom everybody described as so beautiful. I was bound for Terrino, where I expected letters, and the pathway passed near Gretchen's cave. So next morning I buckled on my knapsack, and bade adieu to the hospitable villagers, receiving in return many warnings not to go too near the madwoman.

"Five miles in the High-Alps is as bad as twenty on level ground, and a good deal worse if you lose your way, as I did mine on that occasion. I came to a tree that had been struck by lightning, and I had been told that such a tree marked the place where I should strike up the mountain side to find the madwoman's cave. Near the tree was a little path, which I took. Unfortunately, the tree was the wrong one, and the path turned out to be one of the innumerable cow or goat tracks of the mountains which gradually fade away and lead nowhere. I wandered all day in vain efforts to find the road again, and towards evening I sat down by a little stream and dabbled my aching feet in the cool water, wondering how I should make out for the night, and eating some bread and cheese I had luckily brought with me.

"I had fallen into a reverie when I suddenly felt a touch on my shoulder, and looking up, my eyes met those of mad Gretchen herself!

There she was, standing over me, and completely mistress of the situation. To my relief, however, I saw that her eyes were not gleaming, nor were her nostrils distended in anger, and her big knife nestled harmlessly in her girdle.

"'I knew that you would come at last,' she said; 'but oh, what a long, long time I have been waiting for you.' This was said in unmistakably native English, in a wonderfully sweet voice, and in a most pathetic tone.

"I scrambled to my feet, utterly bewildered by such an unexpected greeting, and stood before her. She was undoubtedly a beautiful creature. Tall, slender, and graceful, with dark brown hair and eyes, oval face, regular features and a forehead that ought to have betokened intellect. In fact, to describe her as she was then would require the pen of a novelist. For some seconds we stood looking at each other; then her face became illuminated by that peculiar ecstatic smile that is sometimes seen in emotional insanity, and she put out both her hands, which I mechanically took in mine.

"'I knew the Gods would send you in time to save me,' she said, 'but to-morrow wonld have been too late, for they will be here to-night. Come, let us make haste, for I have got to get some things from the cave before we start.'

"I sat down without speaking, to put on my shoes and stockings. I was in a nice predicament. Mad Gretchen had evidently made up her mind to come with me, just as she was, dressed in a marvellous assortment of rags and tatters of clothing that once had been costly, but was now rather dirty and exceedingly ludicrous, although extremely picturesque. Moreover, I did not know at what moment her furious mania would break out again, and I knew of no place where to take her so suddenly. Before I met her, I was planning how I would get her away; now, when she wanted to come, I found myself planning how to get away from her. I made up my mind to humour her until she brought me to the path to Terrino, and until I saw how things would develop. I felt sure that Von Streidlitz would take an interest in her but I was not prepared for this suddenness.

"As I shouldered my knapsack she said: 'Follow me'; and led the way over brook and boulder with an easy agility that taxed my powers to keep up with her. No word was spoken until we reached the cave, the entrance to which was a small opening in a high perpendicular wall of rock, in front of which wall the strata formed a grassy ledge of about fifty feet wide, beyond which again the forest began, and the mountain sloped downward. Seating herself on a fallen tree near the cave Gretchen said: 'Now let us rest a little,' and motioned to me to sit beside her.

"We sat in silence for a few moments. Accustomed as I was to lunatics, I felt a strange embarrassment with this poor girl. She had shown no symptom of the violence with which she was credited, her

manner was completely trustful, she could look in my eye without flinching—a most rare thing in insanity—and I reflected that her delusion that I had been sent to save her, might turn out a fact after all. Presently I said:

"'How did you know I was coming?'

"'I saw it in the water,' she answered quietly, 'besides, *they* told me you were coming.'

"'Who are they?' I asked.

"'My visitors, of course,' answered the girl.

"'Your visitors!' I said, 'why I thought you would not allow anyone to come to see you.'

"'They come without my leave, suddenly, at all hours, and I am very glad to see them, for I should be very lonely without them,' she said.

"It struck me then that her visitors were of the ghostly order—hallucinations; and a few more questions made it clear that such was the fact. She said that 'they' had told her to speak to no one till I came for her. Suddenly she seized my hand and kissed it, and said, with eyes suffused with tears, 'Oh! I am so happy you have come for me,' with that she disappeared into the cave.

"Left to myself, I began for the first time to realize my peculiar situation. The sun was setting, and I was exceedingly tired. To get to Terrino would take me three hours in my weary condition, and I dared not trust myself to find the way until the moon rose, which was after midnight. Moreover, poor Gretchen had made up her mind to go with me, which was impossible. I began to think that it is not always an advantage to have a soothing influence with mad people!

"Presently she emerged from the cave, bringing with her a little bundle and something wrapped up in a piece of rag which she put into my hand. It was heavy. Opening it, I found about a hundred gold pieces.

"'Let us go,' she said.

"She seemed so quiet and in many ways so rational that I determined to try to persuade her to wait a few days till I came back for her, so I motioned to her to sit down beside me, which she did. Taking her hand in mine, I said:

"'Gretchen, you say that I am your deliverer, but, if I am to save you you must let me do things my own way. We must not make a false start, and I am very tired and my feet are blistered.'

"She sighed and put her bundle down beside her. This encouraged me and I went on:

"'I know that you are a sensible young woman and can understand that it would never do for you to go where there are well-dressed people in the clothes you have now. They would ridicule and insult you; and we should both be arrested, for you have no passport.'

"I looked at her now; she had become very pale, and her large eyes

were fixed on me in apparent astonishment. She said nothing, however, and I went on:

"'What I intend to do is this To-morrow morning I will go to Terrino, and post on to a city, where I will get a lodging for you with a lady who will be kind to you, and where I can often come to see you Then I will come back for you, and bring you some nice clothes.'

"She stood up without speaking, and I was startled at her changed expression, and quickly rose to my feet.

"'You will not take me with you?' she almost shrieked.

"'Not this time, dear Gretchen,' I answered, gently but firmly, and picking up the package of gold I held it out to her.

"Quick as a flash she knocked the money out of my hand, scattering it in all directions, and sprang on me like a fury, seizing my throat with both her hands in a grip of iron. By a great effort I liberated my neck, and holding her hands down I said:

"'Foolish girl, do you not know that I have come to save you?'

"I felt the muscles of her arms slowly relax and then the look of anger gradually faded from her face, changing into the same ecstatic smile I had noticed when we met. This lasted only for an instant however. I felt her muscles again becoming rigid; her face lost all expression, her eyes grew glassy, and she had become completely cataleptic.

"It was an hour before I succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. By that time it had become dark, and she did not recognise me at first, or realize where she was. Presently she sprang to her feet and said: "'I have seen them, and oh! they look so cruel! There are four of them. One is very tall, another is very short, and the remaining two are middle-sized. They have ropes to tie me with. They have left Terrino and will be here soon. We must go at once; you must not leave me here.'

"I knew, of course, that she had had a dream or vision of some sort, a not uncommon feature of the cataleptic condition, and I did my best to calm her; but I could not remove from her mind the impression that four men were coming to attack her and carry her off. I had read of cases, apparently well authenticated, of persons in the cataleptic state giving evidence of abnormal powers of vision, although a case of 'Clairvoyance' had never occurred in my own practice. Finally it was agreed that we should wait till the moon was up, then by its light collect the scattered gold pieces, and make our way to Abendbrod, where I thought I could persuade my late host to give a temporary asylum to my poor patient, as I had now come to consider her.

"After a while she lay down on some dry leaves near her cave, and I stretched myself on the ground to wait for the moonlight. I was very weary but did not feel inclined to sleep. I must have dozed off, however, for I was startled by feeling something cold touch my hand, and

opening my eyes I saw Gretchen stooping over me with her big knife in her grasp, and a look of anger and terror in her face.

"'They are coming,' she whispered, excitedly, 'get up and make no noise.'

"I jumped to my feet, and clutching my arm, she pointed in the direction of the path that led to her cave, and bade me listen. In the solemn silence of the Alpine night I heard a sound like the tramping of feet a long way off; but it was indistinct, and I thought it was only cattle. As if she guessed my thoughts, she said:

"'The cows have bells; besides, *they* woke me and told me to prepare.'

"The moon had risen by this time and we stood listening in the shadow of a projecting piece of the rock. The sounds were growing more defined, and we now heard the crackling noise that is made by people walking through the dry underbush of a forest. Presently we heard someone laugh, and Gretchen whispered: 'Get your pistols.' I had laid them by my side when I lay down. I really think that, mad as she was, she had her wits about her, just then, better than I had mine.

"There could be no doubt now but that there were several men in the party, for we could hear different voices, and presently they burst into view about thirty yards away. When they emerged from under the trees they suddenly halted, and ceased talking, and I heard a voice say: 'This is the place.'

"I felt a strange creepy sensation when I saw that there were four of them, answering perfectly to her description; one was a very tall man, another, below the middle height, and the other two, medium-sized.

"As they stood talking together in undertones, I could hear one voice better than the others. I heard this man whisper to another: 'You will throw the cloth over her head.' I heard him ask who had got the rope, and I heard him tell the others to beware of her knife. I cocked my pistols as noiselessly as I could.

"They began to edge up towards the spot where we stood, keeping in the shade. Suddenly Gretchen stepped from my side right out into the moonlight and asked in a ringing voice what they wanted.

"The little man answered with a laugh: 'We want you, my darling.' Then someone cried: 'Go!' and all four made a rush.

"Gretchen sprang to my side, and I raised my pistol and fired at the foremost man. He leaped in the air and fell forward on his face, nearly at our feet. The others stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then fled into the woods, and I sent my other bullet after them to quicken their retreat.

"The fallen man did not move, and I went forward to examine him. He was dead, and I turned the body over to look at the face."

My uncle's voice had gradually been growing husky, and now he paused, and blew his nose vigorously. Presently he said:

"My dear young nephew, when I turned that body over, I found myself confronted by one of the tragedies of my life. The man whom I had shot was Dr. Otto Von Streidlitz. I did not, however, for a moment realize that I had killed my friend. My first idea was that this escaped convict, as I thought him, bore an extraordinary likeness to him. Then a horrid suspicion stole over me. Von Streidlitz had an injured ear; half of his left ear had at some time been bitten off by one of his lunatics. I turned the head over and found that half of the left ear was missing. This was beyond the bounds of coincidence, and I knew then that I had killed my friend.

that in some unexplicable way it might possibly be my friend himself.

"I have no distinct recollection of what followed. I remember crying out, and that Gretchen ran to me. I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was that she was kneeling beside me as I lay on the grass, and was bathing my hand with her tears, thinking I was dead.

I afterwards found that Von Streidlitz had written to me to Terrino, and had followed his letter in person. He had waited for me there for several days, not knowing I was so near him, and, like myself, had casually heard of the beautiful lunatic. His professional interest was enlisted, and he determined to capture the girl himself and send her to the asylum at Vienna. But Terrino being in Italian territory he could do nothing officially from that side, so he had organized a posse of villagers to help him to seize the girl, intending to carry her on to Abendbrod.

"My first impulse was to go and give myself up to the authorities; but I reflected that I should have to acquit myself of the charge of murder, and my only witness was precluded by her mental condition from giving evidence in a court of justice. I knew, also, that the affair would be probably misrepresented in the English papers, and my prospects ruined; and I had moreover seen something of Austrian prisons, and had no desire to form their more intimate acquaintance. I felt sure the three survivors of the raid had not seen who fired the shot, and that if I could escape into Switzerland, I should never be charged with the killing.

"I had also to consider poor Gretchen. I could not leave her behind now, for my own sake as well as hers. She was perfectly subdued, and the events of the night had drawn us closer together. I forgot her hallucinations in our common necessity to escape from our terrible surroundings. But how were we to escape? We were on the highest part of a mountain pass, with only two possible means of exit. Terrino, at one end, would be aroused by the time we got there, and we would be certainly stopped. The killing, however, would not be known as soon at Abendbrod, at the other end of the pass, and there was still time to pass that way before the villagers were astir, but poor Gretchen's terribly conspicuous rags made subsequent recognition a certainty.

"I was just wondering whether she would consent to put on a spare pair of trousers and shirt I had in my knapsack, when she touched my arm, and, pointing to the body, said:

"'I will put on his clothes if you will take them off.'

"She put on my shirt, for his was stained with blood, and arrayed in his other garments she looked like a handsome youth.

"We passed unobserved through Abendbrod at dawn and spent the day in the woods a few miles further on. We caught the night diligence for Switzerland as it passed us on the road, and, as I had my brother James's name as well as my own on my passport, we had no difficulty at the frontier."

At this point my aunt put her head into the room, and said:

"Now, come along, for I am sure you must be starving."

"Did poor Gretchen recover her reason?" I asked as we rose.

"Completely," replied my uncle. "I think the shock cured her. Her ghostly visitors kept their word and never returned, and no fresh hallucination appeared; but for a long time the harmless delusion remained that she could see wonderful things by looking into clear water. Gretchen, by the bye, was only a name that the villagers gave her."

"What was her real name?" I asked.

"A very unusual one," answered my uncle. "Her real name was Zeretta."

"Zeretta!" I exclaimed, with eyes wide open, "why, that's my aunt's name!"

My uncle smiled; put his finger to his lips, and said:

"Come along to supper."

R. HARTE.

"CHAOS AND OLD NIGHT."

BIG drops are falling;
Deep sighs are heaving;
Strong thews are trembling;
Stout hearts are breaking:
For "Chaos and Old Night" are threatening—
Their doleful shades, alas! are lowering!
Where hope ne'er comes and light 's ne'er seen,
Where life is torment, death is sweet!

M. MULL.

May 15, 1887.

OUR CHRISTIAN XIXTH CENTURY ETHICS.

AS civilization progresses, moral darkness pervades the alleged light of Christianity. The chosen symbol of our boasted civilization ought to be a huge boa constrictor. Like that monstrous ophidian, with its velvety black and brilliant golden-hued spots, and its graceful motions, civilization proceeds insidiously, but as surely, to crush in its deadly coils every high aspiration, every noble feeling, aye, even to the very discrimination of right and wrong.

Conscience, "God's vicegerent in the soul," speaks no longer in man; for the whispers of the still small voice within are stifled by the ever-increasing din and roar of Selfishness.

But—"our shops, our horses' legs, our boots . . . . have all benefited by the introduction" of the "macadam of civilization," says Dickens. Yea; but have not our hearts turned, on the other hand, to stone also? Have they not been *macadamized* in their steady petrifaction, with this rapid spread of civilization? Highwaymen may, or may not, have disappeared with more perfect highways, yet it is certain that they have reappeared since in every class of life and trade, and that highway robbery is now taking place on still deadlier, if improved and legalized principles. "Crawling beggars and dirty inns" offend our esthetic feelings no longer; but starving beggars have found their numbers increasing tenfold and are multiplying at a rate in proportion to the extortionate charges of white-washed inns, now turned into palace-hotels. And if—still according to Dickens—"much of the ribbonism, landlord-stalking from behind hedges, and Skibbereen starvation of Ireland may be attributed to the baleful roads of bygone days," to what shall we attribute the same evils, only on a more gigantic scale, in the Emerald Island to-day?

Politics does not enter into the programme of our magazine's activity. Yet as everything under the sun now seems to have become connected with politics, which appear to have become little else but a legal permission to break the ten commandments, a regular government license to the rich for the commission of all the sins which, when perpetrated by the poor, land the criminal in jail, or hoist him upon the gallows—it becomes difficult to avoid touching upon politics. There are cases which, emanating directly from the realm of political and diplomatic action, cry loudly to the common ethics of humanity for exposure and punishment. Such is the recent event which must now be mentioned.

It is a truism of too long standing, a policy acted upon by every civilized nation from antiquity, that the prosperity of every state is based upon the orderly establishment of family principles. Nor is anyone likely to deny that social ethics depend largely upon the early education received by the growing-up generations. On whom does the duty devolve of guiding that education from early childhood? Who can do so better than a loving mother, once that her moral worth is recognised by all, and that no evil report has ever sullied her fame? The youth and his later intellectual training may well be left to the

firmer hand of the father: the care of his childhood belongs by all divine and human rights to the mother alone; the parent who gave her offspring not only a part of her flesh and blood, but a portion likewise of her immortal soul—that which shall create hereafter the real man, the true EGO. This is the A B C of the life-duties of mankind; and it is the first duty of those in power to guard the sacred maternal rights against any brutal violation.

———

How then shall we characterise the unparalleled act of violence, perpetrated on the modern principle that "might is right," which has been offered in the face of all the world by a crowned husband to his innocent wife, and by the first statesman in Europe to an unprotected Queen—a *woman?* Has Queen Nathalie of Servia played false to her country, was she a faithless wife, or a bad mother? No; most decidedly not. Has she in any way deserved the insult dealt her at the hands of these two men, in the European scandal which has now disgraced the King, her husband, and the country to whose honour and protection she trusted herself? Once more, and a thousand times, no. All those who knew Milan Obrenovitch's life, his low moral standard, his family relations for the last years, and especially his small intrinsic value as King, patriot and man, will deny emphatically any accusation against Queen Nathalie. On the other hand many are those who knew her personally, from her birth and throughout her girlhood. A good daughter cannot be a bad mother. A pure, noble-minded woman can hardly be a guilty wife.

Why then should she be so cruelly treated? Why should she have been forced to drain to the last drop the contents of the bitter cup of insult and moral agony for crimes that were not her own? It is a measure of political necessity, we are told. The Christian clergy of the land is forced to sanction it, and Christian law is thus made to act in defiance of every moral and divine law! Most undeservedly and brutally insulted in all her most sacred rights, the honest woman, the faithful wife of a faithless man and husband, is now doomed to be sacrificed to the Moloch of politics! She must remain separated from her only child, and witness, passive, helpless and powerless, year after year, the virus of moral depravity being inoculated in her boy's nature by such a father! She, the legitimate wife and Queen, has to submit to be treated like a discharged *courtisane* and suffer another woman and women, fully deserving of that epithet, to take her place in the palace, perhaps to assume authority over her innocent son. "Politics" doom a future king to witness from his childhood daily scenes that seem copied from those which must have taken place in the palaces of Messalina and those of the Popes Borgia!

———

Therefore every honest man and woman has a right to say that no more brutal, heartless, unqualifiable act has ever been perpetrated in the political dramas of this century of the greatest civilisation. Such an act committed by *a Milan* of Servia, the salaried *bravo* of Austria, could hardly astonish anyone. But that the deed should be sanctioned by one who had just proclaimed in the hearing of all Europe, that he "feared God alone," is incomprehensible. We are far, it seems, from the barbarous Middle Ages, when the German *Ritter* fought and died to protect a woman. We are in the age of civilisation and politics. Poor, unhappy Nathalie Keshko! Who of those who knew her hardly a dozen years ago, the beautiful, happy, innocent girl, the ornament of

the high social circles of Odessa, would have ever dreamt of such a fate for her? Left early an orphan, she was brought up by her guardian as a beloved daughter. Love, wealth and happiness smiled upon her from her very cradle, until that unfortunate marriage of hers—a true *mésalliance*—with the unworthy nephew of the martyr-Hospodar, Michael Obrenovitch. The descendant of the swine-herdsmen of Servia has since become an opera-comique King, who now dishonours the nation which chose him for its ruler. It was not her beauty that attracted him; but her millions. The noble uprighteousness of her character and her true womanly moral qualities must have made him dread her from the first; and while these repelled the profligate husband, the millions of Nathalie Keshko consoled him, by permitting him to enlarge his harem, and make his mistresses share the same palace with the virtuous legitimate wife. And now, having filled the life of the unfortunate young Queen with gall, he gives her the last deadly blow by depriving her of her only child, making of her a Rachel weeping and refusing to be comforted.

———

Why? For what crime and by what right? The last word of the mystery is in the safe keeping of Prince Bismarck and King Milan. The proud Imperial Chancellor might have defeated the ends of that puppet-King with one word; but he preferred to help him. Before the Prince, all male Europe bows. But no woman can fail to arise in righteous indignation against the politics of the "Iron Chancellor" and proclaim it to his face. The loud blame of millions of women, and of every mother in Christendom, are so many implied curses that must for once fall upon the head of the man they are addressed to. And what mother will fail to sympathise with this other bereaved and wronged mother? There is a law of Retribution, however, and it is this which gives us the liberty to ask: What, or who, gives you the right and audacity to so insult all law, divine and human? Is it in the name of Christianity that you perpetrate an act which would disgrace any "heathen" potentate and State?

Ye, unrighteous judges who fear neither moral law, nor do you feel ashamed before the open censure of the teeming millions of those who openly blame you; it is posterity which will render to you your just dues, and thus avenge the memory of this martyred Queen and mother. That day must come, when, passing into history, your *political* action will be read with disgust and horror even by the descendants of those who now keep silent, instead of raising their voices in the defence of that innocent woman.

But while whole nations of private individuals can do nothing except protest, sincerely and as vainly; all those who could do so effectually, will not lift a finger on behalf of Queen Nathalie. The public is willing, but powerless; the Sovereigns and potentates all-powerful, but evidently unwilling. But, O, ye Crowned women, mothers, and wives of Europe! Unless you join your voices in one mighty cry of indignation and protest against such an infamous act of despotism and undeserved cruelty, you have small right indeed to call yourselves Christians or to represent the religion of your Christ in the eyes of the masses. Although might is *really* right in our age of dissembling and of unexampled Selfishness, there may be something worse in store for those who fail to do the right thing by an oppressed sister. That which is now being done to the legitimate Queen of an insignificant little Kingdom, may be done to any of you —wives and mothers of the Sovereigns of mighty States and Empires—when the hour of just retributive justice strikes. Arise then and protest in the name of human rights while you are still in power. For who knows how long that power may yet last? Verily, in view of the rapid spread of *civilization* and the despotism of *such* politics, the day when that hour will strike is only a question of time and of expediency. . . . .

ADVERSA

Reviews.

REINCARNATION.*

MR. WALKER cannot be too heartily congratulated on the manner in which he has written his book. He has arranged his facts in a masterly way, and has devoted so much time and study to the subject that he is able to cite in his favour a large majority of those writers and thinkers who have distinguished their race at all the historical epochs of human progress. Of course in such a subject there must necessarily appear some gaps to the specialist, but, in spite of all that criticasters may urge, there is no doubt that Mr. Walker's book forms the most admirable summary of the subject which has yet appeared.

The book is divided into various sections. In the first of these a definition is attempted. There is no uncertain sound in the words: "That man ever dwelt in the bodies of beasts, we deny as irrational, as such a retrogression would contradict the fundamental maxims of nature. That philosophy is a corruption of Reincarnation."

"Granting the permanence of the human spirit amid every change, the doctrine of rebirth is the only one yielding a metaphysical explanation of the phenomena of life. It is already accepted on the physical plane as evolution, and holds a firm ethical value in applying the law of justice to human experience."

Thus reincarnation simply resolves itself into the enunciation of a law that man lives and dies and lives again, and acts and takes rest on the plane of life as a whole just as he does in his life from day to day. The individual man clothes himself many times in different personalities.

Mr. Walker then proceeds to the arguments in favour of Reincarnation. He argues that the idea of immortality instinct in man, when assisted with the analogy of nature and by the conservation of energy and the correlation of forces, necessarily demands reincarnation as a fact. The Christian idea of special creation at birth involves a similar annihilation at death. Immortality then demands it. Analogy in the case of the life history of butterflies comes to the assistance of the theory and, when combined with the observations of embryology, leaves very little room for hesitation. Not so very long since even the evolution of the physical frame of man and animal was denied; but now that this evolution is a proven fact and we can see the traces of it as demonstrating reincarnation under different forms in the embryo, it is high time that we should turn our attention to the evolution of the soul as well. Mr. Walker cites many instances from physiology and biology to assist his case and makes his position very firm indeed.

Physiology further shows an entire reconstitution of the physical frame every

* By E. D. Walker. Boston and New York, HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1888; and London, WARD & LOCK.

seven years, and the question naturally rises: "Why should not this 'reincarnation' be further extended?"

The old argument is brought in as to the acquisition of all experience being impossible in one life and supported by the facts of early death.

Further Mr. Walker puts forward the idea that reincarnation forms a complete answer to the old theological difficulty of "original sin." And under his examination this proves to be the case. Further it explains many curious experiences. Of course the objection may be taken that these experiences admit of a different explanation; on the other hand reincarnation affords the simplest explanation to all, and it is well known as a law that the economy of nature demands the simplest and most direct course.

It is perhaps a pity that the scope of the book did not permit Mr. Walker to deal more fully with the solution which Reincarnation, in company with its twin law of Karma, affords to the problem of moral inequality, and "the injustice and evil which otherwise overwhelms us." But the reader is given an outline which he can well fill up for himself. As Mr. Walker puts it, "the total experience of humanity forms a magnificent tapestry of perfect poetic justice."

Mr. Walker states four main objections to the theory. Of these, though he rightly gives it the last place in validity, the uncongeniality of the doctrine is that which operates in the minds of most people. The arguments of loss of memory and the opposition of heredity are the most serious to meet. But they are so well considered and met, that it would be worth while to purchase the book if only for this section. The argument of memory is shown to be fallacious by the facts and analogies afforded by one life only. The cases of double identity, and other kindred instances, prove the existence of a "higher memory" which is not always available for the consciousness of sense perception. As regards the justice of suffering for deeds which we are not conscious of having committed, it is answered rightly that it is really only to those who always attempt to shift the blame off their own shoulders that the idea of an arbitrary guide of man's destiny is acceptable. Nature never errs, and it is healthier for man to know that he only reaps the seed which he himself sows than to think that he can avoid payment by cheating himself of his dues. But to most minds the idea is repellant on account of the loss it involves of the consciousness of the persons dear to them. But it may be answered that love and sympathy usually have their basis, if they are real at all, in something beyond mere outward appearances. We are all pilgrims together and Mr. Walker adds: "our theory extends the journey in just proportion to the supernal destination."

The quotations from "Western Prose Writers" afford the reader a glimpse extending over such a wide range that, if merely for the insight into the minds of great thinkers, the book is worth reading. A part is devoted to the work of Mr. William R. Alger, who, though a clergyman, devoted 20 years of his life to the study and was so firmly convinced of its truth that the pagan idea of reincarnation became immoveably fixed in his mind as a fact proven to him indisputably.

Mr. Walker quotes largely from the poets. On the ground that they "are the seers of the race" who merely transmit, often unconsciously to themselves,

the truths which are "beyond the limits of reason" it is surely a phalanx of considerable strength to marshal 12 American poets, 17 British, six Continental, and seven Platonic, in favour of the theory.

Quotations from ancient prose writers and poets, from present-day Eastern writers, from the esoteric Oriental philosophies—all are cited by Mr. Walker in favour of the theory.

One fact is worth repeating here. The effect of this theory on the conduct of life is such that travellers in many parts of China. . . . . Central India and Ceylon agree that the daily life of Buddhism is so like the realization of Christianity as to give strong support to the theory of the Indian origin of our religion. It would be a matter of curiosity to know what Eastern travellers would remark as to the theory and practice of Christianity in so-called "Christian countries."

To conclude in Mr. Walker's words:

"Reincarnation unites all the family of man into a universal brotherhood more effectively than the prevailing humanity. It promotes the solidarity of mankind by destroying the barriers that conceit and circumstances have raised between individuals, groups, nations, and races. All alike are favoured with poetic justice. . . . . There are no special gifts. Physical blessings, mental talents, and moral successes are the laborious result of long merit. Sorrows, defects, and failures proceed from negligence."

Mr. Walker concludes with the conviction "that all the best teachers of mankind—religion, philosophy, science and poetry—urge the soul to

> Be worthy of death; and so learn to live
> That every incarnation of thy soul
> In varied realms, and worlds, and firmaments
> Shall be more pure and high."

The book is closed by a copious bibliography on the subject, which is immensely valuable. We can heartily recommend the book to all students of Theosophy and the *facts* of Nature, for we think Mr. Walker, even with the Mr. narrow limits of his book, has proved his case.

EMENDATIONS OF HAMLET.*

MR. MULL'S book is undoubtedly one of the greatest additions to Shakespearean study which recent years have seen.

It is characterised by the most thorough scholarship, the most cautious and yet daring criticism, combined with a genius for perceiving intuitionally the true reading of corrupt passages, only perhaps equalled by Porson.

Many of the author's emendations carry with them the instant conviction of self-evident truths, leaving a feeling of wonder that they have never been suggested before.

Delicate shades of meaning, hitherto concealed, are brought out by slight

* "Hamlet; Restorations and Emendations," by Matthias Mull. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1885.

changes of punctuation, which display a closeness of application to the text only found elsewhere in Coleridge's Lectures.

The text is prefaced by a valuable essay on Hamlet's madness, and on this subject we cannot do better than let the author speak for himself:

"The next point is, did Hamlet consistently exhibit an 'antic disposition' on each and such occasions as his design demanded? In other words, was he, as a sane man, able to control his resolution so as to fit the time and season in which to display his 'crafty madness'? The whole drama affords abundant testimony that he did so control himself as to completely carry out the purpose he had in view, and by the startling contrast of the character he assumed, and of that in which he exhibited his lofty and weighty 'discourse of reason,' he furnishes overwhelming evidence that he was marvellously sane. . . . . In all this is Hamlet himself, noble and transcendant, moved to 'fine issues,' self-controlled as the soaring eagle, firm as the stable pole-star. . . . . His 'antic disposition' is marvellously accommodated to the several individuals before whom it is exhibited. . . . ."

After reading this preface our chief feeling is one of regret that Mr. Mull has not supplemented it by an essay on that other vexed question, Hamlet's love for Ophelia.

In a brief note on the passage:—

"*Hamlet.* A little more than kin, and less than kind."

(Act I., sc. ii., l. 65.)

Mr. Mull paraphrases it thus:—

"A little (signifying very much) beyond mere relationship I stand to you. I am rightful heir to the crown; I am by right your king, and you my subject."

This is undoubtedly a rendering which deserves the most respectful consideration; but in weighing the question of Hamlet's title to the throne, and its bearing on doubtful passages, and questions of Hamlet's action, we must bear in mind the fact disclosed by recent juridical researches, that the rigid form of primogeniture to which we are accustomed in England, was by no means universal. Nothing was more common, in every section of the Aryan family, than for a brother of a dead chieftain to succeed instead of a son, as Shakespere's studies in Hollinshed must have informed him; hence Hamlet's "right" to the throne is far from being as certain as many critics assume.

But the most interesting part of the volume before us is undoubtedly that section devoted to the author's emendations, which exhibit pre-eminently his character and penetration as a critic.

Perhaps the most disputed reading in all Hamlet is that which occurs in the following lines. (We give Mr. Mull's reading):—

"*King.* Our son shall win.
Queen. He's FAINT, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brow.
Come, let me wipe thy face."

Mr. Mull adds: "The accepted reading, it seems to me, is as gross in the mouth of the Queen as it is repugnant to the situation and the facts. The coarseness of the word *fat* well befits the stupidity of the mutilation. 'The mould of form' *corpulent!*"

If Mr. Mull can succeed in laying the ghost of the fat Hamlet, he will receive the endless gratitude of all Shakespere scholars.

Instead of the received reading :—

"*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?"

Mr. Mull reads :—

"How now, Horatio,—you tremble and look pale—
Is not this something more than fantasy?"
(Act I., sc. i., l. 53.)

In the second scene, line 229 :

"What! looked he frowningly?"

Mr. Mull reads :

"What looked he, frowningly?"

In the third scene, line 115, he punctuates the well-known passage as follows :—

"*Pol.* I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter—
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise as it is a-making—
You must not take for fire."

In scene iv. of the same act, line 46, Mr. Mull amends the received reading thus :—

"Let me not REST in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonis'd bones, ..."

Substituting *rest* for *burst.*

In scene v. line 121, he punctuates thus :

"How say you, then—would heart of man once think it!—
But you'll be secret?"

In Polonius' warning to Ophelia at the beginning of the second act (scene i. line 111), Mr. Mull makes an important change :—

"*Pol.* I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
You had not quoted him."

Not perhaps so happy is the following,—Act III. scene ii., line 244.

"*Ham.* The mouse-trap.
King. Marry, how?
Ham. Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna."

It would seem better to keep to the old reading, by which Hamlet's speech reads :—

"*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically."

In answer to a gesture of interrogation from the king.

In the iv. scene, line 182, Mr. Mull punctuates as follows :—

"*Queen.* What shall I do?"

"*Ham.* Not this by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king. . . . .
Make you to ravel all this matter out.
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise."

In the fourth act, scene iv., line 39, we have an important emendation:—

". . . . . I do not know.
WHILE yet I live to say, 'this thing's to do'—
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength and means
To do 't—examples gross as earth exhort me."

We are constrained to notice in several passages, what seems almost a fault in sense of rhythm, a deficiency of ear.

We are certain however that Mr. Mull can satisfactorily explain the seeming fault in the following passages:—

"Why this same strict and most observant watch?
WHY so nightly tolls the subject of the land?"
(Act I., sc. i., l. 72.)

And—

"For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And TETHER the devil, or throw him out."
(Act III., sc. iv., l. 169.)

As for the text, it is excellently printed, and, were it not for the references to notes in the body of the text, would be the most readable we have seen.

In the margin are notes explanatory of verbal obscurities, while variants are noticed at the foot of the page.

We have given the most interesting of Mr. Mull's emendations, but every student of Shakespere ought to lose no time in securing this book, and studying it throughout.

Next month we hope to notice an annotated edition of "Paradise Lost," Books I. to VI. by the same author.

"A TRILOGY OF THE LIFE TO COME." *

THE first part of the Trilogy, the "Vision of Rhadamanthus," gives us a glimpse of Elysian fields. The heroine:—

" . . in a trance of mystic sleep,"

visits the realm of "chaos and dark night," the darkness opens, disclosing the blest regions beyond, and herione speaks,

"What chanced I know not, nor remember more
Until awaking on an unknown shore,
In the rich setting of a glorious sea
Whose fadeless splendour was as fair as free,
And breathed upon by an immortal wind."

* "A Trilogy of the Life to Come," and other Poems, by Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A. DAVID NUTT, 1887.

The rest of the "Vision" contains musical passages, shewing a fine sense of rhythmic beauty.

The second "Phase" of the Trilogy paints very dramatically the author's conception of the Rosy Cross, and the Crucifixion of the Rose, where the horrors of darkness :—

"Took the Rose, in the might of demon spite,
To the depths of the midnight air ;
Where, her hopes to deride, there they crucified
The Rose on a burning Cross."

It contains musical passages, such as the following :—

" For, every soul, between pole and pole,
That can love and to Love be true,
In its crimson heart has a deathless part
Which the Great Soul shall renew."

"Phase" III., "The Ascent of Souls," discloses the same power for musical rhythm, embodying philosophic thought, such as :—

"A rush of life through immortal being,
A flashing of light in a god-born soul."

In "Patrokleia," the author has attempted to solve the insoluble problem of rendering the musical numbers of Homer into English verse.

A variety of metres are tried, but Chapman alone succeeded, even partially, in reproducing an effect at all similar to Homer. "Yule Tide" is a pretty poem, but, for mystical readers, the "Rose's Passion" is undoubtedly the poem of the volume.

MONGOLIAN APHORISMS.

If thou lovest nature, thou lovest man. If thou hatest man, thou hatest nature, for the two are inseparable.

Learn from all thou comest in contact with. Learn from the wicked as from the good; do, as the wise bee doeth, which extracts sweet honey from the bitterest plant, truly.

Slave, thou shalt not purchase thy freedom with the bondage of thy friends and next-of-kin ; nor shalt thou seek to obtain it, if that freedom be at the price of making the slavery of thy enemy more sorrowful.

Learn to discern light from darkness, and to perceive in the darkest night the bright dawn of the coming day.

Better that thou shouldst be twice deceived, and cursed thrice by Lie for no lie of thine, but thy truthful word, rather than deceive thy enemy even once, or so much as think of cursing thy greatest foe.

He who curses, poisons his own heart, losing thereby every spark of love in him.

Hate is the black skunk, and love, the pure, snow-white ermine : it is enough to let in one skunk to clear a whole plain of the ermines—aye, to the last.

Correspondence.

IS THIS AN ERROR?

In the Editors' notes to the article on "The Crucifixion of Man," in the May number of LUCIFER, a quotation is given from *The Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery*. I have not seen this work and do not know the name of its author, but, judging from this specimen of his writings, he is very far from being a safe guide. From his way of treating the subject of the quotation, he is evidently not aware that the two Evangels in which the exclamation has been preserved reproduce the Chaldee translation or Targum of Psalm xxii., 1. This would have been more familiar than the Hebrew original to a Jew of the period in the habit of mixing with and teaching the people, and might well have fallen from the lips of such an one dying under such circumstances. To confront the Chaldee with the Hebrew here, and claim that the one is a falsification of the other is to make an unwarranted statement. But there is a still greater mistake even than this in the quotation, for, to get the reading, "My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!" out of the Chaldee translation, the author substitutes שבחתני for שבקתני, and, by so doing, himself falsifies the accepted utterance. When it is realised that the exclamation handed down by the Evangelist is a Chaldee version of a Hebrew original, it cannot but be admitted that the meaning of the Chaldee is determined by that of the Hebrew, of which it is a translation. This unquestionably is "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In the attributed rendering of the author, the Hebrew word he has adopted, to support preconceived views, only signifies "glorify" in the sense by singing the praises (and not by the illumination) of the glorified subject.

I have never met with an example of the use of the Hebrew formula referred to in the sense "My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!" Will the learned Editors of LUCIFER, or any of its readers, who may have been more fortunate in this regard, kindly point one out to me?

EUPHRATES.

8th June, 1888.

[The above having been sent to the U.S.A. for the author of the "Source of Measures" to reply to his critic, the following is his answer.—ED.]

NO ERROR.

The paper of "Euphrates" finds me in the country without books of reference. The reason of the novel translation of the words "eli, eli, lama sabachthani" is as follows:—The record of the New Testament must stand as its own original authority, for it has no other authentic source. We are bound, therefore, to

take, accept, and follow, its own statements for what they appear. A Greek sentence, lettering Hebrew words, must be rendered into the Hebrew agreeably to the equivalents of the letters in the Greek text. For instance, and in this case, there are two words in the Hebrew square letter, of the same sound but of differing letters and meanings. One is the Chaldee שבק, and the other is the Hebrew שבח. The first is, *anglicé*, "*shâbāk*," meaning *to forsake*, and the other is *shâbach*, meaning *to glorify*. These words are the ones supposed to be substituted for the word used in the Psalm, *azabthani*, the pure word for "*forsaken me.*" If in the Greek text, which is the *only* guide and authority we have, the word is found as σαβαχ, it cannot properly be rendered otherwise in the Hebrew, or square letter, than by שבח, or, *anglicé*, *shâbāch*. The real word of the Greek text is σαβαχθανι, or in proper conversion שבחתני, or *shâbāchthani*, which does mean "*glorify me*," and nothing else. Any change from this must and can be only by perversion, and by way of *correction* of the text of the New Testament. As used in the climacteric sentence of the whole symbolic fabricated drama, it was taken from the Mysteries, and never had any reality whatever. The matter has been referred to very learned Jews, and surprise has been expressed that in such a manifest difference between the indicated word and the correction adopted, *no comment* should exist of the fact of discrepancy, probably because it was thought best to slur, rather than lay the symbolic jugglery bare to the unthinking, ignorant herd.

Difficulties arising from some fatal obstacle to the conversion of a fixed and necessary symbolic real reading, and some plausible popular rendering to cover the symbolism, are not infrequent either in the Hebrew or Greek. Such an one is in the Hebrew sentence descriptive of the first child born into the world, wherein the child is said to be Jehovah himself, and where the vulgar are thrown off by the interposition of the word "*from*," so as to be read: "a child *from*, or the gift of, Jehovah." A singular instance of a deceptive reading is as follows: Margoliouth, a very learned Jew, calls attention to the fact that the wearing of the "*fringes*" is alluded to in the New Testament—in the case of the woman troubled with an issue of blood, who thought that if she should but touch the "*hem of his garment*" she would recover. Here he says the Greek word is "*Craspedon*," meaning, literally, if she could but touch the "*fringes*" of his garment. The wearing of the *fringes* had been commanded, to keep one in mind of the laws and ordinances, to obey them, but in lapse of time the custom had merged into a superstitious use, and the fringes were thought of as possessing a potent magical virtue, in, and of themselves. By this the woman thought that she could be cured by the magical virtue if she but touched them. Then it is that perceiving that virtue had gone out of him, the Master said the woman was right, and thus endorsed the *fetich* and its curative property. But by the same reception *the garment* on which the fringes were worn was esteemed to be a much stronger *fetich*, and possessed of magical virtues far more potent than the fringes themselves. This garment had a name, and was specifically called the "*Talith.*" Now in the Gospel of Mark the narrative is such as to set forth the conviction of the magical properties of both the *fringes* and the *Talith* on which they were worn. While the woman having the issue of blood is being cured by her touch of the fringes, the ruler enters the crowd with information

that his daughter is dead, and then follows the recital. He takes the girl by the hand and says "*Talitha cumi*," "which, being interpreted, is *Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.*" The word "*Talith*," is from the Hebrew *tâlāl*, meaning, *to clothe*, and means "*a garment*," and that garment on which the *fringes* were worn. It has no such meaning as "*damsel.*" The sentence seems only proper as a command to a person addressed by a proper name, as "*Talitha arise!*" But in the connection, to mention the word itself, was to give the whole symbolism away as embracing the *Talith* and the *Fringes* worn on it, as a favourite *fetich*, therefore the word was given to those who understood, and the paraphrase of "*Damsel, I say unto thee, arise*," was made for the vulgar and the unlearned. It was an easy and cheap piece of innocent cheat. "Cheap John" miracles were performed with just as much ease as the fabrication of a nursery story to cover a corner puzzle or conundrum. It was of a piece with the story of boys making mud pies and birds, as to which the birds of one of the boys flew away. In another passage of the Greek we read "why are ye baptized for the dead?" where the broad unmeaning επι is placed in the margin for the real word of the text ὑπερ meaning "*for the salvation of*"; the real significance having reference to a custom of vicarious baptism by placing the dead unbaptised on a bench, with a live person underneath. The question was asked of the corpse: "Wilt thou be baptised?" with answer of proxy "I will," and the live man was baptized υπερ των νεκρων *in place of*, or *for the benefit or salvation of the dead.* So transparent a fraud would not do for an average public, although it might tend to lead the stupid towards "High Church."

But one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of imposition is one recorded outside the sacred record, by a shepherd of the flock. It is contained in the rare history of that king of butchers Constantine, and of that chief theological diplomatist Eusebius. Constantine was a worshipper of Mithras the Sun-God, whose priests were the Magi, who observed the natal day of that God every 25th of December or Christmas day, and whose mode of religion embraced *baptism*, a *eucharistic feast*, *confession*, *resurrection from the dead*, and *angelology with hell:* so running on all fours with the Christianity which Constantine co-adapted with his Mithraic observance, that the Christian fathers had to claim, to save themselves from the charge of theft, that the Devil with his usual cunning and astuteness had prophetically anticipated the whole business, to make a claim of priority when the *time should come* to play his little game of thimble rig. Constantine was either for Mithras or the other, agreeably to circumstances, standing as he did half-way betwixt with the difference only of *a name to call the thing by.* His coin bore on the reverse, "*To the invincible Sun, my guardian*," while the other "*first called Christians at Antioch*," was lord of the *eighth* day, or the day of that same invincible Sun, called Sunday. Now the time came for this goody-goody to die, and he wished to make the work of his statesmanship complete, in the consolidation of the empire by the cementing influence of a new form of a very old Persian and Hebrew religion, to be enforced by the strong hand of the civil government. For this purpose he is baptised with great pomp and ceremony on Whitsun Sunday. And as to this that arch-fraud Eusebius comments as follows:—"*And on the Pentecostal Sunday itself, the seventh Lord's day*

from Easter, AT THE NOONTIDE HOUR *of the day*, BY THE SUN, *Constantine was received up to* HIS GOD." Let us paraphrase the "lay" of our "Now you see it and now you don't." "The sun being in the South as the beauty and glory of the day—*at high noon—on the meridian*, the soul of our *brother* Constantine ascended in a *plumb line* directly to his God; and so says the master of the Lodge, Amen."

Let us, to close, refer to a bare-faced interpolation in the sacred record, serving by deceiving locution the commendable purpose of a chain to bind the edifice of the Church of Constantine and Eusebius more firmly and compactly together. When the Master says to Peter: "Thou art Peter the stone and on this stone I will found my *Church*, and the gates of Hell," etc., there was nothing known but the Temple and Synagogue. The word Synagogue meant the *Congregation*, whereas it was long after, that the faction or split or separation was formed which was called *Ecclesia*, Church, or *Separatists* or *Come-outers*. Peter must have had an exceedingly stupid vacant look as he listened to this Hottentot statement. Now a very learned divine, who caught on to the difficulty, said that this was evidently an expression used *prophetically*, which by the assistance of the power of the Holy Spirit Peter was enabled to understand by *clairvoyance*. But "Go to! Go to!" It displays irreverence to look too closely into the make-up of the sacred text, for its composition. We should accept the broad ideal without any vain and prurient curiosity.

J. R. S.

Cincinnati.

NOTE.

"Euphrates" certainly appears to assume a good deal. For why should there be introduced an entirely *imaginary* Chaldee version, of which no one ever heard before? It is generally held that the dialect of Galilee in the time of Jesus was Aramaic or Syriac. Euphrates' substitution of the Chaldee ק *(koph)* for the Hebrew ח *(cheth)* simply makes the whole passage inscrutably unintelligible.

The Editors of LUCIFER regret that they cannot give Euphrates chapter and verse in support of the words in question being a sacramental formula used in initiations, since such details can be found only in *secret* books. But *one* of the said Editors can give her personal assurance that these words *are* so given in the *secret* works on initiation, and that she has herself seen them. Moreover, they were common to all the greater Mysteries—those of Mithra and India, as well as the Egyptian and the Eleusinian. It is not improbable that a careful examination of the old Hindu works, and especially of the Egyptian papyri, may afford evidence of their use in the rites.—[ED.]

THE DEVIL! WHO IS HE?

JESUS, OR THE PRIEST? (John viii. 52; x. 20.)

There are two persons (allegorical impersonations of good and evil), called Jesus and the Devil, who hate one another exceedingly; but whilst Jesus would expose and condemn the sin and spare the sinner that he might live to repent

and reform, the Priest would and did condemn Jesus, the good and just one, to be slain as a blasphemer and devil, whose blood ought to be shed for an atonement, in order to escape and save himself from being exposed as the very incarnation of Pride seeking to obtain the Almighty power and supremacy of God upon earth; even though the exalting of himself to the lofty position as our Father in God and God's vicegerent, necessitated the slaying of thousands and tens of thousands of men, women and children, who either dared to oppose him, or refused to worship him, by refusing to profess to accept and believe his creeds and doctrines and to utter his Shibboleth.

But as condemning the blood of the good and the just one to be shed as a blasphemer on the testimony of false witnesses and without a cause, revealed the trail of the Serpent and indelibly marked the Priest as a man of blood, and a murderer; and as all the oceans of blood that he shed to exalt himself and blot out the name of Jesus utterly failed to stamp out the people's love for Jesus, and only helped to publish throughout the whole world that the Priest was a man of blood and a murderer; therefore the Priest changed his policy. He shifted his tactics by using himself the very name of Jesus as an authority for a deep plan or scheme of salvation, by means of the blood of Jesus being offered and presented by himself as a sacrifice.

And this doctrine of the *Mass* the Priest has established, as necessary to be believed, by means of bribery, corruption, intimidation and violence, until there are thousands who have not only been imposed upon and enslaved to believe this doctrine to be true, but even good and noble persons have enlisted as teachers and preachers to pass it on as necessary to be believed, under fear of the Church's wrath here, and God's wrath hereafter, although neither they nor any human being can reconcile it to be either good or true.

And as the Priest, 1800 years ago, condemned Jesus to be crucified as a blasphemer and devil, and now use his name to condemn as infidels all who do not believe him to have been God, therefore the world is oftentimes made to blaspheme the name of Jesus through its being used as an authority for doing and teaching evil in God's service, as of old men were made to blaspheme the name of God, because it was also used as an authority for doing evil.

And therefore it is our duty to deliver the name of Jesus from being thus unjustly used, because Jesus left nothing undone that love could do or suffer to deliver the name of God from being similarly used. And to be offended for this with the name of Jesus would be to be like to those who were offended with the name of God because unjustly used.

There are some persons who would dethrone Jesus from being looked up to as the Christ and Son of God, because they do not see their way to dethroning the spread of Romanism, except by dethroning Jesus; but Jesus and the Scriptures tell us that they were murderers who conspired to put Jesus to death (John viii. 37-59; Acts vii. 52; Acts xiii. 27; 1 Cor. ii. 7, 8). Therefore let God be manifested to be good and true, even though the truth dethrones the Priest by requiring him to confess that his doctrine of *the Mass* is opposed to the teaching of Jesus, and must be reformed, because Jesus taught God would have mercy and not sacrifice. If in the mind of Jesus we have seen the mind

of God, then in Christ's adversaries and slanderers, we have seen those whom we were pledged at our baptism to resist as the Devil (John xv. 24).

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Manor House, Petersham s.w.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—Amen! It is quite true that there are not a few such illogical persons who seek to dethrone Romanism and Protestantism by destroying the innocent cause of these—Jesus. But no theosophist is among that class. Theosophists, even those who are no longer, as those who never were, Christians, regard, nevertheless, Jesus, or Jehoshua as an Initiate. It is not, therefore, against the "bearer" of that name—in whom they see one of the *Masters of Wisdom*—that they protest, but against that name as travestied by pseudo-Christian fancy and clad in the pagan robes borrowed from heathen gods, that they have set their hearts. It is those "priests" whom our reverend correspondent denounces as "murderers" and "devils"—at the risk of finding himself confounded with them in the ungodly crowd he himself belongs to—that every true theosophist ought to be ever ready to rise against. Few of them refuse to see in Jesus *a* Son of God, as well as *Chrestos* having reached by suffering the *Christos* condition. All they reject is, the modern travesty of the very, very old dogma of the Son becoming one with the Father; or that this "father" had ever anything to do with the Hebrew androgyne called Jehovah. It is not Jesus' "father," who "will have mercy, and not sacrifice," in whose nostrils the blood of even a slain animal used as a burnt offering could have ever smelt sweet. How then could the human sacrifice offered by the allegorical Christ, and described in the Epistle to the *Ephesians* as one that had "a sweet smelling savour," be regarded otherwise than with horror? Theosophists can discriminate—to say the least, as much as the reverend gentleman who signs himself T. G. Headley.]

A LESSON.

Regarding the first rule of Practical Occultism in the April number of your journal, it may not be known to many of your readers that in most of our (Hindu) rites and ceremonies, we have to use the "five coloured powders." These are prepared in a particular way and then spread, one after the other, over a certain Yantsa. The arrangements of these colours are however different in Tantric and Vedic rites. Pundit Kalibar Vedantabagish, the renowned Vedantist of Bengal, has promised to give me a detailed account of these colours, but I doubt whether he will allow me to publish it.

Your note on Ultimate Philosophy (the last lines on page 141 of the April number) is not quite correct. According to our Shastras "the tortoise does NOT wag its tail in absolute void," the whole is supported by Ananta Naga, which means, *one who is endless and motionless*. The Elephants (not one) are the *Elephants of Space* (Dig Gaza), and the tortoise is a particular manifestation of Vishnu.

It is hardly fair to condemn Sir Monier Williams on account of his taking the "Boar's flesh" in a literal sense, and then ridicule the Puranic allegories.

H. P. MUKERJI.

Berhampur (Bengal), 12th May, 1888.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—It would indeed be very "unfair," had the editor ever meant to "ridicule" the Purânic allegories. We are painfully alive to the fact, —if our critic, who, like most Hindus, can rarely see a joke, is not—that had we *ridiculed a little more*, and *exalted a little less*, the philosophy of the Purânic and other non-Christian Scriptures, we might have avoided being so much hated and pelted with printed mud as we have been for the last twelve years. The "note" in question was surely never meant to convey the accurate meaning, but simply the absurd image as perceived by some imaginative padris. We are sorry to see that even those whose religion and philosophies we have constantly defended against every unjust attack, misunderstand us more than most of our enemies. Let our severe Bengal critic know that though we have never either sought or expected any gratitude, yet we were sanguine enough to expect some show of justice—from the Hindus, at any rate. Our forthcoming work, "The Secret Doctrine," will show whether we "ridicule" the Purânas.]

THE "CHASTE TREE."

Will you tell me the botanical name of the "*Agnus Castus*" plant, also what authority there is for supposing Christ was crowned with Acanthus, and if so are any of that family indigenous to Syria?

Paliurus australis (Christ's Thorn) is spoken of by Loudon as the probable plant, of the order Rhamni. He adds, Hasselquist thought it was a kind of Rhamnus (Buckthorn), called by Linnæus "*Spina Christi*." The latter I have received from Syria, where it is common, and bears a small yellow berry.

W. N. GALE.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—Loudon describes the *Agnus Castus* as "a species of *Vitex* —the chaste tree," from ἄγνος, a willow-like tree. This Greek term being similar to the word ἁγνός, "chaste," it was surnamed the "chaste tree." We do not know of any "authority" except *probability* that it was the *Acanthus* which was used for the "crown of thorns," as it is a genus of herbaceous prickly plant, with thorns protruding from it, most common in Palestine and Asia Minor, though as common in India. It was used there and also in Syria and elsewhere as belonging to the paraphernalia of initiation during the MYSTERIES.]

THE EDITORS OF "LUCIFER" BEG TO THANK THEIR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE SUPPORT ACCORDED TO THEM DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE. WITH THE NEXT NUMBER THE MAGAZINE ENTERS UPON ITS SECOND YEAR; AND THE EDITORS FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THEY WILL BE ENABLED TO MAKE IT STILL MORE ATTRACTIVE, BY INCREASING ITS INTRINSIC VALUE WITH THE PERMANENT INTEREST OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS APPEARING ON ITS PAGES. THEY THEREFORE APPEAL TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE PAST YEAR, AND THEIR WELL-WISHERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, TO CONTINUE TO SUPPORT THEM IN THEIR EFFORTS FOR THE CAUSE THEY SERVE.

Theosophical and Mystic Publications

THE THEOSOPHIST OF MADRAS. Since Colonel Olcott assumed the direction of the Theosophist, a few months ago, its successive numbers have shown a steady increase in interest.

The most noteworthy feature of the last three numbers is a series of articles on "*Nature's Finer Forcers*," dealing with the philosophy of Breath in connection with the *Tatwas*. The explanation of the so-called prismatic decomposition of white light, according to the theory of the Science of Breath, is exceedingly suggestive, though exception must be taken to the author's argumentation on the subject. According to the modern undulatory theory of light, it is not held that, in the case of absorption spectra, the motion of the ether is *absorbed*. The explanation of the phenomenon given by Science is, that when the crest of one ethereal wave comes over the *hollow* of another wave of *the same* length and period, they mutually annihilate each other and *darkness* is the result. Of course from the standpoint of occult physics the modern theory is unsatisfactory; but this does not justify Mr. Rama Prasad in demolishing his adversaries by the very simple expedient of mis-stating their case.

But apart from the few instances where the author comes into collision with science, his explanations and suggestions are most valuable, and the Theosophist must be congratulated on having opened a mine of such interest to practical students. We would advise all those who are naturally psychic to study these articles. The connection of Prana and the Tatwas with the planets and the light which is thrown thereby on the theory of planetary influences,deserves the attention of some western astrologer. It suggests a train of thought which is very far-reaching and which some student ought to take up and investigate.

Besides these articles, we note, in the May number, "*Emerson and Occult Laws*," by C. Johnston; "*Eastern and Western Science*" and the continuation of the "*Kaivalyanavanita*." Colonel Olcott has, it would seem, established sympathetic relations with Dr. Charcot of the Salpetrière by sending him a Tamil copy of an ancient Sanskrit work wherein one of the latest discoveries, that of a *zone erogène* on the human body, was recorded thousands of years ago.

In the June number special attention is claimed by an article on the *Uttaragita* by R. Jaya Raja Ran. It deals with the true conception of Deity in philosophy, and is, in some respects, so clear and ably reasoned as to deserve the attention of all students. "*The Hindu Trimurti*," in the same number, is also an able metaphysical paper on an analogous subject; but the somewhat severe character of this and the preceding issue is happily relieved by some further chapters of "*The Angel Peacock*," which has now reached a stage of thrilling interest.

The July issue opens with an extremely interesting article by Colonel Olcott on "*Precipitated Pictures*," interesting mainly on account of the personal reminiscences with which the Colonel has interwoven his account. But one is saddened on reaching the end by a postscript, from which it appears that the whole series of phenomena, obtained by Mr. Marsh and published by Dr. Buchanan, is tainted with suspicion owing to the bad character of the medium. An article on "*Suggestion*," follows and acquires additional significance from the juxtaposition. The "*Revival of Hinduism*," a further instalment of "*The Angel Peacock*," and an article by Mr. Charles Johnston on "*The Creed of Christendom*," are all of interest. Mr. Pratt's "*Travestied Teachings*," is continued, "*Heredity and Karma*," are the subject of a few remarks, and a full narrative of the recent American Theosophical Convention, followed by an account of the celebration of Buddha's birthday in Ceylon, complete the contents of a varied and highly interesting number.

THE PATH (NEW YORK).

This journal, too, during the last three months, has more than maintained its usually high average of valuable and interesting matter. Mr. Brehon's series of articles on the *Bhagavat-Gita* form a striking contribution to the study of that marvellous Scripture.

In the May issue the reader will find a very able article on "*The Theosophical Field*," by Jasper Niemand, and a most suggestive conversation between a sage and a student on *Elementals and Elementaries*, which gives answers to many of the questions which inevitably suggest themselves to all who have witnessed mediumistic phenomena. Julius' "*Tea Table Talk*" for the month is in the

form of a charming little idyll of girl life, though it concludes in a more serious vein with some comments on Mr. Hodgson's—the Secretary of the Psychic Research Society — recent glorious fiasco in Boston.

A good deal of space in this issue is devoted to the American Annual Convention at Chicago, of which a detailed account is given.

The "Contents" for June are very attractive. Besides the continuation of various serial articles already noticed, there are several papers deserving of special attention. Among such, Jasper Niemand's essay on "*Reading and Thinking*" takes a prominent place. The subject itself is one of the greatest practical importance, and the reader who will apply to this essay the methods therein laid down will reap much fruit from its perusal.

A conversation on *Elementals* in connection with Karma is very suggestive, and follows well upon the discussion of Elementals and Elementaries in the June Number.

Tea Table Talk runs this time in a somewhat different strain from that of May; it is especially interesting and valuable, for it gives some hints of the way in which students should study the incidents of their daily life, and learn to trace therein the action of Karma and of those unseen influences which form so much greater a part of our life than we are wont to realise.

The July number opens with a well-timed and admirably expressed article addressed "*To Aspirants for Chelaship.*" All those in whom has awakened the yearning after *real* knowledge and the firm will to help humanity are most earnestly advised to study and ponder the statements put forward.

In connection with this article an essay on the "*Culture of Concentration,*" should also be studied, for they are mutually explanatory.

Another "*Conversation on Occultism*" is given in this number, which contains some valuable suggestions; and the *Tea Table Talk* is varied and interesting as usual.

LE LOTUS (PARIS).

LE LOTUS for June opens with the first part of an admirable and remarkably well-written article on "*Parabrahm,*" from the pen of Amaravella. This is followed by a rather dithyrambic paper on "*Fabre d'Olivet et Saint Ives d'Alvèdre,*" in which the latter receives more praise than he deserves, for his *magnum opus*, a truly ponderous tome, is full of errors and even gross blunders. The translations of articles from the *Sphinx* on *Ancient Egyptian Psychology* and the *Post-Mortem State* are continued, and following them we find an essay on *Some Facts about the Zodiac*, translated by M. Dacourme from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, which we cordially recommend to the attention of students.

An essay on Hallucination, by Guymiot, is striking, for he maintains the existence of the so-called "Gods," the higher intelligences which guide nature. This theme is treated of at length in Mme. Blavatsky's forthcoming "*Secret Doctrine,*" and this article has special value as, in a measure, preparing the reader's mind for the study of that work.

A letter against Vivisection from the Mandarin Lou-Y, with some lovely verses by Amaravella, and the usual notices of books, &c., complete an interesting number.

The June issue is enlivened by the continuation of the controversy between Mme. Blavatsky and l'abbé Roca on the subject of *Christian Esotericism.* Amaravella's essay on *Parabrahm* is continued, and the translation of the article on *Ancient Egyptian Psychology* from the *Sphinx* is concluded.

These are followed by the reproduction of the twelfth chapter of the *Voyage du Sieur Paul Lucas*, published in 1712, in which the author gives a most curious account of a Fraternity of Adepts with whom he came in contact; and a review of J. Peladan's *À Cœur Perdu*, furnishes an instructive conclusion to this issue.

———

The July LOTUS opens with an article by the Editor, our esteemed friend and colleague, Mr. F. K. Gaboriau. A personal attack, equally unjustifiable and ungentlemanly, has been made upon him by a small minority, namely the three ex-members, of the Isis Lodge of Paris. To these, Mr. Gaboriau replies in an admirably calm, firm and dignified article, in which he vindicates the impartial and unsectarian character of his Editorship. While we deeply regret the occasion which has given rise to this article, we congratulate our colleague upon its tone.

The remaining contents of the number are some Notes by H. P. Blavatsky to the series of articles, already mentioned, on ancient Egyptian psychology; the continuation of Amaravella's article on "*Parabrahm*"; a translation of Colonel Olcott; "*Annual Address*"; and, finally, an article by X, on "*Seeing without the (physical) Eyes.*"

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